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[NOLAN WARNING BEATRICE INGARSTONE AGAINST REDGRAVE.]

## THE WARNING VOICE.

By the Author of "Mrs. Larkall's Boarding School," "Man and his Idol," &c.

### CHAPTER XVII.

#### THE WARNING.

But I know where a garden grows,  
Fairer than aught in the world beside,  
All made up of the lily and rose,  
That blow by night when the season is good.

Tennyson.

Beware the doom, O gentle heart, beware!

Marnor.

It was time that Ormond Redgrave returned to town.

The singular events which had taken place there had justified him in prolonging his stay at Ingarstone; but it was clearly time that he took his departure.

There was a special reason, too, which made it very desirable that he should do so. The fascinations of Ingarstone were becoming too strong. In other words, the fair Beatrice was casting a spell over him which he felt it might become impossible for him to resist.

And yet he kept urging upon himself that it must be resisted.

This feeling came upon him with singular intensity as, on the evening after the second examination before the justices, he leant over a bridge, crossing a stream, which ran through the park, and watched the fiery glow of the heavens reflected in the water at his feet.

"I must go," he argued with himself. "My honour demands it. If I stay here, yielding and yielding to this fascination, God knows what may happen. I've never yet done a mean action. I can look the world in the face without flinching. But how long will this last? The pang that shot through my heart when the wretched clods saw us at the window and jeered at us, tells me I am not yet beyond hope; but how long shall I be able to say that? Every minute that I stay here I am compromising her honour, and doing an irreparable wrong to Nolan. Whether he is in-

nocent or guilty, what right have I to take advantage of his misfortunes to serve my purposes? It is too contemptible. It is wicked, and I will yield to the temptation no further. To-morrow morning I go."

The resolution was hard to come to; but once formed, his heart felt all the lighter for it, as every man's heart must do when he is pursuing the path of duty.

He started up from the parapet, against which he leant, with some vague idea of returning to the house at once, and giving orders to his valet to pack his luggage. But it was a lovely evening, and the temptation to linger on the bridge, was very great. He could give the order for packing up any time; but he could not always enjoy a scene like that, a gorgeous sky, reflected in limpid waters, and a landscape that was a poet's dream of beauty.

So he lingered. Knowing it would have been better to act on his first impulse, he still lingered in a pleasant, melancholy mood, favourable to anything rather than to stern resolution or the discharge of a painful duty.

Time passed. The fiery light died out of the heavens. The landscape darkened. The crescent moon hung brightly above the waters, on which it cast its tremulous reflection, and Ormond was at last about to quit the bridge, when, chancing to look up, he perceived a figure slowly approaching him.

It was that of a woman in a white dress, with her head protected by a broad hat. She carried a gilt-edged book in her hands, as if she had been reading; and her eyes were fixed on the ground, like those of one in deep reflection—it might have been on that which she had read.

Redgrave's heart gave a spasmodic leap. It was Beatrice Ingarstone who approached him, and he could not resist an exclamation of delight at the discovery.

That exclamation startled Beatrice from her reverie. She started, and hesitated; but, perceiving who it was, moved towards him.

"I did not anticipate this pleasure," said Redgrave, advancing to meet the lady.

"It is my favourite walk," she replied; "the sunsets from the bridge are magnificent."

"They are, indeed!" cried the young man. "I must esteem myself fortunate in having seen one before leaving Ingarstone."

"You leave—"

She did not finish the sentence.

"To-morrow," answered Redgrave, firmly.

"So soon! I was not aware that we should lose you so early. Papa does not know of your going?"

"No," said Redgrave, struggling to maintain his resolution. "I had not made up my mind until this evening. But it is inevitable. I must go, much as it will pain me to tear myself away from pleasant Ingarstone!"

"I am sorry," said Beatrice, speaking in her usual easy manner, yet evidently not without an inward struggle, "that you should have to carry away with you recollections necessarily of a painful character. What has happened has, I am sure, greatly distressed you. As for myself, since those weeks of agony which followed the discovery of my poor sister's fate, I have not suffered anything so acutely. The mere revival of that tragedy—in all its painful reality—would have been enough; but the manner in which it has come about—Oh, it is too horrible! I dare not think of it!"

"I would have given my right hand, rather than have caused you this misery!" cried the young man, with all the generous chivalry of his nature.

"Pray do not blame yourself!" replied Beatrice; "above all, do not think I blame you! I have no cause to do so; on the contrary, I owe you my warmest thanks. Think what my position would have been if, in after years—if, when I had become Nolan's wife, I had discovered that he was implicated in my sister's death. The more I think of it, the more I see the hand of heaven in the reckless act which led to his self-crimination, more especially in your presence—you having it in your power to force him to lay bare all the incidents of his past career. When I think that I might have given myself to a murderer—!" She shuddered as she spoke. "I am indeed grateful to heaven and to you."



"It is only your kindness of heart which makes you take this view of my conduct," said Redgrave. "I am rash and impulsive; and if Nolan's innocence should be asserted beyond all question—as I trust it may be—your feeling toward me can hardly be other than a very painful one. But I will not distress you by dwelling on this theme. It is enough for me to know that I have your forgiveness; and now, in this moment of parting—"

"Parting! now? Surely not to-night?"

"I am afraid—"

He would have urged the absolute necessity for their meeting no more; but could not.

"To-morrow," said Beatrice, a sweet smile stealing over her sad face; "it was your own word."

Moved by an irresistible impulse, she held out her hand. Redgrave took it, and raised it to his lips, respectfully yet fervently.

"To-morrow be it, then. You will permit me to see you to the house?" he said.

A slight inclination expressed assent.

So, side by side, they walked, amid the gathering shadows, toward Ingarstone, some of the windows of which were already illuminated. Their words were few, yet they were not silent for want of thought. Each struggled with busy, tumultuous fancies that sought expression, but were kept back by considerations powerful and imperative as iron-bands.

The boudoir of the Lady Beatrice opened into a little garden railed off from the rest of the grounds, and in which it was her delight to labour with her own fair hands. The gate of this garden (in which lovelier flowers than any on the estate seemed to grow) was usually fastened with a small padlock, the golden key of which her ladyship carried on a bunch of charms attached to her watch-chain. On this night it was unfastened.

On reaching it, she availed herself of this private entrance to the house, and bidding Ormond Redgrave adieu, passed in, and disappeared behind a trellis-work of mingled roses and passion-flowers.

Redgrave went on toward the principal entrance of the house.

As he did so, a sound as of a sharp cry struck on his ears. He instantly stopped and listened. Walked back to the gate, and listened again. The cry was not repeated; and, hearing nothing, he just noticed that the gate was not fastened, and went on.

Had he obeyed his first impulse—that of following Beatrice into her garden, he would have interrupted a painful scene.

As the lady passed behind the trellis-work, she came upon a square grass plot, in the middle of which a fountain played day and night with a tinkling, metallic sound. Beyond the fountain three stone steps led to a terrace, flanked with vases of verbenas, from which access to the boudoir was obtained.

While crossing the grass by the fountain, she looked up, and saw that a man stood on the steps, leaning his right arm on one of the vases.

A natural cry escaped her lips.

The next instant she saw who the man was, and momentary fear gave place to indignation.

"Mr. Nolan!" she exclaimed.

"Yes," replied the man addressed, dropping his arm from the vase, and descending the steps, "it is I. But you need have no fear."

"I have none," replied Beatrice; "but your presence here startled me. You forget that this—"

"No," interrupted Nolan; "I forget nothing. I know this is your private garden, and that I am trespassing. But it is you who have driven me here. Do you think I dared trust myself to meet him, with your arm resting on his, with your eyes looking up lovingly into his face, and with his passionate words ringing in my ears as well as yours? Was it in flesh and blood to do that, without resentment—without violence? You cannot think it. And let Ormond Redgrave thank heaven that the gate of this place stood open to-night: had it been closed, I would not have answered for his ear's life."

"You are angry, Nolan, and you are unjust," said Beatrice, trembling so violently that she could scarcely utter the words. "Redgrave bears you no ill-feeling."

"No! He loves me, perhaps—respects, esteems me!" cried Nolan, bitterly. "He is anxious to prove my innocence? Panting to overwhelm me with favours and to promote my happiness? Pshaw! Think you I am blind, demented? Think you I don't know that, in his lordly arrogance and insolent pride of birth, he looks down upon me with lofty scorn or with supreme indifference? What am I in his eyes—I, who cannot trace my pedigree back beyond the Stuarts? Why, I am nothing—worse than nothing—a nobody—a blot on creation—a fungus springing in his lordly path—an impediment in his progress, to be crushed, plucked up, cast to the four winds of heaven. 'Bears me no ill-feeling!' No—no: we have no animosity against inferior things—we don't hate dogs, reptiles, worms!—we don't hate!

—we despise them—we destroy them at our pleasure, as Ormond Redgrave has destroyed me."

The Lady Beatrice clasped her hands imploringly. "Oh, Nolan, indeed, indeed, you are unjust!" she exclaimed.

"Unjust!" he repeated, with bitter scorn—"unjust to Redgrave! Good heaven! What could my bitterest enemy do to me that he has not done? He has put my life in jeopardy; he has blasted my character; and, more than all, he has meanly taken advantage of my misfortunes to supplant me in your favour."

"Nolan!" cried the lady, reproachfully.

"Oh, I know what you would urge. You would tell me that my claims are forfeited; that a daughter of the house of Ingarstone can have nothing to say to a man of tainted character; that my own acts have lost me the right to further consideration, and have set you free—free to choose and to reject as you may please. I have thought of all this, and I own it. Whatever may happen, I cannot hope that you and I can ever stand again in our old relations one to the other. I do not ask or expect it. From this moment I freely relinquish you, Beatrice Ingarstone; though God knows that in those words I seal the doom of my own happiness. But as for Redgrave, I have no words in which to speak my scorn and detestation of him—my scorn for the man who would condemn another unheard, my detestation of one who would take advantage of the position of the rival he has himself doomed to infamy, to rob him of all that he holds dear this side the grave."

"For heaven's sake, Nolan!" cried Beatrice, "hear me. You are mistaken in Redgrave. You distort his motives: you misrepresent his actions. He has never maligned you—"

"Not when he raked up a boyish folly, and sought to fix it as a stain upon my character as a man?"

"But it was from no ill-motive; I am convinced it was not. And as to taking advantage of your position—how has he done so?"

"How?"

"Yes. Tell me; for, indeed, I do not know."

"You do not know that he remains a guest in this house, while all others have departed? You do not know—perhaps you do not; but let me tell you that I have seen him kneeling at your feet. You do not know that he follows you like your shadow, seeks private interviews, takes lonely walks—you do not know all this? Heaven help you, Beatrice. You are grossly self-deceived, or you affect ignorance, for what purpose you best understand."

"But, Nolan—"

"It is in vain to argue or protest."

"But you are as unjust to me as to Redgrave."

"It matters little!" cried Nolan, with intense bitterness. "From this moment everything is at an end, between us. If your own heart releases you, you are free. But as this is the last time we may ever meet, as from this moment I may be as the dead to you, so, as with my dying voice, I warn you against Ormond Redgrave! He will pursue you; he will fascinate you; he will seek to make you his. But, beware! As he has sacrificed me for the gratification of his own selfish instincts, so he will not spare you in the hour of trial. And, remember, that *hour will come*! If there is justice upon earth, retribution will overtake this man; and when it does—heaven help you if you are doomed to share his fate!"

He threw up his hands and clasped them as he spoke, and his voice trembled with emotion. The Lady Beatrice stood shocked and agitated by the earnestness with which he had spoken.

It was an intensely painful moment.

Conscious of this, Andrew Nolan was about to tear himself from the spot, when a light suddenly appeared at the window of the boudoir that opened into the garden, and it was followed by the sound of a key turning in the lock of the door.

"Leave me! pray leave me!" cried Beatrice in an undertone.

At the same moment the door opened, and a light from within revealed the faces of Lord Ingarstone and Ormond Redgrave.

"Why, Beaty," cried his lordship, "what's happened? We thought you were lost, positively."

The trembling girl cast a scared look over her shoulder before she replied. It was enough to assure her that Nolan had disappeared. Then she answered, with a forced laugh:

"Were you so terribly alarmed?"

And went in.

#### CHAPTER XVIII

##### Cecil Ingarstone's Secret.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws its dark shade alike o'er our joys and our woes.

Moore.

THEY saw that the face of the Lady Beatrice Ingarstone was white as the finest marble, and the hand which her father took in one of his was like a stone.

"Surely something has happened?" they urged. "She might have seen a ghost, she looked so scared." She smiled a ghastly smile, and her teeth chattered as she assured them that no spectre had disturbed her solitary musings in the garden, and added that a moaning wind, or a rustling branch was enough to terrify a weak woman out of her wits.

It would have been easy to have stated what had really happened; but Beatrice feared to awaken resentment against Nolan for the step he had taken; and more than that, how could she explain to Redgrave the object of her lover's coming? As to the words he had uttered, they rang in her ears like curses, and she dared not think of them in connection with the man whose handsome face bent so anxiously towards her.

Fortunately, her embarrassment was relieved by the entrance of a fourth person.

It was her brother Cecil, who came running into the boudoir, holding out both his hands to greet her. His first impulse was to utter a cry of alarm at her white, rigid face; but she had the presence of mind to anticipate him.

"What, truant!" she exclaimed; "only just returned? Is London so very fascinating? Out of the season, too?"

The young lord blushed up to the roots of his flaxen hair; indeed, up to the top of the white parting which divided the hair like a girl's.

"I had business, you know, Beaty," he replied; "there was that affair about the right of road across Mickle's farm, and that business of the consols to see the brokers about—"

"And Redgrave's message to his sister," interposed Lord Ingarstone, with a malicious accent; "don't forget that, my boy. Detested long business messages to fellow sisters, eh?"

There was no reason why Cecil should have crimsoned and stammered like a schoolboy convicted of robbing an orchard; but he did so.

"You did not find my sister an ogress?" asked Redgrave, pretending to come to his relief, and in reality, only making matters worse. "She did not snap at you, or give private signals to the cook about you?"

"No," replied Cecil; "I felt pretty safe; indeed, I had so little fear for my personal safety, that I repeated my visit."

"Oh!"

Everybody said that "oh!" prolonging it in a tantalizing manner, till it seemed to mean all sorts of uncomfortable things. Then they all laughed, and the young lord laughed; and to put him quite at his ease, Redgrave said:

"You didn't call more than twice, I suppose?"

"Ye-es, I did: I called—several times," murmured the young victim.

Whereat he blushed again, and they all laughed again. Anybody who is "sweet"—as the slang phrase goes—on anybody else, is always fair game, and this was a decided case of that peculiar affection, a very decided case.

"Dora must have been delighted," said Redgrave; "you found her very lonely, didn't you?"

"Oh, no."

"No! She had only the company of my mother, who, as an invalid, has a confirmed hatred to railways, and won't move even when the season's over."

"You forget," said Cecil, significantly.

It was his turn now, and a sudden twinkle of the eyes showed that he was going to make the most of it.

"Forget?" said the other, inquiringly.

"Yes, or else—I beg pardon—perhaps I oughtn't to mention it?"

And he looked from face to face, as if fearful that he had committed himself.

"Mention what?" asked Redgrave.

"Why, your fair visitor, the magnificent Donna Ximenes de Cordova."

Redgrave's brow wrinkled, and he bit his lips with manifest annoyance.

The smile which had for a moment irradiated the pale face of Beatrice Ingarstone died away as she watched his face and saw his expression. Ignorant of the cause of it, she could only suppose that the young man's annoyance arose from the mention of something which he wished kept secret, and which her brother had blurted out.

But what reason could there be for that annoyance?

How was she to know? That there was a lady in the case was all she could make out, and she felt hurt at the idea that Redgrave, who had from time to time talked to her of most of his affairs, should have kept as a secret something that might have deeply affected her. It seemed disingenuous.

"I had almost forgotten her," said Redgrave, in reply to the young lord, and he spoke with perfect truth.

"Yet she is not a lady to forget in a hurry," said



Cecil, who having been put to the blush himself, was not at all disposed to let his adversary off lightly, now that he had the chance. "Young, beautiful, and highly born, she must have awakened all the torpid chivalry of your nature. Besides, your meeting with her, and your conduct towards her, was a perfect romance in itself."

"Spare me!" cried Redgrave, half angrily.

"Nay, Beauty must know what a hero, what a squire of dames our humble roof covers," persisted Cecil. "What do you think, dear, of finding a beautiful Spanish female in distress upon the strand. (I believe the strand's the poetical for the sea-shore, though why I don't know, as the only Strand I know of has'n't much to do with the sea.) And what do you say to his putting his barque (barque's right, isn't it?) at her disposal, and bringing her to his 'native land,' and taking her to his 'ancestral halls,' in Mayfair, and leaving her there, 'monarch of all she surveys?' Talk of the days of chivalry being past! If that isn't chivalry, devotion to the sex, and all the rest of it, why—why, what's the matter, Beauty? she's fainted!"

She had. The emotions of the last hour had been too much for her. The interview with Redgrave on the bridge had unnerved her. The parting with Nolan was naturally greatly exciting; and then came the necessity to suppress the feelings which it awoke. What additional effect Cecil's narrative might have had, she could not herself have told. Enough had happened, without that, to account for what now occurred.

Each of these men, ignorant of what had happened, looked on in alarm at the fainting form of the beautiful girl.

"She has not fainted since my poor Lydia——" Ingarstone could say no more. The mention of his murdered child choked him.

"She was pale when I came in," said Cecil. "Yes," cried Redgrave; "we were right—something must have happened in the garden!"

He said this; but had he given expression to what was passing in his own mind, he would have added: "Or she loves me. And this story of the execrable Spanish woman has alarmed her."

Without loss of time, her ladyship's maid, Crofts, was summoned, and her mistress was left to her care; the gentlemen retiring from the boudoir.

"By the way," said Cecil, addressing Redgrave, as they went out, "I've a letter for you, from your sister."

He selected one from a dozen in his breast-pocket, and handed it to the guest, who, taking it with a trembling hand, retired to his own room.

Once there, he did not attempt to conceal an agitation which almost overpowered him.

"Does she love me? Have I produced a favourable impression on her heart?" he asked himself, as he threw open the casement, and let the cool air of night play on his heated brow. "And what if she does?" he demanded, angrily, of himself in the next breath. "Honour forbids that I should draw the secret from her. I dare not. Have I not decided that, until Nolan voluntarily resigns her—until she is free, absolutely free—it would be a scoundrel's part for me to approach her with words of love. The world would hoot at me. I should be despised, detested—I who come from so proud a lineage, and have almost a Spaniard's tenacity on points of honour. I said we must part to-morrow. To-morrow will be too late. It must be to-night."

He quitted the window, and paced to and fro impatiently. The letter from his sister was squeezed up in his hand.

Suddenly his attention was drawn to it, and stopping, he smoothed it out and tore open the envelope.

The first words were of no importance. But then came this passage, which caused his brow to lower, and a fierce light to come into his eyes:

"—The Donna Ximena de Cordova is still here. She does not go, nor even talk of going. I have strange doubts and misgivings about her, Ormond. I ventured to hint at these to Cecil Ingarstone, who, singularly enough, knows something of her. What he said set my mind a little at ease; but still I am not satisfied. Pray, do return at your earliest convenience, and try to find out what are her intentions. I am not ungenerous; but surely this is an abuse of hospitality. And I shall never be quite at rest until she is out of the house."

Redgrave was red with anger.

"Out of the house!" he repeated; "she shall not remain in it twenty-four hours. What is this? What does she say? 'A strange thing happened the other night. One of the servants, a foolish, ignorant girl, went to a low place down by the river-side, to have her fortune told; and while coming out of the house, she saw a woman, apparently disguised, who she is certain was the donna. What makes it the more singular is, that I had twice sent up to her room during that evening, and on both occasions the door was

found locked, and no one answered. So that I surmise she must have got out of the window. What a horrible idea! Pray attend to this, and let us get rid of her; for I am fearful that by her remaining here, we may compromise ourselves unpleasantly."

Redgrave threw down the letter.

"And this woman—this impostor, it may be—has aroused the jealousy—No, no! I do Beatrice Ingarstone an injustice. I have no right to think of her, much less impute this weakness to her."

There was a tap at the door. The young Lord Cecil entered.

"Your sister?" asked Redgrave.

"Is better."

"Thank God for that! And now one word with you. The Donna Ximena; you know something of her—what?"

Cecil changed colour.

"I know but little," he faltered.

"And that little?"

"I cannot tell you."

"What?"

"I repeat—I cannot tell you. What I know is my secret, and it must remain mine."

"Surely you cannot mean this?" cried Redgrave. "You see my position. I have inadvertently admitted a stranger under my roof. Her conduct is suspicious. I am anxious to ascertain whether she is what she has represented herself to be. You are my friend, are in possession of facts which would help me out of my difficulty, and you refuse to put me in possession of them?"

"Yes—I refuse. Believe me, I do violence to my own nature in saying this; but I cannot help myself."

"Indeed! You cannot say whether my confidence is justified or misplaced?"

"I cannot."

"You refuse even to give me a clue by which I may shape my conduct?"

"You must forgive me, Ormond," replied the young lord, "if, strange as it may seem to you, I must decline to say anything upon this painful subject."

Ormond Redgrave looked at him in amazement.

He could scarcely believe that a man of the young lord's position could compromise himself by such an admission.

"You must pardon me," he said at length, and very sternly, "if I say that your conduct is most extraordinary."

"I am painfully conscious that it must appear so," was the young lord's answer. "Pray let us agree to drop the subject."

"Willingly. And the more so, as we have no time to discuss it. I go to town to-night."

"To-night?"

"Yes. It is time that I looked after my guest, the Donna Ximena de Cordova, especially as I shall have to rely on my own sagacity in determining how I shall act toward her."

Lord Cecil merely bowed, and soon after retired.

And Ormond Redgrave did as he had said. He determined that he would write to Lady Beatrice, and left Ingarstone that night, in time to catch the mail train for London.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE FRIEND IN NEED.

This murderous shaft that's shot  
Hath not yet lighted.

*Macbeth.*

Better be with the dead  
Whom we to gain our peace have sent to peace,  
Than on the tortures of the mind to lie  
In restless ecstasy.

*Ibid.*

MEANWHILE poor Tim Holt lay in prison, with the weight of a dreadful accusation bearing down upon him like a hideous nightmare.

There was small chance of escape now.

He knew it; but the knowledge did not make him any the more resigned to his fate. He was not patient; he rebelled: his feelings savoured not of resignation, but resentment. The chaplain, who visited him every morning, found him more ready to curse than to pray—to curse the harsh, unjust, inhuman world that refused to recognize his innocence, in spite of the strongest proofs of his guilt; and insisted on refusing him the only thing he cared for as an inmate of the county gaol—namely, his liberty.

Society was very careful of him. It fed him with the strictest regard to his health. It lodged him securely. It provided for his daily exercise—an hour in the morning and an hour in the evening, round and round a yard enclosed with spiked walls. It sent him the chaplain aforesaid, who made a point of treating him as guilty, though he had not been tried; and perpetually urged on him repentance of a crime which he denied having committed. It further sent him a doctor, whose fixed idea was that he was surreptitiously making away with himself to save the

sheriff the trouble of taking his life. Finally, it provided him with a gaoler, who peeped in every hour to see if he was there, and asked him if he wanted anything, and forgot to bring it, whatever he might ask or desire to have.

In spite of these attentions, the poor lad was indescribably depressed and miserable; and felt himself rapidly drifting toward that first stage of desperation, the desire to relieve his feelings by some act of violence.

Not but what he had his seasons of subdued anguish.

And in these the thought that stung him to the very soul was the part that his mother had played. He understood her motive; he tried to set that steadily before him, and to forgive her.

But how hard it was to do it!

When he reflected that, but for her conscientious horror lest another should suffer for his guilt, he might have got free, the thought seemed to burn like vitriol into his brain until it was raging with fire.

He would forgive her!

He said so a thousand times a day; but it was hard, it was very, very hard to bear. Sometimes he thought he would give up. What had life ever been to him that he should fight for it? What could it ever be in the future, now that this blot was set upon it? But these moments were succeeded by others, in which he took a truer view of the matter. Life might be nothing; but there was something more than life at stake! Dared he go to his grave a self-convicted murderer, while there was a chance of vindicating his innocence? Ought he to overwhelm his family in the infamy which would attach to a belief in his guilt, while there was a possibility of sparing them such a fate? No, he argued, and argued justly; he had no right to do this: his duty was to wait. He had a right to demand of society, in addition to his obligations to her, that she should prove his guilt, or establish his innocence.

Lying in his cell, Tim would think of these things over and over, till they well nigh drove him mad. And then his thoughts would revert to home—to that home from which he had been driven for so many weary years. He pictured his father, more stern and rigid than ever: still refusing to hear his name mentioned in his presence, yet ageing day by day from sheer anguish endured for his sake. And, then his mother—what could be her feelings? How could she—poor, weak, nervous woman—endure the thought that what he had predicted had come true—that she had doomed her son to the gallows? There was poor Curly, too, on his sick bed, brought there by that brother whom he had refused to identify, though he might have gained more money than he had ever seen by doing so.

The picture was torturing. He could not think of it.

And still less frequently did he trust himself to indulge in thought upon a subject yet more agonizing.

It has been recorded that Tim Holt had been a gaol-bird and an outcast for seven years. It has not been stated, though equally the truth, that up to that time he was the handsomest, gayest, and most petted of all the young fellows for twenty miles round Ingarstone.

Up to that time he was the pride of Morris Holt's heart.

Reckless he was, and not over industrious. Everybody knew that; but when they had said it, they had said the worst of him. Even when people called him Radical Holt, they did it with a half-kindly meaning, as we call children Turks and rogues in the very excess of our proud fondness. So, when he came to grief over that matter of the burglary, and people declared they were not surprised, they did so with tears in their eyes; and when his sentence was pronounced, more than one fair villager dropped in hysterics at that awful word—"transportation."

Among them was one who, had all gone well, might have been his wife. A fair, fragile thing, an orphan, living at an uncle's farm, and feeling day by day how hard the bread of dependence is to swallow. Yes, Janet Leeson might have been Holt's wife, and now people shook their heads at the mention of her name, and said "Poor thing!" and that was her epitaph.

It was of Janet Leeson that Holt so seldom trusted himself to think as he lay in his solitary cell in this county prison.

Yet now and then he ventured to do so; and when the feeling was upon him, he would draw from his breast, where it had hung concealed for years, a small bag of black silk, containing what he called his relic.

It was only a lock of hair. Only a bright, golden lock, that curled about his fingers, as he smoothed it, as if it loved him, as if some of the deep affection of poor Janet's heart—for it had been her gift—still clung to it.

Only to look at this brought the tears into the poor fellow's eyes; yet, as we have said, he could not alto-

gether resist the temptation of seeing it, more especially in his solitude and his misery.

It happened that the relic lay in his hand in its silken cover, as, on the third morning after his incarceration, the door of the cell opened abruptly, and a stranger peeped in.

Holt hastily thrust the silken bag into his breast.

The stranger advanced a step or two, stopped, bowed, grinned, and said:

"You expected me?"

"He's a lawyer," interrupted the gaoler abruptly, and by way of apology for admitting him.

"Right! Quite right, don't y' know?" said the man, bowing again, and grinning again; at the same time noticing with a nervous twitch, that as the gaoler retired he locked the door after him.

The prisoner eyed him suspiciously. He was a lank, lathy man, who seemed to be all limbs; his face was long and black, with an obstinate beard that grew up to his little grey eyes; his hair hung in straight spikes about his head, and he was dressed in greasy clothes of a bygone cut.

"I don't know you," said Holt, decisively.

"That's it; don't y' know. That's how it often happens. Friend in disguise is a friend indeed, don't y' know. Come from the family. Put the case in my hands—Flacker—heard of Flacker? No?"

He held out a limp card, as he spoke; it was greasy, but the name was just visible on it.

"You don't come from my father?" asked Tim, eagerly.

"Father? Bless you, yes! Father, mother, brother; in fact, whole family, don't y' know. I say, bad job this—bad, bad. You're in for it. Guilty, of course? No defence—not a rag, eh? That's about it—ain't it?"

"I have only one thing to say," replied the prisoner; "I am innocent."

"Tut, tut! all a mistake!" returned Flacker. "Never tell doctor nothing the matter, don't y' know; never try it on with lawyer. Bad, bad! Lawyer's safe; never peaches. Knows the worst—makes the best of it. Doesn't know the worst—makes a mess of it. Now, then, out with it. How did it happen, don't y' know?"

"How did what happen?"

Mr. Flacker, intensely disgusted, put up his hands, one on either side his mouth, so as to form a trumpet, and through that shouted slowly:

"How—did—the-murder—happen—man?"

"I tell you I am innocent," was Holt's reply.

"Stuff. Tell that to the marines, don't do here. Look here. Stick to that and they'll hang you both. Plead guilty—you'll be no worse off—as y' haven't a chance, don't y' know, and you save him. That's your game. 'Guilty, my lord.' That's the form. Conscience—court—accomplice—friends—public—everybody—all satisfied."

"But I tell you I'm not guilty, and I have no accomplice," exclaimed the prisoner, angrily.

"Bad—bad. Nobody'll believe it, don't y' know. So all the same as if you were guilty and had an accomplice. Better say so at once, and save Nolan—that'll be one good action, to put t'other side—and your position none the worse. Can't be worse. That's the point, don't y' know."

"No, I will never brand my name as that of a murderer," Holt answered firmly.

Flacker regarded him with a look of annoyance.

Having no doubt, in his own mind, as to the young man's guilt, and his plight being so utterly hopeless, all this beating about the bush seemed ridiculous. At all events it was annoying, since it was evidently Flacker's aim to secure the lad's conviction at all risks, and this obstinacy only gave him additional trouble. After some further argument, he ventured to throw out a hint as to having it in his power to "offer something to the family—a hundred or so by way of consolation, don't y' know."

But, far from being grateful, Holt only fired up, and demanded to know on whose behalf such an offer was made?

To this Flacker replied in his shifty, shuffling way, that he did not absolutely make any offer; was not authorized to make any, but that public sympathy was always great towards relations in such cases, and generally expressed itself in the form of money.

Having failed on this tack, he tried others, and seeing that the prisoner was obstinate, and the prospect very blank indeed, he at length drew from his pocket a small flask, and with a great show of secrecy and alarm, lest he might be detected, just made a show of "wetting his lips," as he expressed it, and then offered it to Holt.

"'Gainst rules, don't y' know: but no matter—take a pull."

Holt's experience of prisons had been enough for him to know well enough that it was decidedly against all rule for persons to smuggle spirits into the cells of prisoners. Many a tale was familiar to him of the tricks resorted to for the purpose. It did not

raise Flacker's professional standing in his mind, that as a legal man he should violate the rules in this way; but he was not proof against the odour of rum which the flask emitted, and when the tempting draught was held towards him, he seized it eagerly.

And having seized it in a firm grasp, he took a good long pull at it.

"Good stuff?" suggested Flacker, looking on with keen, crafty eyes.

Holt assented; but in doing so, shuddered and made a wry face.

"Queer taste," he said.

"Ah! real Jamaica flavour, no mistake. Strong too. Eh?"

It was strong.

It made the lad's eyes blink, and seemed to course through his veins like fire. It was pleasant, too, and seemed for a moment to raise his spirits and set his heart beating gaily. But why did it so begin to confuse his mind? What was there in the nature of the real Jamaica that should cause him to hear Flacker's further remarks in a confused way, now as if they were shouted, now as if they were whispered? And what was there in the produce of the pine apple to affect his eyes so strangely—to make Flacker expand into a giant, and shrink into a dwarf, one moment seem yards away and the next unpleasantly close?

Very peculiar rum, that. Very rapid in its effects, too. Why, within five minutes, Holt had sunk back, with his eyes starting, but sightless, and his mouth wide open, fast asleep.

And Flacker, noticing this, knelt down by his side, and catching sight of the little black bag suspended from the young man's neck, opened it and took out the lock of hair. This he passed over his thin, spidery fingers two or three times, glancing at it approvingly, and muttering, "Nice! very nice!" as he did so. Then he drew from his waistcoat pocket a twist of tissue-paper, and opening it, took out some shining object between his finger and thumb, and dropped it into the black-silk bag.

Having done this, with a grin and a chuckle, he kindly thrust the bag into the sleeper's breast, unbuttoning his shirt collar for the purpose, so that it might still lie, where it had so long lain, upon his throbbing heart.

"Good! Good!" he whispered, rubbing his hands in subdued glee; "and now I don't care how soon I'm let out."

The turnkey's key rattled at the lock of the door as he spoke.

(To be continued.)

OUR attention was called, a few weeks since, to an eel, at what was called the Loan Well, at Driffham, it being considered ninety years of age. Mr. William Harvie, Mr. William Pettigrew, and Mr. John Semmerville vouch for the authenticity of this fact. Mr. Harvie, as the oldest inhabitant, recollects of every yearly cleansing of the well, when "Methusalem" was duly put into the pail until the spring gave him his usual element. There is also another of forty years. The patriarch was nearly blind when handled by Mr. Francis Clelland at the last cleansing.

ORNITHOLOGY.—There is at present to be seen at Miss Gibb's, Auchinheath, a hybrid between the duck and hen species, consisting of a duck in body with hen legs—three-clawed toes and spur—out of a sitting of six. When it takes the water, along with brothers and sisters, it will then be seen how its propelling propensity will take effect without the web feet. The old one is at present watching her flock round and round the nearest pool with a maternal care. We believe this is considered to be the wonder of the day in this locality.

UNDER a bright sun and a cloudless sky you suddenly catch something like a thud on the hat. Startled, and looking upwards, some half-dozen tumblers of water come splash on your face. There seems no cause for this, except that the hills seem to be covered with tinfoil, and the sun looks a little hazy, and seems to be leering at you—but this only for an instant, while you are at the edge of the cloud: suddenly all becomes dark as an eclipse, while the tumblers rattle down in millions. After a couple of minutes, the whole stops suddenly, as with a jerk, or as if the grandmother of all buckets, as the Persians would say, had been emptied. When you come to your senses, you see the cloud careering away like a black curtain, lifting its skirts over mountain after mountain, and revealing them to the sun; while stretching over its back is a double rainbow—not hazy and translucent, like common specimens, but all clear as if painted on a black board, though with colours so bright as to entice out any ever laid on by hand of man. On your own side everything glitters in the sun, as if millions of diamonds had been strewn about, and over multifarious clattering brooks, tiny irises caper away in all their finery, like distracted fairies. From the steeped birches in the hollows, and

the fields of bog-myrtle, the hot sun draws out and disperses a fragrance exelling the odours of all the cosmetics of the perfumers' shops. You have been as completely soured as if you had been dipped under Foyers; but the sensation is worth paying for, and you may yet have refreshing recollections of it when traversing some shingly plutonic vine district or dry sandy plain of France or Germany.—"The Cairngorm Mountains." By John Hill.

#### ARCHÆOLOGICAL DISCOVERY.

It will be in the recollection of many of our readers that an interesting discovery of shells, bones, querns, &c., dating back to Celtic times, was made some months ago at Normanby Bank, in Cleveland, and duly recorded in these pages. We have now to record a somewhat similar find made in the same district in the course of certain excavations in connection with an accommodation road under the Cleveland Railway to Barnaby-Grange Farm, near Guisborough.

The find consists mainly of bones, with a few shells, and with a very curious plate of metal, either brass simply, or washed with gold, and elaborately embossed and engraved. The bones, on examination, proved to have belonged to one or more specimens of the aboriginal horse—the extinct *Equus longifrons*, the swine, and two species of deer, probably the red and the roe-deer. Of the animal last named, only the bones of one individual appear; of the other deer, the ox, and the swine, the remains of several. Comparative measurements abundantly disclose the fact that the horse was scarcely 13 hands high, with a long head, a broad and vaulted forehead, a foreleg, and a round full-sized hoof. One at least of the deer represented must have been a remarkably fine animal, and the bones of the ox testify to at least a capacity to sustain plenty of meat. They were found at a medium depth of 8 feet, and under such circumstances as to lead to the inference that they had been deposited where found by the agency of a sweeping current of water, inasmuch as they were embedded in a substance consisting of drift matter—sand, twigs, sticks, nodules of wood, shells, and small stones.

A considerable period probably elapsed during which the process of deposition was going on, but it is hard to ascertain this positively. That some of the bones had come under the action of human hands is certain, as they were split longitudinally; most of them, however, were entire. Still, the split bones, and the presence of at least two kinds of seashells can only be accounted for in one way—the stream, which, in its flooded action, deposited the mass of bones, swept close by some human settlement or residence. The presence of so many bones of an extinct ox, refers the period to a very remote date.

The metal object is, as mentioned above, curiously and elaborately engraved and embossed, the raised effigies of two snakes, with their heads in close juxtaposition, and their bodies and tails encircling the central portion, forming the chief features of the ornamentation. The metal is not tarnished, nor yet dented or indented, nor even scratched—circumstances which show that it could scarcely have been rolled over and over by the action of an impetuous torrent, capable, at least, at times, of moving bones and stones of many pounds weight. Besides being, as it is, folded twice in the direction of its length, so that one fold overlaps the other, and then doubled across, it irresistibly conveys the idea that it was thus treated in order to facilitate conveyance, or possibly, rather, concealment. And this notion is confirmed by the fact that it was found buried more than a foot deep, in a gravel bed, and under strikingly different circumstances from the bones.

It may have been the proceeds of plunder or theft, and concealed in the belief that it was of a costly metal, and never reclaimed from its concealment. It is difficult to allege either its origin or its purpose. Folded as it is, but too little of its design can be made out. At present, the writer would be inclined to assign it to a late Celtic or very early Anglo-Saxon period, but even this must be received with great caution. Still the whole find is one of extreme interest and curiosity.

LAST week, at Vicby, a little girl who was selling flowers offered the Emperor a carnation, without knowing to whom she spoke. His Majesty took the flower and gave her a napoleon, with which she scampered off with great delight. A similar occurrence took place a short time since, when a little boy who was selling journals, meeting the Emperor returning from the bath, offered him the *Moniteur du Soir*, which was accepted, and paid for with a napoleon, to the young dealer's unbounded amazement. [The outlay of two napoleons in the production of this paragraph was a wise speculation. Many a man of business would have given ten times as much for so capital and remunerative a puff.]





[ALICE IS SUPERSTITIOUS.]

## THE BONDAGE OF BRANDON.

### CHAPTER LIII

That flower which I had spared to call,  
Because it was so beautiful,  
And shone so fresh and gay;  
Had, all unseen, a deathly shoot,  
The germ of future sorrow;  
There was a canker at its root,  
Which nipped it ere the morrow.  
Telle est la vie.

Mary Howitt.

The effect of so unexpected a meeting upon Lady Brandon may be easily imagined. She had supposed Sir Lawrence Allingford miles away. Yet here he was, confronting her at a garrison ball, in the fortress of Gibraltar. For her it was a most startling *rencontre*. She blamed herself now for her wilfulness in overruling Reginald, and insisting upon remaining on the Rock for the fatal ball, from which she had anticipated unalloyed pleasure, and seemed destined to experience nothing but disappointment and mortification.

She had great cause to fear Sir Lawrence, because she had done so much to incur his resentment. She had vowed to love him and him alone; and yet when he came to claim his bride, he found her the wife of another. What could be more inexplicably galling? What more productive of misery to the unfortunate man who had built his house upon a sandy foundation?

She had heard and read of love turning to bitter hatred; and she very much feared that the baronet's love had ceased to exist, and that he was following her for the express purpose of effecting her ruin.

If that was the case, she was fully prepared to defend herself; and not only to do that, but to act on the offensive as well. Lady Brandon was an ardent advocate for dealing the first blow. She looked upon it as half the battle; and as she cast a sidelong glance at Sir Lawrence, there was an openly expressed malignancy in it, which should have warned him of the approximation of danger; but up to the present time he had not perceived her.

The cause of his sudden departure from Paris, and his totally unexpected appearance in the ball-room at Gibraltar, was simply this:—He was looking over a file of *Galvani's* newspaper, in the coffee-room of the hotel, one day, when he saw a paragraph to the effect that Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Welby had gone to Gibraltar, with a view to sojourn there a short time, before they commenced their Spanish tour. He at once called the coachman's attention to this notification,

and they decided that the best thing they could do would be to immediately go to Marseilles, and take ship for the Rock. This they did, and arrived there on the morning of the day on which the ball was given. Guessing that her ladyship would be there, they cast about for an invitation, and found no difficulty in obtaining one.

Lady Brandon pressed her husband's arm so tightly that he thought she was going to faint, and he led her across the room, thinking that if she sat down near the door way, where there was a slight draught, she might feel revived. This would have been very agreeable to her, if it had not involved the necessity of passing Sir Lawrence Allingford and his friend.

"Not that way, Reginald," she exclaimed, in a nervous, excited voice.

"Which way then, dearest?" he replied, bending his head, with a look of tender solicitude.

"Turn round," she said, abruptly.

He did so, and endeavoured to make his way back again; but all his efforts to do so were unavailing. The governor of the place had just entered, and every one was pressing forward to have a look at him. No crowd is so obstinate and impetuous as a well-dressed crowd. The higher the rank and social standing of the parties, the more unwilling they are to give way. This was singularly true in the present instance.

"Cannot you move?" said Lady Brandon, in a petulant tone.

"Indeed, I cannot. I never saw such a crowd."

"How disagreeable the people are."

"I am afraid we shall have to turn back now."

"I wish I had not come to the ball!" she exclaimed.

"It was entirely your wish, dear. If you will take the trouble to remember, you will recollect that I advised you strongly not to come."

"Of course. You are sure to say so. You never wish me to go anywhere."

"How can you say so, Blanche? How ill-tempered you are."

"And have I nothing to make me so?"

"I admit the room is unpleasantly crowded and disagreeably hot."

"You could not deny it. Why did you bring me to so unpleasant a place?"

The conclusion of her sentence was lost, for the eager throng pressed forward, and carried them, much against their will, in the impetuous stream towards the door.

Suddenly Lady Brandon was conscious of being near Sir Lawrence Allingford. She did not see him;

but some strange inexplicable magnetic current rushed towards her, and, entering her being, informed her of the fact.

"Pon my word. An unexpected pleasure," exclaimed a voice at her elbow.

She turned her head, and saw Sir Lawrence Allingford with the Count de Cannes. They were standing side by side, with their opera hats under their arms; and it could not be denied that on that eventful evening the baronet looked remarkably well in evening dress.

He was gay, cool, and cynical. Lady Brandon was pale as a lily; but firm, rigidly firm and stony. The Count de Cannes, as usual, was smiling and impassible. Reginald Welby looked hot and flushed, ill at his ease, and uncomfortable, as he always did when his not very amiable wife was in a bad temper, an event of frequent occurrence. He had made up his mind to do all he could to enjoy himself at the ball; but Lady Brandon's petulance made him fear that she would despatch him to order the carriage at a moment's notice.

In this critical emergency, the versatility of Lady Brandon's genius shone out conspicuously. She held out her hand to Sir Lawrence, and said, with a smile of peculiar meaning:

"I am glad to see that you have not forgotten an old friend."

"That were impossible. I have two peculiarities, Lady Brandon."

"And they are?"

"I never forget, nor do I ever forgive."

She could not help shuddering. He pronounced the last word with such threatening emphasis.

"It is a long time since we met," she remarked.

"Some months. Permit me. My friend, Count de Cannes, Lady Brandon."

"Oh! no; excuse me," she replied, with a withering look, "I am no longer Lady Brandon. I am married."

She turned to her husband, and said: "Reginald, an old—very old friend of mine, has unexpectedly met me. Sir Lawrence Allingford, this is my husband, Mr. Welby."

"Delighted to make your acquaintance," said the baronet, holding out his hand, and shaking Welby's, with a warmth that was evidently assumed for a purpose.

Her ladyship saw that it was impossible to avoid a meeting with her enemy, and she endeavoured to make the collision as little disastrous to herself as she could. She wished to throw Sir Lawrence off his guard by an affectation of good nature and affability, which she was far from entertaining in her heart.

The name of Allingford called up some recollections in Welby's breast; but, for the moment, he could not invest them with any recognizable shape or tangible meaning.

"Reginald," exclaimed Lady Brandon, "Sir Lawrence, you know, is an old friend of mine."

"Indeed."

"Now, don't look ferociously jealous."

"Blanche!" he said, in an expostulating manner.

"Because if you do," she continued, "the poor fellow will be afraid to speak to me at all, and I shall have to go moping about by myself, without a chance of talking over old times."

The Count de Cannes showed his teeth, and whispered to his friend:

"She is clever—very clever."

"You would say so, if you knew as much of her as I do," was the reply.

"I quite admire her."

"You might as well admire a spotted snake."

"You are prejudiced."

"And so are you. I against her—you in her favour."

"You are right to be angry, my friend," said the count; "for I, De Cannes, tell you you have lost a pearl of price."

"She shall repent her treachery!"

"Now, I must protest against such savagery. She is too clever and too pretty to be made miserable."

"Wait a bit."

"Ah!" muttered the count, "he will want my assistance in a war with this fascinating serpent in the form of a woman. Alone he would stand no chance. He would not cumber the earth a week!"

"Come, Sir Lawrence, you are not very gallant," resumed Blanche; "you should have offered me your arm some time ago. Reginald, walk with the Count de Cannes."

"Capital!" said the count to himself. "We shall see some fun. I must keep my eye upon this little Brinvilliers!"

Welby, with a very bad grace, obeyed his wife's command—for it was nothing else—and, like a school-boy, put himself by the side of the count, and sullenly stood there, without speaking.

Lady Brandon allowed her arm to rest on that of Sir Lawrence, and as the room was now being cleared for dancing, they had little difficulty in leading the way up the room.

"Shall we talk business? I can see that you are angry," began her ladyship.

"As you please."

"By all means begin, then. I am quite ready for you. You want to make a sort of speech for the prosecution, do you not? Shall I save you the trouble of a formal opening? I hate exordiums of any kind!"

"I have not much to say," said Sir Lawrence, who may be described as looking calmly vindictive.

"I can guess every word of it!" she cried. "Listen to me, and tell me if I am not right! You want to tell me that I have treated you in the most shameful manner! After I had engaged myself to you, I threw you over at the last moment, and married another man."

"You have done all that, and much more."

"Let me speak. The bill of indictment should be perfect," she said, sarcastically. "Mind there is no flaw in it, or the prisoner may escape."

"You have made me a participator in your crimes!" he exclaimed. "You have led me on with a delusive hope; and, through your perfidy, my whole life is blighted, and my future obscured with dark clouds!"

"Perhaps they have a silver lining. I hope so, Lawrence, for your sake!"

"My sake! What am I to you now? Would you not like to see me lying dead on the ground at your feet?"

"Certainly not, if you are quiet, and behave yourself decently, and make no disturbance between my husband and myself."

The consummate effrontery with which this was said, and the cool impudence of the entire speech, together with the possibility of its containing a hidden meaning, excited Sir Lawrence's wonder.

"In order to disabuse you of any hope or expectation to the contrary, that is precisely what I intend to do!" he replied.

"You wish to see me separated from Welby?"

"That is my most ardent wish!"

"You are determined to destroy my new-born happiness?"

"I am," was the stern and inflexible rejoinder.

"In what way can you do it?"

She thought that it was all times advisable to know what sort of weapons her adversaries were going to employ.

"I have only to inform Mr. Welby of certain passages in your life, such as the abduction and intended murder of the Earl of Brandon's child, and refer him to a man of the name of Girling."

"Well?"

"And to add that if the remains of the Countess of Brandon were analysed, the traces of a virulent poison would be discovered."

"Is that all?"

"Is it not quite enough, and more than enough?"

"Where is Girling?"

"I dare say he would be forthcoming, if it were necessary to produce him."

"And perhaps not. Everything has two aspects. Do you suppose, for a moment, that Welby would listen to your wild inventions?"

"Listen to them?" exclaimed Sir Lawrence Allingford.

"Yes."

"How could he do otherwise?"

"Does he not seem in good training?"

"That has nothing to do with it; the truth is the truth, and the evidence I should bring forward would be so irrefragable that he could not resist it."

"Well, let us think so; although I tell you plainly you are in error, very much in error. You have plainly stated that your object in hunting me down is to separate me from my husband, break up my home, and render me miserable for the rest of my life. Am I right?"

"Perfectly right."

"Could you do it?"

"Without one pang of compunction!"

"Yet you loved me once, Lawrence?"

She sighed and looked up amorously in his face, and leant on his arm with a pressure not without meaning.

"Look at me!" he said, in reply.

"I am looking at you, Lawrence."

"Do you see no change in me? Am I healthier, better, livelier?"

"You have suffered, my poor Lawrence; but why blame me for it?" she said, feelingly.

For a moment he was deceived by her affected sympathy; but his knowledge of her previous character made him comprehend that she was playing a part.

"You pity me!" he exclaimed.

"Yes. Is there anything wonderful in that? You are ill. I can see it. You have worried yourself, because I disappointed you. If you would hear what I have to say in answer to your charges, perhaps you would be willing to admit that some few excuses are to be found for my conduct."

"I cannot find any, Blanche; and I swear to you that I have sought for them early and late. I did not condemn you hastily."

"You left me when you imagined that Girling was dead!"

"I had my reasons for so sudden a departure."

"Did you leave me any clue to your whereabouts?"

"I did not think it prudent."

"Did you write to me?" she demanded.

"Yes," replied Sir Lawrence. "I—"

"At last you wrote to me; but how many weary months elapsed before your note arrived, and then what were its contents?"

"There was nothing—"

"Hear me out!" she exclaimed. "You told me that you had contracted a bad, a fatal, a ruinous habit; that you were an opium-smoker! Your present cadaverous condition is more the result of that than of your sufferings on my account. When I married Reginald Welby, Lawrence, I did it in self-defence."

"That is an excuse which, with me, has no weight," he replied bitterly. "I cannot look at the conducting causes; I can only fix my regards upon the one plain, glaring fact—that of your marriage! In my eyes, and in my opinion, nothing on earth could justify what I have no hesitation in pronouncing a monstrous act."

"It is done," exclaimed Lady Brandon. "There is little to be gained by dwelling on the past. Let us turn from it, and contemplate the future."

"Let us do so."

"You said you never forgave. You have heard my explanation—can you forgive me now?"

"Only on one condition."

"Name it."

"That you leave Reginald Welby—morally divorce yourself from him. Marry me, and dwell with me in a foreign country, where no one is acquainted with us or with the past."

Lady Brandon sighed, and said, in a low voice:

"I cannot do this."

"You incur my resentment, then?"

"I must chance that."

"What you may call my vengeance is merely retributive justice," the baronet exclaimed.

"I have been in worse straits than the present one," she replied. "I dare say I shall be able to extricate myself. You dare not denounce me openly; because you are an accomplice, both before and after the fact. Consequently, you would involve yourself in my ruin, and I flatter myself that my influence

with Reginald Welby is sufficient to counteract any harm you may endeavour to do me."

"You refuse my offer?"

"Distinctly. I have committed more than one crime. I refuse to add to their number."

"What difference can it make to you?"

"I do not care about discussing the matter any further. You have said, as plainly as you can, that you will do your best to destroy me. I tell you, in reply, to do what you like; and now go back to your friend. We need not quarrel openly."

She beckoned to her husband, who was a little behind her, and he at once approached. With a bow to Sir Lawrence, she withdrew her arm from his, and linked it in her husband's.

"Adieu for the present," she said, with an inclination of the head to the count, which he returned, with a profound reverence. "I dare say we shall meet one another again before the evening is over."

Reginald and his wife went toward the refreshment department. Blanche said she felt tired and faint, and wanted something to recruit her exhausted energies.

"What will you take?" asked Reginald, conducting her to a seat.

"Sparkling wine of some sort."

He brought her some, and exclaimed:

"I know now where I have heard the name of Allingford, Blanche dear."

"Were you ever in doubt about it?"

"I have been puzzling myself for some time; but now I recollect that Mimi—"

"Mimi!" exclaimed Blanche, interrupting him! "you are always talking about Mimi."

"Indeed, I am not."

"Well, don't put yourself in a passion about it. I used to think you liked her better than you do me."

"What is the matter with you to-night, Blanche? It is quite painful to talk to you."

"What did Mimi say about Sir Lawrence?"

"He was the man who wrote you the letter she showed me."

"Was he? It is so long ago, I had entirely forgotten it. What was the letter about?"

"I can't exactly call to mind what it did contain," he replied; "but I know Mimi endeavoured to draw an unfavourable conclusion to you from its contents."

"That is very likely."

"Is it?"

"Of course. Do you mean to tell me you do not know why?"

"I give you my word I do not," he replied, earnestly.

"She was in love with you," exclaimed his wife.

"In love! If so, she never breathed one word of her love to me."

"Perhaps not; she may have wanted the opportunity."

She gave him her glass to set down on a table, and added:

"If you wish to ask Sir Lawrence any questions, I dare say he will be charmed to answer you."

"Oh, no, Blanche; I have perfect confidence in you," replied Reginald, resignedly.

At this moment, Captain O'Shaughnessy came up, and exclaimed:

"May I claim the fulfilment of your promise? The dancing is just beginning."

"With pleasure," she replied.

"Allow me the honour," he continued, offering her his arm.

"Will you wait here for me, Reginald?"

"Somewhere about this part of the room."

"Very well."

And she disappeared with the captain, soon afterwards winding through the intricate mazes of the enlivening dance with infinite grace.

Reginald wandered into a balcony, nicely fitted up as a diminutive smoking saloon, where he indulged in a very mild cigarette.

Since his wife's declaration that she wished he could smoke, he had cultivated the habit. It was annoying to him to see Blanche taken away by any one; but the usages of society and its canons were not against such a proceeding. So he sat still, and anxiously counted the minutes which had to elapse before her return.

In half-an-hour he emerged from his retreat, and his wife rejoined him. Her face was flushed with the exercise she had taken, and she looked the picture of health.

"Glad to see you about again, Welby," said Captain O'Shaughnessy.

"Thank you; I am much better."

"Given up mummy hunting, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes—since the first and last adventure."

The captain remained in conversation with the husband and wife for a short time, and then left them together.



"I am so glad you have come back, Blanche," exclaimed Reginald.

"Why? You know where I was."

"I certainly did; but I wish there was no such thing as dancing."

"Don't be silly," she replied.

"It may be silliness, my darling; but I love you so fondly, that I cannot bear to see another man with his arm around your waist, or—"

"For goodness sake, Reginald, stop talking such nonsense," replied his wife. "If all husbands were as strict as you are, what would become of the poor wives."

"When women are married, they ought to give up all the follies of their youth."

"Is dancing a folly?"

"I think it not only foolish, but frivolous."

"It is a pity, Reginald, they did not make you a parson."

"Do you think so? Are you going home now?" he asked.

"If you wish it?"

"I do not wish to interfere with your pleasure."

"I can see you want to go home, Reginald; and, to oblige you, I offer no objection."

The passage of the bill for the abolition of Church rates through the House of Commons, or that for the introduction and adoption of the Ballot, would not have caused more surprise to their projectors than Lady Brandon's consent did to her husband.

The real reason of her compliance was, that she was alarmed at the attitude Sir Lawrence Allingford had assumed, and her plans were slightly disarranged by his sudden appearance on a scene where she did not expect to meet with him.

She wanted to be back again in the solitude of the hotel in which she was staying, where she could be calm and quiet, and cogitate upon a means of thwarting her enemy.

"Thank you, my own," exclaimed Reginald. "You do not know how much I appreciate any little concession on your part like the one you have just made!"

Welby was like many more young men, who have married strong-minded wives, who make a point of hen-pecking them; when his wife was kind to him, it was so unexpected an occurrence, that it rose to the rank of a positive pleasure.

"Your love for me, Reginald, has never yet been put to the test. Some day it may be," exclaimed Lady Blanche.

"I hope and trust it may, my own loved one; because, in that case, I shall have a chance of proving the sincerity of it."

"Perhaps," she said, with a sigh—deep-drawn, and prolonged.

They had passed through the corridor, and found their hired carriage awaiting them. When they were leaving back against the rather hard cushions, Reginald said:

"Why did you sigh, just now, dearest?"

"I sighed, because I am not sure of your love."

"Not sure!" he repeated, in a tone of consternation.

"Not quite. Gold is never of value until it is purified."

"In what way have I ever given you to suppose that I did not love you well and fondly?"

"In no way; but events may arise."

"Let them arise, Blanche; nothing—I care not what—shall ever make you indifferent to me."

"Swear it," she cried.

"I do swear it."

"That is sufficient. You have sworn, Reginald, that nothing—you care not what—shall ever make me indifferent to you. God give you strength to keep your oath!"

"How solemnly you speak, Blanche; you almost alarm me. Has anything happened?"

"Nothing," she replied, pressing his hand; "I am happier now than I have ever been since our marriage. I will try and be better tempered, Reginald. I am afraid I am tyrannical and overbearing, occasionally. Is it not so?"

"We all have our faults, dear. I am conscious of a tithe or so of mine, but I am blind to yours."

"Bless you," she exclaimed, with another, and warmer pressure of the hand.

They found supper awaiting them at the hotel, and Blanche told her husband to make some inquiries respecting the sailing of steamboats, whilst she took off her opera cloak.

"Well," she said, as he returned, "have you found out what I wish to know?"

"I think so. There is a steamboat which leaves here at eight o'clock to-morrow morning."

"At eight?"

"Eight, precisely."

"We may as well go by that, I think."

"I should like it, above all things," he replied, rapturously.

"Make your preparations; I will undertake to be ready."

Lady Brandon's object in wishing to go away the next day was to escape from the persecutions of Sir Lawrence Allingford. With her, prevention was always better than cure, and she thought that, in the present instance, it would be infinitely preferable for her purpose that she should "run away and live to fight another day," than that she should defy the baronet to a species of mortal combat, and run the risk of having her husband's confidence in her shaken by the tales Sir Lawrence could unfold.

She went to sleep that night, thinking that she should be able to steal a march upon the baronet; but it happened singularly enough that he was on the alert. When the count and himself parted from Lady Brandon, they amused themselves by scrutinizing the assembled company; but they did not dance. They neither of them cared about it. It was not an amusement calculated to interest them, so they quitted the festive scene when they wearied of it, and lighting their opium-impregnated Manilla cheroots, sauntered about the town. Their vagrant footsteps led them in the direction of the stairs leading down to the wharves and quays. It was a light and lovely night, and was the best part of the twenty-four hours for walking; the heat in the day time being next to insupportable.

The Count de Cannes, with an inquisitiveness peculiar to his nature, entered into conversation with a man whose blue jacket proclaimed him a sailor.

"A fine vessel that!" he exclaimed, pointing to a steamer, lying at anchor on the placid surface of the water.

"Pretty good for a French-built craft," replied the man, who was an Englishman, and, from his rough way of speaking, hailed from the north.

"You are quite right to draw a distinction."

"Sails to-morrow," said the man.

"Indeed!"

"Yes, at eight. A good many passengers going, they tell me. Flunkey chap came down just now from the hotel to engage a passage for two. Lady and gentleman, I heard him say. He hasn't long left the office."

"Ah! I see you keep your eyes open, my friend. Where is the office you speak of?"

"That's it, to the right; something in French written up over. Chap there up all night."

The count looked up, and read "Bureau de Paquebots."

"Thanks," he replied; "can I offer you a cigar?"

"I'd as soon have a screw of shag tobacco; but as you don't seem to carry none about with you, I don't mind taking one of your cigars, though, to tell the truth, I'm so accustomed to cavendish, I'd as lieve smoke paper."

"Allingford!" exclaimed De Cannes.

"Well, have you finished your conversation with the nautical fellow?"

"I have, and exceedingly useful I have found him. Just step across the way, will you?"

"What for?"

"There is a shipping office, there."

"So I see."

"I want to secure two passages."

"For whom?"

"You and myself."

"And where are we going to?" demanded Sir Lawrence, much astonished.

"I am really unable to tell you until I make inquiries."

"I wish you would try and be more explicit. You do not know how unpleasant it is to me to be kept in suspense. You are a practical man, and never do anything without a reason; why not tell me your reason at once?"

"I will, if you desire it. I have just learnt that a servant from an hotel has taken two passages on board the steamer. It is an odd time of the night to do so; and as the boat sails to-morrow at eight, I have an idea that Lady Brandon and her husband are giving you the slip."

"By jove, count, you are right! What should I do without you?"

"If we are wrong, it is only a few pounds sacrificed, and that is a trifle we do not care for."

De Cannes entered the office, secured two berths in the best part of the ship, and found that a Mr. and Mrs. Welby had, just before, booked some places. This was conclusive evidence, and he returned to his caravanserai with Sir Lawrence, in high spirits.

"Foxes may be sly," he said; "but those who chase them are often more cunning than they."

"Running away is a confession of weakness; is it not?"

"Not at all, my dear fellow; it is merely a ruse, and one I admire, but by no means a confession of weakness. It is an expedient."

The Welbys slept soundly that night, in anticipation of their journey on the morrow. The Count de Cannes and Sir Lawrence, on the contrary, sat up

and played at piquet until the waiter brought them coffee in the morning,—as the count said:

"It was not worth while to go to sleep for a handful of hours; that is, as many hours as you have fingers."

Like Santa Anna, the Mexican general, if he slept at all, he wished to make a trance of it. Fatigue did not tell much upon the count. He could sit up and play loo, faro, or lansquenet, without feeling tired, though the game lasted all night. He was a scientific player, too, and generally contrived to compensate himself for his labour.

## CHAPTER LIV.

The dewy morn let others love,  
Or bask them in the noontide ray;  
There's not an hour but has its charm,  
From dawning light to dying day:  
But oh! be mine a fairer hour,  
That silent moon! that silent moon!

Donne.

MIMI ZEDERN was fond of wandering out into the moonlight, that soft and chastening hour when the pale rays of the pallid orb streak the verdant grass with silver, and frost the silent branches of the stately trees.

Hearts that mourn find magic in a moonlit sky—they see again vanished scenes, and recall the lost amidst bursting tears.

One night Mimi opened her bedroom window and gazed out. Some days had elapsed since the count's departure. The moon bathed the lawn, the stately cedars, the spreading beeches, the monarch oaks, the tapering pines, the spacious sycamores, the drooping willows, and the graceful poplars in a flood of argent light. The family had long since gone to bed; but Mimi had been reading or writing, for her desk stood open upon a table.

Suddenly the door of her room opened, and Alice Welby entered. Mimi turned round with a startled cry, as if she had been detected in the commission of some ungodly deed.

"You here, child?" she exclaimed.

"Yes, dear," replied Alice; "I could not sleep."

She had thrown a loose dressing-gown over her shoulders, and her slipperless feet pattered like tiny white mice upon the carpet.

"You will catch your death of cold," said Mimi.

"Oh, no! It is warm, very warm; and I'm not afraid of that."

"What makes you so restless?"

Mimi appeared annoyed at the intrusion upon her privacy.

"I cannot help thinking of Reginald."

"Of your brother?"

"Yes. I fear that something is about to happen to him or to Blanche."

"More likely the latter," thought Mimi, as she remembered Sir Lawrence Allingford and his mission, openly avowed.

"What nonsense, Alice! How often have I told you not to be superstitious?"

"You must not be angry with me. I will tell you what first made me uneasy. Reginald gave me a ring before he went away, and in it is an emerald. They say emeralds turn pale when anything is about to happen to the original owner, and mine turned pale just now."

"How do you know the original owner?" said Mimi. "Really, Alice, you must go to school again if you are so childish. Let me look at the ring."

Alice took it from her finger, and Mimi looked steadily at it. She could detect no pallor. It had evidently resumed its original colour.

"I can see no white about it!" she exclaimed.

"You must have been dreaming."

"Indeed, I was not," replied Alice. "It was not my fancy, I can assure you. The paleness has worn off. Perhaps the danger is averted. Will you oblige me in one thing?"

"In a dozen, if your requests are not nonsensical."

"I only want you to remember Reginald in your prayers."

She spoke sweetly, prettily, meekly, and with a soft look and tone such as deep-seated religion imparts to its possessors.

She believed that Mimi's prayers, if real and unaffected, would be efficacious in turning away danger from her brother. She believed in salvation, both by faith and works.

Mimi's prayers!

If she ever mocked heaven with her supplications, they were those of a lukewarm suppliant. But Alice Welby did not know this. She looked upon Mimi as a fit and proper moral instructress; and for the matter of that, Mimi did her duty very well, in spite of her resemblance to a whitened sepulchre.

"Very well, dear," replied Mimi. "I will do as you request me. Run back to bed, or you will never get up in the morning."

"Let me look at the moon first. My curtains are drawn. How beautiful it looks!"

"Yes. It is very lovely."  
"I wonder if anyone lives there. Is it inhabited?"

"Dear me, Alice, how tiresome you are! We are not at lessons now. If you want to know, you must look at your books to-morrow," replied Mimi, angrily.

"Don't be cross, dear," said Alice. "Let me kneel by your side while you tell me about the moon, will you?"

She pleaded in so insinuating a manner, that Mimi found it impossible to resist her supplication. So she allowed her to kneel down at the window, and putting her arm round her neck, said:

"You are the plague of my life; you are, indeed!"

"I am stupid about some things."

"A great many, I am afraid; but what do you want to know about the moon?"

"Do people live there?"

"Astronomers say not. There is no water there, nor is there any air. Now run away; I want to go to bed."

Alice rose to her feet, kissed Mimi, and sought her own room.

She had not been gone ten minutes before Mimi locked up her desk, and placed what appeared to be a bundle of papers in a small ivory casket, which she afterwards secreted about her person.

Without putting on her bonnet or shawl, she left her apartment, walked down-stairs, and let herself out of the house through a garden door, which was merely locked and bolted inside.

She was frequently in the habit of taking a midnight stroll; but she never dressed herself in walking attire, because she thought if anyone saw her, she could set up the excuse of somnambulism, which nobody could contradict.

Threading her way through the garden with praiseworthy industry, she reached a thicket of laurel and holly trees, the leaves of which appeared to be tipped with silver, so vivid and powerful were the moon's rays. She sat down upon the margin of the thicket, and took the casket from her pocket. Unlocking it with a small key, she extracted the bundle of papers from their ivory receptacle, and spread them upon her lap.

The moon shone upon bank notes!

Her brother, the Count de Cannes, had kept his promise.

Ten thousand pounds! It was a large sum, and she gloated over it with a wild, hysterical sort of joy!

"Now I am independent," she murmured. "I am yet young, and I must, as it were, begin life again. I will bury my love for that foolish boy whom Lady Brandon has married, and I will see if I cannot gratify my ambition."

A slight gust of wind swept some of the notes from her lap, and they fluttered about the grass. She bent forward to pick them up, but suddenly started, as if a snake had stung her; for some one exclaimed at her elbow: "Can I be of any assistance!"

She looked up through the pale moonlight, and saw a young man of not more than five-and-twenty, with dark, piercing eyes, and hair of the same colour. His features were plain and common-place, and he was not dressed particularly well. When you looked into his eyes, they did not please you. There was something ferrety about them. You would have thought him a juvenile detective.

"Who—who are you?" gasped Mimi, thinking some one was about to rob her.

"No one to be afraid of."

"How do I know that?"

"Bank of England notes, I perceive!" he replied, picking some of them up, and holding them to the moonlight.

"Give me my property," cried Mimi, eagerly.

"Oh! certainly, with great pleasure; only excuse me one moment. I always make a memorandum of the number of any stray note I happen to come across."

As he spoke, he took a pencil and a piece of paper from his pocket, and wrote down the numbers of the notes he had picked up.

Then he handed Mimi her property.

"What right have you to do that?" she asked, in a terror-stricken voice.

"If I were fond of asking questions, I might retaliate, and say—what right have you with so much paper-money?"

"It is my own."

"Until the contrary is proved, I have no right to contradict you," he replied, calmly, keeping his lynx-like eyes upon her.

"You are a spy!" said Mimi; "I feel it—I know it!"

"I admit the fact," he returned, coolly.

"You are an emissary of Mr. Littleboy?"

"I am more than that."

"More!"

"I am his son."

Mimi hastily scrambled her notes into her pocket, without waiting to place them in the casket.

"Oh, you need not be afraid. I do not do things in that way," he said, with a smile, noticing her anxiety to conceal her small fortune. "Be at your ease. I will tell you how it happened that I was sent down here. My father was talking to me, the other day; and he said—'George, my boy! you have shown considerable sagacity in the matter of writs, and all that; would you like to try your hand at higher game? If so, you can go down into—shire, and keep your eye on a certain Miss Mimi Zedfern.'"

"On me!"

"Thank you! You have saved me the trouble of identification," replied George Littleboy. "That will be something to telegraph to Bartlett's Buildings to-morrow morning."

Mimi at once saw the error of which she had been guilty.

"Well, my father went on to say, that a certain Count de Cannes, whose countship or county was, in American parlance, 'bogus,' had committed a robbery, but he couldn't bring it home to him; and he suspected Miss Zedfern of being an accomplice. That was enough for me. I thought the trip would do me good. I arrived at Kirkdale yesterday, and discovered where you lived; and I am happy to have found you, like the queen in the story, 'counting out your money.'"

"Well, Mr. Littleboy; and what does your discovery amount to?"

"It is a link."

"How a link?"

"In this way: I have the number of certain notes in your possession."

"Well?"

"I have now to trace those notes to the Count de Cannes. Do you see? We can proceed against him, when we catch him, on other and broader grounds. These notes will be quite sufficient to prove your complicity with him!"

Mimi began to feel that this strange young man, with the curious eyes, had a method of his own which was dangerous.

"You are strangely candid with me," she said. "Are you not afraid of putting me on my guard?"

"Oh, no."

"You will inform your father, of course, of your success, as I presume you term it."

"I shall not," he said, firmly.

"No? May I inquire the reason of your abstinence?"

"If I were to hunt you down as my father has told me to, and as I could, if I chose, by time, energy, and perseverance, I should consign you to a dungeon."

"That is a natural result of your labours, is it not?"

"It is," he answered.

"Why hesitate, if you think you can succeed?"

"I should not be able to do that."

"That! what?"

"To imprison you. I could not reconcile it with my conscience. You are beautiful—more beautiful than any woman I ever saw."

Mimi smiled inwardly, although she exercised the most admirable command over her features. Mr. George Littleboy was in love with her. He was already vanquished, and without a struggle or an effort on her part.

"Your father will not send you into the country again," she said, "if you become love-sick, and neglect your duties."

"I do not care for him."

"Oh! but you ought to. Good night."

"Are you going?"

"Yes; it is cold, and I have been out long enough."

"Do you often come out when it is moonlight?"

"Occasionally."

"Will you meet me here to-morrow night?"

"Certainly not, Mr. Littleboy," she replied with asperity. "I never meet gentlemen, nor am I in the habit of holding any communication whatever with people to whom I have not been formally introduced. You have met me accidentally to-night, and I will take care the accident does not repeat itself."

Before he could reply, she had gathered up her dress, and flitted away amidst the trees, like a wood nymph, leaving the lawyer's clerk staring after her with open mouth.

When a few minutes had elapsed, Mr. George Littleboy said aloud:

"I'm clever at thief taking, and all that; but confound it, I don't know how to make love. I haven't been used to women. What can a fellow like me know about the soft sex?—Soft! they are precious artful, I think. I'm up to my eyes in paper and parchments all day, so I can't be supposed to know much about the girls. I know a pretty woman when I see her though, and that one's the prettiest I ever came across. She's shy at first, I take it. I must look out for her again. I wonder what the governor would say to my bringing home a Mrs. George Littleboy,

and laying the foundation of a fresh stock of Littleboys. She's in this robbery, I'll swear that. If she doesn't look kindly at me, and marry me, it won't be my fault."

With that, he put his hand in his pocket, lighted a small clay pipe, and walked moodily towards the inn where he was staying.

## CHAPTER LV.

On ocean wave serene  
The southern sun diffused his dazzling sheen.

*Bentley.*

### A LOVELY MORNING.

A sky so fair and delicate, that the finest stage creations of Grieve, Telbin, or Beverley, could not vie with it, although the colours might be skillfully laid upon the canvas. The sea as calm as an inland lake. The sun sending down his slanting rays, soon to be perpendicular, when Phoebus attained his meridian.

The fishes basking in the bay, darting to the surface after flies and gnats. The craft lying at anchor. The steamers getting up steam as the passengers came on board. Porters, passengers, flymen, officials of all sorts bustling about on the quay. Luggage in motion, and the town just aroused from its nocturnal lethargy.

Such was the scene which greeted Reginald and Lady Blanche as they wended their, by no means solitary, way to the steamboat.

They embarked, and waited impatiently for the time for starting to arrive.

The Count de Cannes and Sir Lawrence were still playing at picket.

The count took out his watch.

"By jove!" he exclaimed. "It's time we were off."

"Finish this game first."

"We have not time."

"I insist upon it."

"In that case you lose your chance of poisoning the mind of Lady Brandon's husband. Upon my word, my dear fellow, I should like you for an enemy; I should indeed."

"Why would you?"

"Because you would let me down easily."

"We might have finished the game while you were talking."

"Finish it on board," urged the count.

"Well, be it so. You are determined to have your own way," cried Sir Lawrence Allingford, throwing the cards impatiently upon the table.

The count rang the bell. Their French servant—a man they had engaged after Girling's departure—had prepared their traps, which were all in readiness, and they proceeded to the boat; to their surprise it had just got its steam up, and the paddles were making their first revolution.

The officials on shore exclaimed, "*Arrêtez, arrêtez!*" as loud as they could; and the two *voyageurs* added the diapason of their voices to their efforts, and cried, "Stop, stop!"

Lady Brandon happened to be on deck, and instantly recognized the two belated men who, through their inordinate love for playing at cards, had lost their passage. The captain seemed desirous of putting back again, to take them up; but she made her way to him, and exclaimed, "Our time is valuable, captain. You surely cannot think of returning for passengers who are too late?"

"It is not a matter of time, ma'am," replied the captain; "I could soon make up a few minutes, by putting a little extra coal on the fire. Besides that, we are not tied to half an hour."

"I shall hold you answerable if you delay the boat."

"You may do that. I have the confidence of my employers."

"Confidence easily forfeited. Be careful."

"Ahoy! there. Put back!" shouted the Count de Cannes.

"Too late, sir," replied the captain.

"Stand still, then; we'll take a boat and row to you."

"Go on, captain," said Lady Brandon.

"I can't please everybody," he muttered.

"We'll hold you harmless for your loss of time," cried Sir Lawrence Allingford.

"A five pound note," whispered Lady Brandon, "if you go on."

"For me?"

"Yes. Ten if you start at once."

The captain hesitated.

"Ahoy there, captain!" shouted De Cannes.

"Sir?"

"I am an English detective, and I have a warrant to search all ships leaving port. Disregard this notification at your peril."

This bold and barefaced declaration had a marked effect upon the captain, who instantly began to regard Lady Brandon with suspicion. Had she not offered him money to go on, his suspicions would not have



been aroused; but that, in his eyes, was a fact of peculiar significance.

There was a speaking tube near where he stood, which communicated with the engine room. Putting his mouth to that, he said, "Turn astern."

The steam instantly ascended from the chimney, the engines revolved, the paddle wheels moved sluggishly round, and the steamer moved back towards the shore. It grated against the buoys hanging down from the top of the stone wall, and Sir Lawrence Allingford, with the Count de Cannes, stepped on board.

Lady Brandon retreated to her cabin.

The paddles once more cleaved the water, and the boat was off. The passengers looked disdainfully at the two new comers, as if they were not flattered at the idea of having a detective on board.

The count's speech had made everyone feel uncomfortable.

Lady Blanche opened her jewel case, and took from it a small packet.

"This is it," she exclaimed. "Yes. There is a label, 'Crystallised preparation of arsenic.' No need to add 'Poison.' The fool has rushed upon his fate; let him look to himself."

She placed the packet in her pocket, and paced her cabin restlessly.

Sir Lawrence Allingford little dreamt his life was in danger.

(To be continued.)

**THE BREMEN WINE CELLAR.**—The following account is now running the round of the German press:—"The municipal wine-vault of Bremen is the most celebrated in all Germany. One section, called the Rose, from the bronze bas-relief of roses over it, contains the famous Rosenwein, which is now two centuries and a half old. There six large casks of Rhine wine, Johannisberg, and as many of Hocheimar, were placed in 1624. In the adjacent parts of the same division of the cellar are 12 large casks bearing the names of the Apostles, and containing wines not less precious, but not so aged by a few years; the wine bearing the name of Judas is considered the best. The other parts of the cellar are occupied with wines of a subsequent growth. By degrees, as a few bottles of Rosenwein are drawn off, the casks are filled up with Apostle wine, and that with some sort still younger, and so on, in such a manner that the different casks are always kept very nearly full. A single bottle of Rosenwein now represents an immense value. A cask of wine, containing 1,000 bottles, cost, in 1624, 1,200*l*. Calculating that sum at compound interest, with the expense of cellaring, a bottle would positively cost 10,895,232*l*.; and a glass, or eighth part of a bottle, about 1,361,904*l*. The Rosenwein and Apostle wines are never sold but to citizens of Bremen. The burgomasters alone have permission to draw a few bottles, and to send them as presents to Sovereigns. A citizen of Bremen may, in case of serious illness, procure a bottle at 20*l*. on his obtaining the certificate of his doctor and the consent of the municipal council. A poor inhabitant of Bremen may also obtain a bottle gratis, after having fulfilled certain formalities. A citizen has also the right to demand a bottle when he receives any celebrated personage at his house as a guest. A bottle of Rosenwein was always sent by the city of Bremen to Goethe on his *fête day*."

**THE FORTHCOMING CONFEDERATE BAZAAR.**—It is proposed to hold a monster bazaar in Liverpool, in the month of October, for the benefit of the wounded Confederate officers and soldiers. By this bazaar it is estimated—with some degree of confidence, judging from present subscriptions—that not less than ten or twelve thousand pounds will be realised. Several handsome donations have already been made—many others have been promised. Some of the stalls are to be kept by ladies of title, and this fact alone will exercise a most potent influence on the charities and sympathies of a town which so eminently aspires to gentility and fashion as Liverpool. Lady Chesterfield and Lady Tankerville are among the stallholders. Mrs. Pridlean, the prettiest American woman in England, but who, unluckily for the records of American beauty, is a Canadian, and not a Southerner, will also be among the store assistants. The Countess of Derby was written to, but that lady, on account of the "political position of her husband," but with hearty good wishes to the cause, has declined. She will, however, visit the bazaar each day and thus lend it her countenance and support, and she will also entertain some of the titled stall-keepers. Among the attractions are to be some twelve or fifteen young Southern belles, from Paris, where they are now finishing their education, and who, if one title is pretty as American writers assert their women are, may be regarded with as much wonder and awe as the same number of Dodos or black Hindoos, from the contrast they offer with the ordinary representatives of American beauty in England. From North or

South, personal loveliness is one of those things of which—like the east wind, or the gentlemanly bearing of Southern gentlemen—one has heard much, but seen nothing. If there are beauties neither scraggy, nor yellow, nor prematurely old in America, they are well concealed, and have been patriotically kept at home to adorn their own land. If there are Americans who don't "calkilate," and chew, and expectorate, and whittle, or who dress with moderate taste—not after a French model—and who are quiet and unobtrusive in their habits, cleanly and noiseless at their meals, polite and considerate with servants; these, too, have been carefully kept at home, and have never been seen abroad. So that, perhaps, the Southern Bazaar may see fit, while making a display of American native beauty, to show some similarly rare examples of manly virtues and excellence, and so make the show "a wonder and a joy for ever."

## IN THE DARK.

### CHAPTER I.

"No; to save his life I would not do it!"

"But, father, it is such a simple act—just giving him a recommendation; and I am sure he has served you faithfully for the past two years. It will cost you nothing, and it may be of incalculable benefit to him."

"Did he commission you to plead his cause, after I had given him a decided refusal? Tell him, from me, to leave my house this instant. His father once did me a great wrong; and the moment I learned he was the son of that villain, I dismissed him from my employ, and not to save his soul would I give him a single word to help him to another place. There, go, child, and tell him what I say."

The speaker was a fine-looking man, a little past the middle age, with hair thickly sprinkled with grey; a broad, open brow, upon which the furrows were beginning to deepen; and, altogether, it was a face from which one would expect kindness rather than the reverse.

He sat in his easy chair by the fire, his slippered feet resting upon a soft cushion, the morning paper slipping down, and half covering them, his spectacles put back upon his forehead, his arms folded, and his eyes bent fixedly upon the glowing anthracite fire, that diffused a grateful warmth throughout the apartment.

Gertrude Holmes stood beside her father, her sweet face touched with pity, her mild hazel eyes full of unshed tears, and her white hand laid caressingly upon her father's shoulder; her graceful form bent till the warm breath swept across his cheek. He did not look into her face; he could not, and refuse her the slightest request; for it was all he had on earth to love—the one whose exact image it bore had been laid away beneath the withered leaves and frozen earth seventeen winters before, when Gertrude's life was still numbered by days. And then it seemed as if much of the kindness, the humanity, had gone out of the heart of Clement Holmes, for if affliction does not soften the heart of man it usually takes the opposite course.

Softly, so softly that Mr. Holmes only missed the light pressure of her hands, Gertrude stole from the apartment, and, crossing the hall, pushed open the door that led into a small reception-room, where her father usually received his business guests. The morning sunlight shone full through every pane of the long windows, revealing each feature of the young girl as she entered the room, and the heart of the young clerk fell at once. He rose to his feet and held out his hand.

"I thank you, Gertrude, for your kindness just as much as if you had been successful, which your face plainly tells me you have not. It is a keen disappointment, for the blow came suddenly, and all the business houses in the city to which I have applied refuse to receive me unless I can furnish testimonials from my former employer. They all look upon me with suspicion, and this is hard to bear. A recommendation from your father would have been worth everything to me; but I must submit. The world is all before me; it is for my mother's sake I feel it most keenly."

"I am sorry, Carrollton. If there is anything I can do, you know how happy I shall be to serve you. But I have pleaded with papa earnestly, and it is of no use."

"Thank you, Gertrude; but does it not seem to you that your father is a little unreasonable in revenging the wrongs my father inflicted upon him on the head of the truly innocent? The remembrance of my father is not pleasant, and it is seldom my mother speaks of him; but he has been sleeping in his grave these ten years, and gone to his reward or punishment. I have tried to serve your father faithfully, and I believe I have done so. Nothing remains for me now but to leave here, and seek my fortune elsewhere. Good-bye, Gertrude, I shall not forget your kindness. I had hoped one day to be

your equal in wealth and position, and then tell you all that is in my heart; but it would be ungenerous, unmanly now. God bless you, Gertrude!"

The young man raised the hand he held to his lips, and wringing it with a parting pressure that told how deep were his emotions, he turned from the apartment. He gave but one hurried glance back at the tall granite pile that stood conspicuously among its neighbours, and it seemed to smile and frown upon him by turns as he glanced from the office to the library windows, for he felt that behind the former a warm heart was beating in pity for his sorrows. In pity? He did not dream that the beautiful Gertrude Holmes, the accomplished daughter of the wealthy merchant, could hold one spark of anything deeper for the poor clerk who for two years had sat wearily behind the high desk in her father's counting-house.

But he was far above an ordinary clerk. Gertrude had felt this the first time she looked into the manly, open, face, over which but eighteen years had come and gone, and every movement, every word, bespoke the true gentleman; and in the two years of pleasant though not familiar intercourse, she had grown to appreciate his noble qualities of heart and soul more and more; and behind the slender fingers that pressed themselves over her eyes came a few very bitter tears, perhaps the most so of any she had ever known, for her life had been beset with fewer trials and crosses than usually falls to the lot of mortals.

But Carrollton Edwards's name was never spoken, and neither father nor daughter knew but that it was quite forgotten.

### CHAPTER II.

"I SHALL not be able to sit at the table with you much longer, mother, if I continue growing weak as fast as I have for a week past."

There was a touching pathos in the young girl's voice, and it was no wonder it drew tears from the mother's eyes as she glanced into the pale, thin face, and listened to the breathing so quickened by the simple effort of crossing the room to her place at the table, and saw that she involuntarily put her hand to her heart, to still the heavy, oppressive pain that so suddenly crossed it.

"I wish I had given up sooner; but, you know, we had just paid for the sewing-machine, and I wanted so much to earn a little for ourselves, and not be dependent upon poor brother always. But, whatever happens, mother, do not tell him the cause. He has enough to bear without the knowledge of my imprudence; and it might have been the same had I never attempted that fatal sewing."

The mother and daughter occupied the second floor of a plain, substantial dwelling, a little distance in the suburbs.

There was a bright fire burning in the grate, the kettle was singing a lively tune above it, the table was drawn near the fire, and covered with a cloth of snowy whiteness; the simple repast of bread and tea, with one or two thin slices of cold meat, so neatly arranged as to make one forget how meagre it was.

But the mother poured the tea with an unsteady hand, and her daughter leaned her head wearily against the high-backed chair, and glanced sadly around the pleasant room.

There was a light, cheerful carpet upon the floor; a few neat, inexpensive engravings, in narrow gilt frames hung upon the papered walls; a table with a crimson cover, loaded with books; a flower-stand, with a choice variety of exotics; an old-fashioned piano and sofa—the latter wheeled towards the fire, and piled with soft pillows; and beyond the half-open door could be had a glimpse of the neat bed-chamber; altogether making a comfortable home for the mother and sister of Carrollton Edwards.

You would have known at once the fair young girl was his sister, by the full, clear brow; dark, lustrous eyes; the open countenance beaming with truthfulness and honest sincerity; though the one was manly and independent, the other purely feminine in its sweetness and frailty. And both were very like the mother, though the years, that had barely passed their two score, had dealt hardly with her, and sprinkled the dark hair here and there with threads of silver, and left little lines of care or pain upon her once clear, smooth brow; and they looked a trifle deeper than usual that evening as she glanced with sweet solicitude into the face of her child; but she saw the sorrow, the anxiety, the failing health and strength caused her, so smoothing out the small wrinkles, and replacing them with a cheerful smile she had learned so well to assume, she spoke hopefully:

"Oh, don't get discouraged, daughter; a little rest is all you need. We are living very comfortably now. Another year of Carroll's salary will pay off all those debts that have been in the way of our enjoyment, and then I am sure we shall not ask for anything to add to our happiness. We ought to be so thankful

that the dear boy has such a good situation and fills it so faithfully, and that he is so near as to come home every week. To-morrow night brings him again, so you must brighten up all you can, because you know how anxious it makes him when we are ill. Besides, I thought he was not looking quite well the last time he was at home."

There was a sound of footsteps ascending the stairs. Mrs. Edwards put down her cup and listened. They came slowly and paused at the door; then all was still for a moment, and the two thought they must have been mistaken, when a low, stifled groan broke upon their ears, and the sound of retreating footsteps; and if they had been near the youthful figure that hurriedly descended the stairs, they would have heard the murmured words: "This is weak, unmanly in me, carrying home the burden to poor mother and Lou; I will bear it a little longer, and perhaps heaven will open some way;" and hastily brushing his hand across his eyes, he sprang up the stairs again with an assumed lightness and boyishness, threw open the door, and entered the cheerful apartment.

"Why, Carroll!" There was an eager look into his face, and he knew it must reveal a part of the suffering that was concealed behind it.

"Just in season, mother. I was not feeling quite well, so I thought I would come out a day earlier, and so take two days to rest. Why, sis, how pale you are looking. What makes her grow so thin and shadowy, mother? She ought to have change of air and scene."

The young man clasped his hands upon the thin cheeks, and bending her head back, imprinted a kiss upon her fair brow. The young girl put up her hands with a laugh that was quite gleeful:

"Don't be quite so demonstrative, brother, unless you give me a chance to return some of your caresses. You will not spare any for mother, either."

"No fear of that. But what is this? Where upon earth did this come from? And a pile of unfinished shirts! How long have you been doing this work, mother? And is this what has been killing Louise? Oh, how could you?"

"Oh, you naughty boy, you came upon us un-awares, and learned our secret. But you must not blame us. It was so hard to see you toil without the least help. I could not bear that Louise should leave me to enter upon any employment that would take her from me constantly, so we hired the machine till we earned enough to pay for it; but Lou's health would not admit of her working constantly. I have tried to accomplish a trifle; every little helps, you know."

"I am sorry, mother; very sorry. I know how heartily Lou enters into anything she undertakes; and I daresay she has worked night and day, till she has brought on a sickness that it will take weeks to overcome. I appreciate your kindness, but I wish you had not done it."

Mrs. Edwards brought a plate and cup for her son; and he sat down in his accustomed place, and tried to talk cheerfully while he made a feint of eating; but he felt his mother's eyes were watching him narrowly. A mother's perceptions are always keen to discover a child's sorrows, be they ever so deeply hidden from another's eyes; and she knew there was something her son was trying to conceal. He walked restlessly up and down the room; he struck a few plaintive, mournful chords upon the piano; he read aloud to his sister without knowing a word he was repeating; and at last kissed her, and left her, as he thought, asleep.

Mrs. Edwards sat by the table, sewing; and Carrollton threw himself at her feet and laid his head in her lap, while she smoothed the soft, brown curls that Louise had so often twined around her fingers and called so beautiful; and thinking how soon her slender fingers might be folded above her pulseless breast, there fell a little sad silence between the two. The small clock upon the mantel ticked loudly; the coal crackled and sparkled cheerily, and at last the youth raised his eyes thoughtfully to his mother's face.

"Do you know, mother, the nature of the wrong my father once did Mr. Holmes?"

"Your father, Carroll? I never knew that he did naught against him. Why do you ask?"

"Because, mother, the iniquity of the father is visited upon the children in this instance through human agency. By some means Mr. Holmes became informed that I was the son of a man by whom, years ago, he was deeply injured. He came into the counting-room, one afternoon, near two weeks ago, in a perfect rage, and approaching the desk, threw down the amount due me for my last month's wages, and at once dismissed me from his employ. His only reply to my astonished question was, that he would now have his revenge. He had waited for it fifteen years, and now that he could not take it upon the father, he would upon the son. Of course my only alternative was to leave. I thought to find no trouble in securing another situation; but I was known to many

of the business houses as a clerk at Mr. Holmes's, and, leaving so suddenly, I was regarded with suspicion, and required, wherever I went, to bring testimonials from my former employer. Humiliating as it was, I at last went to Mr. Holmes, and begged him to give me a recommendation for honesty and faithfulness, which I felt I deserved. He would not listen to me, but left the room the moment he had given me the decided refusal. I should have gone from his house at once, had not his daughter begged me to remain, while she went to intercede with her father. She was as unsuccessful as I had been; but her sweet pity and kindness touched my heart, and repaid me for waiting the humiliation of a second refusal. I have searched the city through for employment—in vain; and what we are to do, I do not know. I shall be obliged to leave you at once. I have kept it hidden from you two weeks, but I could not any longer, for it is wearing my life out. But we must not let Louise know it."

The young man paused; his whole frame shook with emotion, and he pressed his mother's hands closely upon his brow.

Mrs. Edwards did not answer. It was so sudden, she could not trust her voice to speak; and she turned away her head to hide her sorrow.

Just then the door into the small bed chamber, that had been standing ajar, was pushed suddenly open, and Louise, with pale face and streaming eyes, crossed the room, and throwing her arms about her brother's neck, whispered, hoarsely:

"I was not asleep, brother, and heard every word you said; but do not grieve, darling, it will all come right in the end."

She had given her sweet sympathy and comfort; but in her enfeebled state of body and mind, the cruel disappointment was more than she could bear, and all through the long night one fainting fit succeeded another in rapid succession, and when morning dawned, she was unable to raise her head from her pillow; and Carrollton was in a high fever, moaning and tossing in unconscious suffering. Mrs. Edwards forgot her own weakness, in anxiety for her children; and though the burden was great, she had strength given her to bear it. For weeks the struggle between life and death went on; the senseless moanings of the poor youth telling the whole tale of disappointment and anxiety, till at last his strong constitution triumphed over disease, and he slowly began to recover. But as the current of life began to move in healthier channels through the young man's veins, it was swiftly, silently ebbing out from the slender, emaciated frame of his sister, and just at the sunset hour of a mild April evening the spirit of Louise Edwards peacefully took its flight.

It was a heavy stroke to the fond brother, and it found him almost unprepared to bear it. His sister had been his pride, and he indulged no hopes or aspirations that were not intimately connected with her happiness and welfare, and his constant ambition had been to raise her to that sphere in life in which he fondly believed she was fitted to shine.

### CHAPTER III

GERTRUDE was riding out upon the still, country road that April afternoon. There was a mild fragrance loitering upon the air, that told of springing flowers and opening buds, and all along the roadside and under the shadow of the high fences there were broad patches of green grass and occasional tufts of violets and cowslips, that gave promise of speedy blossoming. The birches were hanging their fringed tassels high among the boughs; the willows were putting forth their soft, fur-like buds, and Gertrude noticed all these fresh objects, for the drive was a quiet one, and the elegant carriage rolled along with only an occasional market-man, jogging leisurely to town, to admire its costly appointments. The driver had become infected by the sleepy atmosphere, and dropped asleep at his post, leaving the horses to guide themselves; and Gertrude was aoused from a quiet reverie by a sharp collision and a sudden dropping of the carriage, which precipitated her violently upon the front seat. The accident was slight, but the carriage required repairs before it was deemed expedient for her to attempt returning home. She looked around upon the neat houses on both sides of the road, and her eyes lingered longest upon a plain two storey brick dwelling, with a wide veranda running along the front, a narrow garden with a neat gravelled walk; nothing particularly attractive in any way—but a quiet home-like air about it; and ordering the driver on, Gertrude pushed up the walk, and rang the bell. The door was opened by a mild-looking elderly lady, who received Gertrude with the greatest kindness, and ushered her into the small, neat parlour, moved the easiest chair into the most comfortable spot, and resumed her sewing, while she went about the pleasant task of entertaining her young guest.

It was not a difficult one, for Gertrude was always

genial and open-hearted, interested in every one's welfare; and she soon learned her kind hostess was a widow, owning only the neat house and garden, and supporting herself by the income thence derived, and the rent of the second floor of her house.

"Do you succeed in finding pleasant tenants?" queried Gertrude, more for the sake of sustaining the conversation than from any real interest.

"Very, indeed," was the hearty reply. "But they are now in the deepest affliction. There were only three—mother, son, and daughter; the son, just past his twentieth year, was a clerk in the city, and supported his mother very comfortably, besides laying by a little sum towards cancelling an old debt. He worked hard, but always seemed happy and cheerful, and his mother made of their home a perfect paradise. His sister's health, always delicate, had for a long time been failing; but there were hopes of her recovery till a heavy disappointment came upon them, crushing her to the earth."

"The gentleman who had employed the young man had once received an injury at his father's hands; and in order to be revenged, he dismissed the youth, and steadfastly refused him a certificate for honesty and integrity. He searched two weeks for employment before he told his mother, but the burden became greater than he could bear alone; so while he thought his sister quietly sleeping, he unbursed his heart to her, and his sister heard the whole. In her enfeebled state of body and mind, it laid her prostrate, and she has failed rapidly since, and last night she died. She was a sweet girl, nearly your age; and it has well nigh broken her brother's heart."

"He has been ill; so ill he has hardly left his bed for six weeks; and, oh! it must have touched his employer's heart, could he have heard him moaning in delirium, and imploring him not to turn him away, for his mother and sister were starving, and no one would give him anything to do to buy them bread."

"But he is better now?" gasped Gertrude, her face white with suppressed emotion. "Can I go up and see them? I would like to offer what little consolation I can."

"It would be such a comfort if you would; they have very few acquaintances, and it seems so desolate."

Gertrude hardly knew how she ascended the stairs or dragged her weak limbs along the upper hall, and for a moment she could not discern an object in the dimly lighted room; but as her eyes became accustomed to the darkness, she caught a glimpse of an open coffin that stood in the centre of the room, and over it was bending the thin, slight figure of Carrollton Edwards. His head was supported by one hand; his eyes were fixed upon the beautiful face of his sister with a gaze that seemed intent enough to bring back an answering look from the sealed orbs, if such a thing were possible; and his pale, quivering lips moaned out in broken sentences, "Oh, my sister, my sweet angel sister! how can I live without you?"

"Carrollton!" Gertrude had moved to the young man's side with tears of tender pity raining down her cheeks, laid her small gloved hand upon his shoulder, and looked down with him upon the still young face. She did not wonder then that he mourned.

"Gertrude!" He raised his eyes to her face with a look of wonder.

"I would have given my life to have saved you this sorrow, Carrollton; and now I feel as if a part of the cause rests with me; and the young girl shuddered as she looked upon the living face, it was so like the one silent and cold beneath it."

"No, no, Gertrude; you did all you could. You have been my friend always, and I could not tell you one half the love my heart holds for you, and how it will cling to you more closely than ever, now that the only one besides my mother is gone. You are weeping for her? Bless you!" Carrollton had let his eyes wander over the fair young face, and saw how it expressed tender sympathy as it rested upon the lovely face of the dead.

"Oh, she is so much better off, Carroll!—in that land where there are no more tears. I know she was good; for that smile speaks of angels. I wish I could say something to console you, but I do not know how."

And then she went to the bereaved mother, and putting her hand in hers, told her who she was, and how her heart ached for all her sorrows. There were not many words spoken, but a little light had broken in upon the darkness, and a little less heavily the burden pressed upon their hearts.

"Do not suffer the least anxiety with regard to the future, Mrs. Edwards," whispered Gertrude, as she clasped her hand at parting. "All this, as your dear daughter told you, shall work together for your good."

And just as the shadows of evening began to gather, Gertrude went out from the house of mourning, and it seemed as if a year had been added to her life, so full of sorrow and regret had the last hour been.



The carriage, having been repaired, was waiting for her; and she returned home.

She did not spring from it with her accustomed lightness, and her step was slow, and her face still sad as she entered the library, where a soft mellow light was tingeing, however, everything with a cheery glow. She pushed back her bonnet, and put her arms about father's neck.

It is useless to repeat the sad story which, with all the impulses of her enthusiastic nature warmly alive, she poured into her father's ear, or the gentle entreaty with which she begged him to retract his hasty decision, and receive Carrolton Edwards in his old place. And before he had time to reply, she went out and left him alone. He would have had her remain, for his reflections were not pleasant.

He moved uneasily in his seat; he plunged the poker between the bars of the grate; he tore the evening paper into small strips, and held them in the flames till they were nearly consumed. "I have been a wretch—that is just what I have; I ought to be ashamed of myself, and I am; I cannot undo the past; would to heaven I could. Strange the girl should have died. I will have Carrol back at once. Nothing has gone right since he went away. He was the most faithful fellow I ever saw; and though I once lost five thousand pounds by his father, the boy was not to blame. I will take him into my house; and if his mother is the lady I think she must be, from having such a son, she shall have a home here as long as she lives. Then, perhaps, the boy will take a fancy to my little Gertrude, and so we will all live together to make a happy family." And Mr. Holmes rubbed his hands in evident satisfaction; for after all, his heart was in the right place, though his mind was easily blinded by passion, and he suffered his temper to take the lead of his better judgment.

"I have been all in the dark. I have not felt happy with this hateful spirit of revenge in me, and I now see what an amount of misery it has occasioned. Why cannot people learn to overlook these little injuries, and not keep on fostering their hard, revengeful feelings, and thirsting for an opportunity for vengeance? Well, well; I hope it has learned me a lesson!"

There was a feeling of remorse tugging at Mr. Holmes's heart; but after all, he was a happy man that evening, and he became more and more so each day, as he tried to cultivate a spirit of meek forgiveness and kindness of heart towards every one, and learned to realize that he was not an especial target for Providence to aim its adverse blows upon, but that he had had far greater blessings than he deserved.

And so light sprang up through the darkness, not only in the heart of Mr. Holmes, but in the lives of Mrs. Edwards and her faithful son.

M. W. M.

#### THE TEMPLES AND MOSQUES OF INDIA

The traveller who journeys over the wide-spreading provinces of India is greatly struck with the variety exhibited in the form and size of Hindoo temples.

In Bengal, built of brick, almost solid, and with gable roof, they often appear in a row of twelve on the banks of the Ganges, or stand singly in some country village, showing through the narrow open door the black stone which is the emblem of the great idol, Mahadeo. In Benares, they fill the city with their tall graceful spires of well-carved stone.

In Umritsar, the great temple of the Sikhs is an object unusually attractive. It stands in the midst of a vast pool of water, the sides of which are marble stairs; the causeway by which it is approached and the platform on which it rests are also of marble; the lower walls are panelled with marble, inlaid with figures of deer, birds, and flowers in agate, jasper, and cornelian, while the upper ones are one blaze of gold. Within, the walls and roof are covered with blue and gold and vermillion, in rather barbaric taste; the doors are solid gold or silver; and under a canopy of green velvet, richly embroidered with pearls and precious stones, wrapped in a dozen cloths of silk and muslin, lies the great Grunthi, the holy book of the Sikh religion. At the present moment, a more gorgeous building does not exist in India.

The Mohammedan buildings of Upper and Central India excel in the vast size of their courts, of the halls which the mosques contain, and the simple, elegant taste with which they are finished.

Perfect in its simplicity is the Pearl Mosque at Agra; and most finished in workmanship, the little Palace Mosque at Delhi, with its gilded domes; but grander than all, though of less costly material, is the Great Mosque of Delhi, with its broad, deep halls, and the vast court, which, on the sacred days, presents a noble assemblage of worshippers.

Peculiar in their character are the great Hindoo temples of Southern India, the chief of which cover an immense space of ground. They contain broad courts

paved with stone, and bounded by lofty walls. Over the gateways rise lofty towers, many of them 200 feet in height, shooting like tongues of flame into the upper air; the courts contain vast pillared halls, in some of which the columns are simple shafts of stone, in others are elaborately carved; and they are everywhere cooled by green gardens, and broad ponds of water lined by stone stairs.

Chief among these wonderful buildings stand the temples of Chillumbrum and Madera; the great temple of Seringham, with its fourteen towers; and the most finished of all, the temple of Tanjore, with its lofty and handsome tower.

Different, again, from all others, is the renowned temple of Jagannath, at Puri; with its ribbed tower; its huge idol on its "jewel-throne"; its gate guarded by lions, surrounded by sacred tanks, in which the "heavenly turtle" feed, with its gate of heaven and gate of hell; all placed upon the sandy shore of the never silent sea.

Within those pillared halls, myriads have met to celebrate the feasts of Vishnu, and drag his car laden with the dust of years. On the banks of that holy stream, myriads of others have gathered beneath the gilded dome at Benares to worship his rival Siva, and drink the water of immortality from the holy well. Beneath that velvet canopy have stood the fanatic Akalis, with their sharp rings of iron, to present their vows before they went forth to exterminate the English infidels.

And before the door of that little village temple, age after age, mothers have sat, with fire on their heads, and fire in their hands, to offer prayers for the life of the child slowly passing from their human love into the arms of death. Kings have given to them in gold and jewellery, in lands and money, enormous gifts; the poor have offered out of their dire property; and for centuries on centuries, while the hopes of nations for the present life and the future have clustered round these countless shrines, they have been the means of boundless profit to the haughty priesthood which has exclusively held them in possession.

#### THE STEPMOTHER.

##### CHAPTER XXIII.

There surely lives in man and beast,  
Something divine to warn them of their foes.  
*Tennyson ("Sea Dreams").*

We need not record in detail the discussions of Jerry Stropes and his wife. It is enough to say that the couple were harmonious in their schemes, so far as the schemes of either were unveiled. It was agreed that Jerry should have plenty of money, that he should pass as Mrs. Willis's brother-in-law, and that he should look after Pierre and the last will and testament of the late Mr. Willis.

While discussing affairs, Jerry had, of course, some bitter recollections of the days when his wife deserted him, and he even complained openly that his own "darter" had been "set up agin him." Mrs. Willis, with equal justice, experienced many anxieties for her future and for Jerry's part in it, and there were moments during the interview when her eyes had a troubled expression and when suggestions of terrible eventualities and possibilities rested like an incubus upon her.

At a late hour of the night the couple separated, Mrs. Willis letting Jerry out of the front door, with repeated injunctions, and he proceeded to find himself an abode worthy of the change in his fortunes.

"And so, I breathe again!" whispered Mrs. Willis to herself, after closing and locking the door behind him. "It is well that the domestics sleep where they do, and that Elinor is nearest me, or my cry of alarm might have brought bad consequences. As it is, all is well. Harry and Pierre know nothing of this business."

She listened, creeping stealthily about the halls a few moments, and then returned, assured and resolute, to her chamber.

A week quietly passed in due development of the preceding plans and events.

Pierre continued his visits to Esther, making use of thousands of little arts to strengthen her good opinion of him, and to widen the breach between her and Harry. He bought a house, paying part of its price with the money he had received from Mrs. Willis, and giving a mortgage for the remainder. It stood in a quiet street, not far from one of the parks, and the plotter fitted it up as a private retreat, conveying thither the effects he had refrained from taking to his aunt's.

Jerry paid several stealthy visits by night to his wife, and succeeded, by lurking near the house, dodging Russell's steps, &c., in his purpose of becoming familiar with his nephew's face and figure.

Elinor continued her efforts to render herself agreeable to Harry, and managed to distract his thoughts considerably from his great sorrow.

One evening, at the end of the week, an affair took place which we must notice.

Russell was seated in a handsome room in his newly acquired home, engaged in his favourite occupation of smoking a meerschaum. The entire house was fitted up luxuriously, and the particular apartment Russell occupied was heated to a comfortable degree, and lighted with gas. A small patent safe stood in one corner of the room, opposite a marble statue; and Parian vases and statuettes, handsome paintings, and other articles of *virtu* were scattered about in profusion.

Suddenly the door-bell rung, its tinkle reaching Russell's hearing.

"Who can it be?" he ejaculated. "I've taken good care to say nothing to any human being of these headquarters."

He arose, laying aside his meerschaum, and stepped out into the hall, taking a position from which he would be able to command a view of the front door and lower hall. He had engaged a clever boy to wait upon him, look after visitors, &c., and he now saw this boy proceed to the door, and open it, confronting two men, both of whom were muffled enough to hint at disguise.

"Is Mr. Russell in?" asked the foremost man, as he unceremoniously entered.

From his position on the landing, Pierre surveyed the intruder sharply—noticed how closely his face was muffled, and that he had a burly appearance, the light of the hall-lamp shining directly upon him.

"Mr. Russell is in," replied the boy, hesitatingly.

"Very good," said the visitor. "Tell him a gentleman wishes to see him!"

Russell quietly stepped back into his room, put a revolver in his breast-pocket, and stowed a life-preserver in the ample sleeve of his dressing-gown.

"Something's up," he thought; "and it may be well to be on my guard."

He went down-stairs, calm and smiling as ever. The boy retired, while the visitors drew themselves up rather stiffly in the hall.

"A pleasant evening, gentlemen," said Russell, blandly, with a bow. "Do you wish to see me?"

"Exactly," responded the foremost man, in a mumbly voice. "We come—"

He had advanced close to Russell, and suddenly ceased speaking, springing forward with a purpose that could not have been mistaken. Pierre was ready for him, however, and dealt him an instant blow that stretched him senseless on the floor. The second ruffian sprang to the assistance of his fellow, but met a similar reception, without any special exertion on the part of Russell, who then muttered:

"So much for being in readiness for them. What can the rascals mean by it?"

He turned on the gas of the hall-lamp fully, and cleared away the disguise of his visitors, removing their hats, and examined their faces attentively. The last of the ruffians was a total stranger, but a quiet look of recognition appeared on Russell's features as he examined the latter closely, and he muttered:

"I see! It's the well-beloved Jerry, the husband of my loving and generous aunt!"

The principal ruffian soon recovered his consciousness, and turned a cowed and apprehensive glance upon Russell, whom he found seated quietly on one of the steps of the stairs, revolver in hand, and regarding him.

"Well, Jerry, you needn't move till I give you permission," was Russell's greeting. "It seems that you are the man Mrs. Willis has received into the house so stealthily, at times during the last few days. It appears, moreover, that you are the person I've seen dodging my steps. Be kind enough to tell me your object!"

"You know me?" stammered the ruffian.

"I have that honour. Come, confess your object!"

He carelessly pointed his revolver at Stropes, and the expression of his countenance confirmed and gave added force to the implied threat. In an agony of fear, Jerry gasped:

"If I'll tell you, will you let me go?"

Russell assented.

"I'm arter that ere will of Mr. Willis. Dolly, she wanted it. I tracked you here, and Bill and me—"

"Ah! I understand. Tell Dolly she can't have the will. But I interrupt you. Finish the story!"

Under the influence of his vivid fears, Stropes related in broken sentences the story of his late singular meeting with his wife, and the consequences that had resulted from it.

"Did she say anything to you regarding Harry Moreland?" inquired Russell, fixing his piercing gaze on the countenance of Stropes. "Did she tell any reason why she wanted Elinor to marry him?"

"No, she hardly mentioned his name," was the reply.

"Why is it that he an' she—"

"Ask her, not me, Jerry. And now let me advise you not to repeat this attempt. The will is deposited in one of the first banks in London, sealed; and

will be opened in case of my death. You had better beware!"

His tone and the expression of his eyes were equally menacing.

"Oh, you're master," Stropes hastened to say. "I've failed, as usual!"

"Very good—you can go!"

The second ruffian had now recovered his senses, and Pierre dismissed both, crest-fallen and abashed, yet with a jealous admiration of what they termed Russell's "superior pluck and science."

"Stropes will not be likely to repeat this experiment," mused Pierre, locking the door, and going back to his room. "I have made him afraid of me, which is a very good thing, I take it."

He smoked for a long time, and then went to bed, sleeping soundly.

The next morning he occupied himself in perfecting the arrangements of his handsome establishment, and in the afternoon went to his aunt's, in his usual fine spirits.

He found her seated alone, and she seemed unusually nervous and excited, and even surprised, at seeing him.

"Ah, my dear aunt," he said, taking a chair near her, "you can hardly imagine what a pleasant surprise I had last evening."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Willis, regarding him, anxiously, and appearing puzzled at his genial manner.

"Yes. I had a call from Jerry—your beloved first. The sight of him recalled old times, I assure you."

Mrs. Willis looked horrified and startled beyond description. She instantly perceived that Jerry had failed in his plans, had been discovered, and she apprehended for herself ruin and misery.

"Don't be alarmed for me, dear aunt," said Pierre, rightly understanding her emotion, and taking a malicious pleasure in appearing to misinterpret it. "He didn't hurt me. In truth, I hurt him and his comrade, and nearly scared their souls out."

"Oh!" gasped Mrs. Willis.

"Yes; and under the influence of my six-tongued persuader, Jerry told me the whole story, and very romantic it is, to . . . How sweet must have been your re-union!"

Mrs. Willis glared upon her nephew.

"I don't mean to betray you," he went on, "nor have recourse to law for damages. In justice to my lacerated feelings, however, and in payment for the unusual exercise of last evening, I am obliged to ask you for a trifle—say three thousand."

He extended his hand for the money, and Mrs. Willis drew out her purse and gave him the amount in notes.

"Pierre," she said, hoarsely, recognizing as her best movement, an immediate reconciliation with her astute nephew, "he would not have harmed you; I only intended to get the will. You will not betray me?"

"Certainly not," replied Pierre, putting the money in his pocket. "When you have paid me the fifty thousand the will is yours! I do not carry it on my person, nor leave it where burglars can find it. Allow me to add that any more such operations as that of last evening will meet with different treatment."

"And you will come again?"

"Certainly," replied Pierre, in assumed surprise; "why should I not? I shall not desert you for this little peccadillo, knowing your upright and honourable nature as I do."

"And you will not betray the fact that Jerry is—my husband?"

"Of course not," said Russell, drily. "The family honour is as dear to me as to you. *Au revoir!*"

He bowed with his inimitable courtesy, placed his hat on before the mirror, with a look of self-satisfaction, and then left the house.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

A footstep seemed to fall beside her path,  
She knew not whence; a whisper in her ear,  
She knew not what; nor loved she to be left  
Alone at home, nor ventured out alone.  
What ailed her, then?

Tennyson ("Enoch Arden").

ELINOR STROPES was in her own room. She had just arrayed herself in a new maize-coloured moire-antique, set off by real point-lace, and was admiring its effect as she moved about before her full-length mirror.

The expression of her face, while displaying her usual self-complaisance, was rather more thoughtful and resolute than usual, as if late events had aroused her from the careless indolence characteristic of her.

"Mother's history shows what can be done by energy," ran her thoughts, as she fastened a diamond spray in her jetty hair, and contemplated her hand-

some face with satisfaction. "It seems that she was nobody in early life, and would never have been anybody if she hadn't run away, studied enough to acquire a decent common education, and married Mr. Willis, without waiting to be a widow. As to putting me in a boarding-school when I was only three years old, and keeping me there out of that kind of people's sight, and giving me an education equal to the richest girls—that was a splendid idea. The knowledge would probably have broken my spirits, hindered me from holding my head as high as the other girls, and prevented me from ever being anybody."

As she continued to muse upon her family history, a singularly serious look, for her, mantled her face. She clasped her diamond bracelets in a sort of abstraction, fastened on her glittering necklace, and then seated herself on a sofa, carefully shaking out her dress.

"As matters stand," so her thoughts ran on, "I must spare no pains to entrap Harry. He's really well-started in business, and is doubtless the son of the nabob—facts which make him a most desirable suitor. I feel more disposed to secure him than I do to plunge into society, seeking for a person with whom I should, perhaps, have no influence, and of whom I know little. I must be active, vigilant, and stop at nothing. It is possible that Pierre will make up a match with Esther, as ignorant as he pretends to be of her whereabouts, and in that case, mother will be beggared!"

Her manner, and the expression of her countenance showed how feverishly impatient she was to win Harry.

"Let alone the prudential considerations," she thought, arising and glancing again at the mirror, "I should be proud of Moreland as a husband. His keen blue eyes, his waving brown hair, and noble features give him a distinguished look, and I fancy we would not contrast badly."

With the resolute look deepening on her face, she swept out of the room, and descended the stairs to the sitting-room, where she found her mother, reclined in a helpless attitude in a large chair, looking pale and excited.

"Why, mother," cried the girl, "what has happened?"

"My plan of obtaining the will from Pierre has failed," Mrs. Willis answered, in a whisper hoarse with baffled avarice and rage. "Who would have supposed that Pierre was such a giant in strength?"

She proceeded to state the facts in the case, as already known to the reader.

"As the case now stands," the unhappy woman concluded, "all is uncertain and threatening in regard to our future, and in regard to Pierre's relations to us. Your best course is to entice Harry into a proposal, and I am going this very day to see the nabob. If we depend upon a one-string fiddle, we shall have no music!"

"But if Pierre has not the will on his person," demanded Elinor, "where does he keep it?"

Mrs. Willis shook her head.

"I am afraid Pierre is too sharp for us," she replied. "All we can do is to pursue our separate aims, and be prepared for any event!"

She arose, smoothed out her frowns and anxieties, and went to dress. A half-hour later she left the house, stating to her daughter that she was going to see the nabob.

Elinor remained at home, busying herself with her thoughts, but was soon interrupted by the entrance of her cousin, who came into the room without ceremony. Elinor was prepared to receive him rather coldly, but his manner was even more smiling and pleasant than usual.

"I have found Esther," he said, throwing himself into a chair. "Imagine my joy!"

"Indeed!" said Elinor, rather ungraciously. "Where is she?"

"In town," replied Pierre, carelessly, "in a place about as poverty-stricken as you can imagine. She's got down to plain sewing, not being able to give references, which would be necessary, you know, in teaching music. Just think of the elegant and aristocratic Esther Willis as living on the third floor back room of a lodging-house!"

Elinor's eyes sparkled, and she expressed her satisfaction at the news; still there was a look of discontent on her face, as if she feared Pierre might follow up the acquaintance thus renewed and soon deprive her mother and herself of their unlawfully-acquired possessions.

"And now to use this little information, cousin," resumed Pierre, blandly, and without taking any perceptible notice of her mood, "I must first tell you of aunt's little project—"

"She has already told me."

"Oh! then I am spared an ungracious task; I merely wish to remark to you how inconsiderate aunt is in her little plans. Suppose she'd found the will? Would it have been any safer in Jerry's hands than

in mine? Is he any more likely to study the interests of the family—particularly your interests, Elinor—more closely than I do? The hope would be absurd. The whole thing is that aunt has formed some needless suspicions of me, and has concocted this villainous scheme of searching me. What do I care? No harm is done. I excuse her on the ground that she hardly knows what she's doing. In regard to the will, let me assure you that it is safe, and that I shall hand it over as soon as the payment of the fifty thousand is completed. Are not our interests all one?"

He talked in this strain until he had convinced Elinor that great injustice had been done him, and then he resumed:

"We will now come to the use that is to be made of the information I have gained respecting Esther. Between us we ought to convince her that Harry's false to her, and *vice versa*. I want you to court Harry furiously this evening. Just leave the back drawing-room unlighted, and I will bring Esther in and place her by the sliding doors to witness your courting."

Elinor's countenance showed her disapproval of this scheme.

"She'll be sure to faint, or groan, or shriek," she said, anxiously. "Besides, Harry might see or hear her; and you—"

Pierre smiled.

"Do your part well, my charming cousin," he said, quietly, "and I will answer for the rest."

"But you," stammered Elinor—"you and Esther!"

Again Russell smiled; but his smile was so inscrutable that Elinor could make nothing of it.

"If you think the affair may enhance my interest in Esther," he said, fathoming her thoughts, "allow me to tell you that she would look at no one but Moreland. Moreover, I have an idea of paying court to that rich Miss Goldsworth that called here the other evening. And let me also assure you," he added sternly, "you will never get Harry unless you thus convince Esther of his falsity. She is likely to discover that he has entered business again, and go and call on him. Such a visit would end your hopes, of course."

Elinor shuddered, and hastened to consent to the proposed arrangement. Her anxiety did not escape the keen eyes of her cousin, and he again mentally wondered what was the charm that Harry evidently possessed for Elinor.

"I'll find it out," he thought. "A little more listening on my part will give me the secret!"

He looked thoughtful, and soon said aloud:

"Where is aunt, Elinor? I think I'll have a talk with her."

Elinor hesitated and coloured, soon stammering that her mother had gone out to ride.

Her confusion did not escape Russell, and he instantly perceived that his aunt's movements involved a secret with which he was unacquainted, but which he mentally resolved should soon be in his keeping.

"By the way, Elinor," he said carelessly, "how were you pleased with your charming father? Did he meet your expectations?"

"It can't be helped," said Elinor, with philosophic composure; "and of course I shall not grieve myself to death over it. If my father is a burglar, Pierre, yours was not much better."

"Oh, yes, he was!" said Russell, coolly. "My respected progenitor was a genuine London sharper, of the higher sort! But if I'm to see Esther, I must hasten to dress!"

He left the room, proceeding to his own apartment, from which he issued, in the course of half-an-hour, handsomely dressed.

He had hardly left the house, when Moreland came in.

"You look better, Harry," said Elinor, meeting him at the door. "Have you had good news?"

"It was a momentary lifting of the cloud," answered Moreland. "But I have been fortunate to-day in business. My partner and I are mutually pleased with each other, and by a fortunate speculation in buying a cargo I have made a thousand pounds. I cannot forget that I owe this success to you and your mother, Elinor."

He looked gratefully at her as he placed his hat and overcoat on the rack.

"Oh, I am so glad," said Elinor. "I rejoice in your success, which you owe more to your energy and talent than to mother or me. But that reminds me of the message mother left for you. She was obliged to go out about an hour ago, to see to some tiresome business, and won't be in very early. She wanted to know if you wouldn't stay with me till her return. I'm such a coward, you know!"

"Of course, I will," was the reply. "You know I spend all my evenings with you now. Where else should I spend them?"

A shadow came over his face, and his lips quivered.

"Do not grieve, Harry," said Elinor, with pro-



tended sympathy. "We are your true and steadfast friends. But I am detaining you from your dinner."

"I will come as soon as I have attended to my toilet," replied Moreland, glancing at his dusty beard. "I will join you in the dining-room."

Elinor proceeded thither, and was soon followed by Moreland, who took a seat opposite her at the table, and engaged her in pleasant conversation.

He thought that the service done him by the mother and daughter was prompted by the most unselfish friendship, and had, on his way home, resolved to banish all outward grief for Esther's falsity, and be cheerful and companionable to his supposed friends.

He had thought kindly of Elinor's cheerfulness, and resolved to cloud it no longer with his griefs. He therefore conversed more during the meal that followed than at any time since his entrance into the house.

The meal itself did honour to Mrs. Willis's epicurean tastes, possessing every delicacy which could purchase at that season in the metropolis; and the cut-glass, Sevres china, and massive silver, all of which had formerly belonged to Mr. Willis, shone and sparkled in the gaslight.

Elinor exerted herself to the utmost, bringing forth what knowledge she possessed, and displaying a great deal of tact in its exhibition, relating school anecdotes, and diverting her guest from sorrowful thoughts by every attention that lay in her power.

After dinner, they proceeded to the drawing-room, where Elinor played awhile on the piano, and sang.

As he listened, the remembrance would intrude upon her listener of the clearer, sweeter voice of Esther, of the entrancing melodies she had sung to him, and a pain as keen as agonizing almost rent his heart in twain.

But sternly he put away his grief; and no longer able to bear the sound of singing, requested Elinor to come and sit near him.

"You are ill, Harry!" cried the girl, springing to his side, with apparent solicitude. "Oh, what shall I do for you?"

She passed her white hands over his forehead once or twice, and then drew an ottoman near him and sat down, as he answered:

"I am not ill, Elinor. Bear with me a little longer. I am not ungrateful for all your kindness."

He stopped, struggled sternly with his emotions, and his manner was calm and quiet as he lifted his head and smiled upon her. Elinor smiled in return, sighing deeply, and drew nearer to him.

(To be continued.)

#### THE SUN AND THE RAIN.

The sun is the "Fire King," and the quickener of the vegetative world. Where its beams are not, or where its beams are withheld for any length of time, winter sets in (even though it be summer time), and bleakness and barrenness ensue. It is not only the daily proclamation of the existence and glory of our Creator, but it is the proclamation of the goodness of Him who "maketh His sun to rise upon the evil and the good." Without it, the cultivator could not succeed. By artificial heat and light, no doubt, things usually dependent on the sun may be procured; but, still, the colouring of fruit and flowers is dependent on solar light and heat; moreover, the sun is the flavourer of fruits, and the saccharometer of the world. Fruits may be procured by artificial heat, under glass, in sunless summers, but flavour and colour are dependent on sun and air.

The moon has no chemical effect upon the earth, and as its light is only borrowed and feebly reflected, it has no heating power. It is an opaque body, devoid of fire, and always presents the same side to the earth. It is not, however, of the moon, but of the sun and rain, that I now propose to speak.

The sun is a huge globe or liquid mass of fire, the boiling cauldron of the sky. It is 1,800,000 times greater than the earth, and is distant from us 94½ millions of miles. Were it as near to us as the moon, which is distant from us 237,000 miles, the earth and its inhabitants would be incinerated. For several summers we have had but little of its heat; but this summer "nothing has been hidden from the heat thereof." Agriculturists like this heat. They are gainers on the whole, after the deduction of the sun's parching demolitions. Horticulturists cry out badly for rain, especially those who have not free access to water.

This leads me to observe that in constructing gardens, we should select a place with free access to water. Deficiency of pumps is one of the causes of failure in horticulture. It is one of the most noticeable defects of most English gardens, even of our larger gardens, where there is no other defect. The sun can scarcely be too hot, provided rain or pump water is in

the same ratio. If there is no rain, and yet free access to water, give the English labourer a trifle extra and some beer, and he will carry out water enough in a week to drown Deucalion, the mythological Noah. These encouragements will produce rain-makers more effective than those in heathen countries. As the sun's heat and rain, for vegetation generally, should be in the same ratio, I am led to speak of rain.

Rain, like the sun, is a heavenly gift, distributed alike to the "just and unjust," and they are mentioned in connection in scripture. Pump-water, even where it can be commanded, is not equal in effect to rain. The quality of rain-water is better and more genial to plants than pump-water, which loses its chemical properties by filtration. Moreover, when we water, the sun exhausts the water nearly as fast as we pour. Rain touches all the points of the roots; and the atmosphere is tempered and rendered more genial by it. We can water, but we cannot check the sun's exhausting power, nor generalize the atmosphere. We water the roots (imperfectly), but Providence soaks and cleanses the whole plant.

The sun and rain, then, are the fertilizers of the world; and it is of no use to complain of the deficiency or excess of one or the other. The time will be better spent in adopting such measures of supply for both as the intellect which has been given us suggests, viz., artificial heat for certain things, and inordinate supplies of water to meet any deficiency, or the excessive power of the sun. It is impossible for gardeners to satisfy their employers unless their employers supply them with such agency as will meet the seasons.

#### THE POET LAUREATE'S NEW VOLUME OF POEMS.\*

"ENOCH ARDEN" is the title which Mr. Tennyson has given this latest emanation of his muse. We believe this was not the one originally designed for it, but that the new volume from the laureate's pen was to have been called "Idylls of the Hearth." This, we think, would have far more aptly designated the character of the volume than the title under which it has been published; for the book consists of several poems, all of which are of a purely domestic nature, and derive their interest mainly from home incidents.

"Enoch Arden" is a tale of married love, and is the leading poem in the book, which contains sixteen shorter poems, and fugitive pieces, all abounding in the pure, irresistible graces of the laureate's pen, and all sparkling with exquisite gems of the true Tennysonian quality. Following "Enoch Arden" is a shorter poem, entitled "Aylmer's Field," a poem, the motif of which is true love crossed and crushed by parental and family pride. In the next poem, "Sea Dreams," the laureate takes his readers to the sea-side, where he awakens their sympathies for the wrongs and losses of a poor careful city clerk, who has been swindled out of his little hoard by a sanctified rogue. Succeeding this is a poem entitled "The Grandmother," and following it another called the "Northern Farmer;" both poems affording abundant evidence that if we are living in a hard material age, we have at least one true poet in our midst, who knows where to find, and how to touch the finer feelings that lie hidden in the hearts of all.

The story of Enoch Arden is very simple, and exceedingly pathetic. The poet seems to have had in remembrance the saying that men are but children of a larger growth; for here, in the opening scene of his poem, we find the three characters who are its *dramatis personæ* rehearsing, as it were, whilst children, the part which they were destined to enact later in life. The poem opens with an exquisite bit of coast scenery, and these three figures, giving human interest to it:

"Long lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm;  
And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands;  
Beyond, red roofs about a narrow wharf  
In cluster; then a moulder'd church; and higher  
A long street climbs to one tall-tower'd mill;  
And high in heaven behind it a gray down  
With Danish barrows; and a hazel wood,  
By autumn nutters haunted, flourishes  
Green in a cuplike hollow of the down."

"Here on this beach a hundred years ago,  
Three children of three houses, Anne Lee,  
The prettiest little damsel in the port,  
And Philip Ray, the miller's only son,  
And Enoch Arden, a rough sailor's lad  
Made orphan by a winter shipwreck, play'd  
Among the waste and lumber of the shore,  
Hard coils of cordage, swarthy fishing nets,  
Anchors of rusty fluke, and boats updrawn;  
And built their castles of dissolving sand  
To watch them overflow'd, or following up  
And flying the white breaker, daily left  
The little footprint daily wash'd away."

\* "Enoch Arden, &c." By Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., Poet Laureate. Moxon.

"A narrow cave ran in beneath the cliff:  
In this the children play'd at keeping house.  
Enoch was host one day, Philip the next,  
While Annie still was mistress."

The boys sometimes quarrelled for the right of calling Annie little wife, whereat she would

"Pray them not to quarrel for her sake,  
And say she would be little wife to both."

Time went on, and the little playmates grew in stature and in knowledge. As for Enoch and Philip,

"When the dawn of rosy childhood passed,  
And the new warmth of life's ascending sun  
Was felt by either, either fixt his heart  
On that one girl; and Enoch spoke his love,  
But Philip loved in silence; and the girl  
Seemed kinder unto Philip than to him.  
But she loved Enoch, though she knew it not,  
And would, if ask'd, deny it."

Enoch quietly and carefully saved his earnings to make a home for Annie, thence does a gallant deed in saving life from shipwreck, and is looked upon favourably by all men. Philip discovers that Annie is not destined for him in this wise:

"Then on a golden autumn eventide,  
The younger people making holiday,  
With bag and sack and basket, great and small  
Went nutting to the hazels. Philip stay'd  
(His father lying sick, and needing him)  
An hour behind; but as he climb'd the hill,  
Just where the prone edge of the wood began  
To feather toward the hollow, saw the pair,  
Enoch and Annie, sitting hand in hand,  
His large gray eyes and weather-beaten face  
All kindled by a still and sacred fire,  
That burned as on an altar. Philip look'd,  
And in their eyes and faces read his doom:  
Then as their faces drew together, groan'd,  
And slept aside, and like a wounded life,  
Crept down into the hollows of the wood;  
There, while the rest were loud in merry makings,  
Had his dark hour unseen, and rose and past,  
Bearing a lifelong hunger in his heart."

Enoch and Annie are married; and merrily rang the bells, and merrily ran the years, seven happy years, and children are born, Enoch's ambition being by his honourable toil to gain sufficient means to confer on them the blessings of a better education than he himself had received. But misfortune comes; Enoch has a fall from a mast and breaks a leg, and whilst he is lying ill and impatient of recovery, resolves that he will accept the chance of bettering his circumstances in life by accepting the offer which a sea-captain makes him to go with him the China voyage. Yes; and should he not go—

"This voyage more than once? yea twice or thrice—

As oft as needed,—last returning rich,  
Become the master of a larger craft,  
With fuller profits lead an easier life;  
Have all his pretty young ones educated,  
And pass his days in peace among his own."

Thus Enoch, "in his heart determined all," but hesitates to break his purpose to Annie. At length he does so:

"Then first since Enoch's golden ring had girt  
Her finger, Annie fought against his will:  
Yet not with brawling opposition she,  
But manifold entreaties, many a tear,  
Many a sad kiss by day by night renew'd  
(Sure that all evil would come out of it)  
Besought him, supplicating, if he cared  
For her or his dear children, not to go.  
He net for his own self caring but her,  
Her and her children, let her plead in vain;  
So grieving held his will, and bore it thro'."

"For Enoch parted with his old sea friend,  
Bought Annie goods and stores, and set his hand  
To fit their little streetward sitting-room  
With shelf and corner for the goods and stores.  
So all day long till Enoch's last at home,  
Shaking their pretty cabin, hammer and axe,  
Anger and saw, while Annie seemed to hear  
Her own death scaffold raising, shrill'd and rang,  
Till this was ended, and his careful hand,—  
The space was narrow,—having order'd all  
Almost as neat and close as Nature packs  
Her blossom or her seedling, paused; and he,  
Who needs would work for Annie to the last,  
Ascending tired, heavily slept till morn."

His wife's pleadings are all in vain; Enoch is not to be turned from his purpose; and

"All his Annie's fears,  
Save, as his Annie's, were a laughter to him;"  
and he cheers her by saying,

"Annie, this voyage by the grace of God  
Will bring fair weather yet for all of us."

Keep a clean hearth and a clear fire for me,  
For I'll be back, my girl, before you know it."  
Still the fond wife fears, and pleadingly says:

"Oh, Enoch, you are wise,  
And yet for all your wisdom, well I know  
I shall look upon your face no more."

He replies gaily:

"Well, then, said Enoch, I shall look on yours.  
Annie, the ship I sail in passes here,  
(He named the day) get you a seaman's glass,  
Spy out my face, and laugh at all your fears."

All this is very full of tenderness and true to nature.  
At last the hour of parting comes.

"But when the last of those last moments came,  
'Annie, my girl, cheer up, be comforted,  
Look to the babes, and till I come again,  
Keep everything shipshape, for I must go.  
And fear no more for me: or if you fear  
Cast all your cares on God; that anchor holds.  
Is He not yonder in those uttermost  
Parts of the morning? if I flee to these  
Can I go from Him? and the sea is His,  
The sea is His: He made it."

"Enoch rose,  
Cast his strong arms about his drooping wife,  
And kiss'd his wonder-stricken little ones;  
But for the third, the sickly one, who slept  
After a night of feverous wakefulness,  
When Annie would have raised him Enoch said  
'Wake him not; let him sleep; how should the child  
Remember this?' and kiss'd him in his cot.  
But Annie from her baby's forehead clapt  
A tiny curl, and gave it: this he kept  
Thro' all his future; but now hastily caught  
His bundle, waved his hand, and went his way.

Annie follows Enoch's suggestion, gets a glass, to enable her to catch a last parting look of her husband as he sails along; but

"She saw him not; and while he stood on deck,  
Waving, the moment and the vessel past."

Before his departure, Enoch has sold his boat, a step which he took with reluctance; for

"He loved her well:  
How many a rough sea had he weather'd in her!"  
and with the proceeds of the sale sets Annie

"— forth in trade,  
With all that seamen needed, or their wives."

But she is too unsophisticated and conscientious to prosper as a shopkeeper, being

"— neither capable of lies,  
Nor asking overmuch and taking less."

Difficulties come thickly; she only wins a scanty maintenance; and, expectant of news from Enoch, which never comes, she lives a life of silent melancholy. Her third child is "sickly-born," and dies—

"— ere she was aware,  
Like the caged bird, escaping suddenly,  
The little innocent soul flit'd away."

Philip, meantime, has prospered in his mill; and at this conjuncture, he resolved that as

"Since Enoch left he had not looked upon her,"  
he would visit Annie:

"Surely, said Philip I may see her now—  
May be some little comfort."

Therefore he goes:

"Annie, I came to ask a favour of you."

"He spoke; the passion in her moan'd reply  
'Favour from one so sad and so forlorn  
As I am!' half abash'd him; yet unask'd,  
His bashfulness and tenderness at war,  
He set himself beside her, saying to her:

"I came to speak to you of what he wish'd,  
Enoch, your husband: I have ever said  
You chose the best among us—a strong man:  
For where he fixt his heart he set his hand  
To do the thing he will'd, and bore it thro'.  
And wherefore did he go this weary way,  
And leave you lonely? not to see the world—  
For pleasure?—nay; but for the wherewithal  
To give his babes a better bringing up  
Than his had been, or yours: that was his wish.  
And if he come again, next will he be  
To find the precious morning hours were lost.  
And it would vex him even in his grave  
If he could know his babes were running wild  
Like colts about the waste. So, Annie, now—  
Have we not known each other all our lives?  
I do beseech you, by the love you bear  
Him and his children, not to say me nay—  
For, if you will, when Enoch comes again,  
Why, then he shall repay me—if you will,  
Annie—for I am rich, and well-to-do.

Now let me put the boy and girl to school:  
This is the favour that I came to ask."

She accepted the noble offer, and Philip sent the boy and girl to school; but still,

"Fearing the lazy gossip of the port,  
He oft denied his heart his dearest wish,  
And seldom crost her threshold; yet he sent  
Gifts by the children, garden herbs and fruit,  
The late and early roses from his wall,  
Or conies from the down, and now and then,  
With some pretext of fineness in the meal,  
To save the offence of charitable, flour  
From his tall mill that whistled on the waste."

Annie's children came to look on Philip almost as a father; of their own father, Enoch, no tidings come, till ten years elapse, and then the news is that his ship was wrecked and all on board had perished. Then Philip's love—that he has all along hidden in his heart for Annie begins to be manifested; he urges her, one day when seated with her in the selfsame wood where he saw her seated with Enoch Arden, to become his wife, pleading her children's welfare as much as his own true love for her. Annie hesitates; she has not heard of Enoch, but she will not believe in his death; but yields at last to Philip's persuasions, conditionally that the lapse of another year does not bring any tidings of her missing husband. The year passes without any intelligence of Enoch, but Annie still craves delay before marrying Philip:

"Then Philip with his eyes  
Full of that lifelong hunger, and his voice  
Shaking a little like a drunkard's hand,  
'Take your own time, Annie, take your own time.'  
And Annie could have wept for pity of him;  
And yet she held him on delayingly  
With many a scarce-believable excuse,  
Trying his truth and his long sufferance,  
Till half another year had slipt away."

The "lazy gossips of the port" do not understand Annie's motives for this delay, or rather maliciously misunderstand them, and the tongue of scandal begins to be busy with her fair fame. Then, and then only, and after praying to and receiving (as she believes) from heaven, "a sign" that Enoch "was gone," she gives her final consent to marry Philip; all these feminine delays and excuses being described in the poem with infinite delicacy and pathos:

"So these were wed and merrily rang the bells,  
Merrily rang the bells and they were wed.  
But never merrily beat Annie's heart.  
A footstep seem'd to fall beside her path,  
She knew not whence; a whisper on her ear,  
She knew not what; nor loved she to be left  
Alone at home, nor ventured out alone.  
What aild her then, that ere she enter'd, often  
Her hand dwelt lingeringly on the latch,  
Fearing to enter: Philip thought he knew:  
Such doubts and fears were common to her state,  
Being with child: but when her child was born,  
Then her new child was as herself renew'd  
Then the new mother came about her heart,  
Then her good Philip was her all-in-all,  
And that mysterious instinct wholly died."

Enoch's outward voyage had been fortunate, the ship "Good Fortune" in which he sailed had

"— slipt across the summer of the world,"

and reached in safety her oriental haven. Enoch made some advantageous ventures; and the "Good Fortune" set out on her return voyage. But an ill fate pursued her: and at length, storm-driven "under moonless heavens,"

"Came the crash of ruin and the loss of all  
Save Enoch and two others."

Enoch and his companions are cast on an uninhabited isle:

"Rich, but the loneliest in a lonely sea."

His companions died; and Enoch, lone,

"In this Eden of all plenteousness  
Dwelt with eternal summer, ill-content."

There is here some fine word-painting of tropical scenery: and then the poem proceeds to describe Enoch watching for a ship, and day after day beholding

"The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no sail."

In his solitude, he has visions of his home:

"There often as he watch'd or seem'd to watch,  
So still, the golden lizard on him paused,  
A phantom made of many phantoms moved  
Before him haunting him, or he himself  
Moved haunting people, thing and places, known  
Far in a darker isle beyond the line;  
The babes, their babble, Annie, the small house,  
The climbing street, the mill, the leafy lanes,  
The peacock-yewtree and the lonely Hall,

The horse he drove, the boat he sold, the chill  
November dawns and dewy-glooming dawns,  
The gentle shower, the smell of dying leaves,  
And the low moan of leaden-colour'd seas."

At length his lonely dream "comes suddenly to an end," for a ship, storm buffeted as his own had been, passing by the isle, sends a boat's crew to search it for water.

"Downward from his mountain gorge  
Stept the long hair'd long-bearded solitary,  
Brown, looking hardly human, strangely clad,  
Muttering and mumbling, idiot like it seemed,  
With inarticulate rage, and making signs  
They knew not what: and yet he led the way  
To where the rivulets of sweet water ran;  
And ever as he mingled with the crew,  
And heard them talking, his long-bounden tongue,  
Was loosen'd, till he made them understand;  
Whom, when their casks were fill'd they took  
aboard:

And there the tale he utter'd brokenly,  
Scarce credited at first,—but more and more  
Amazed and melted all who listened to it."

Enoch Arden is brought home, his rescuers giving him a free passage.

"But oft he worked among the rest, and shook  
His isolation from him!"

And on arriving in England,—

"That same morning officers and men  
Levied a kindly tax upon themselves,  
Pitying the lonely man, and gave it him;  
Then moving up the coast, they landed him,  
E'en in that harbour whence he sail'd before.

"There Enoch spoke no word to any one,  
But homeward—home—what home? had he a  
home?

His home, he walk'd. Bright was that afternoon,  
Sunny but chill; till drawn thro' either chasm,  
Where either haven open'd on the deeps,  
Roll'd a sea-baze and whelm'd the world in gray;  
Cut off the length of highway on before,  
And left but narrow breadth to left and right  
Of wither'dholt or tilth or pasturage.  
On the high-naked tree the Robin piped  
Disconsolate, and thro' the dripping haze  
The dead weight of the dead leaf bore it down:  
Thicker the drizzle grew, deeper the gloom;  
Last, as it seem'd, a great mist-blotted light  
Flared on him, and he came upon the place.

"Then down the long street having slowly  
stolen,

His heart foreshadowing all calamity,  
His eyes upon the stones, he reach'd the home  
Where Annie lived and loved him, and his babes  
In those far-off seven happy years were born;  
But finding neither light nor murmur there  
(A bill of sale gleam'd thro' the drizzle) crept  
Still downward thinking 'dead or dead to me!'"

Enoch goes to a tavern "which of old he knew," down by the pool and wharf; and here the hostess Miriam Lane,

"Told him, with other annals of the port,  
Not knowing—Enoch was so brown, so bow'd,  
So broken—all the story of his house.  
His baby's death, her growing poverty,  
How Philip put her little ones to school,  
And kept them in it, his long wooing her,  
Her slow consent, and marriage, and the birth  
Of Philip's child: and o'er his countenance  
No shadow past or motion; any one,  
Regarding, well had deem'd he felt the tale  
Less than the teller: only when she closed  
'Enoch, poor man, was cast away and lost,'  
He, shaking his grey head pathetically,  
Repeated muttering 'Cast away and lost,'  
Again in deeper inward whispers 'lost!'"

We must leave it to the poet to portray Enoch in his bewilderment.

"But Enoch yearn'd to see her face again;  
'If I might look on her sweet face again  
And know that she is happy.' So the thought  
Haunted and harass'd him, and drove him forth,  
At evening when the dull November day  
Was growing duller twilight, to the hill.  
There he sat down gazing on all below;  
There did a thousand memories roll upon him,  
Unspeakable for sadness. By and by  
The ruddy square of comfortable light,  
Far-blazing from the roar of Philip's house,  
Allured him, as the beacon-blaze allures  
The bird of passage, till he madly strikes  
Against it, and beats out his weary life.

"For Philip's dwelling fronted on the street  
The latest house to landward; but behind,  
With one small gate that open'd on the waste,  
Flourish'd a little garden square and wall'd:



And in it threw an ancient evergreen,  
A yew tree, and all round it ran a walk  
Of shingle, and a walk divided it:  
But Enoch shunn'd the middle walk and stole  
Up by the wall, behind the yew; and thence  
That which he better might have shunn'd if griefs  
Like his have worse or better, Enoch saw.

"For cups and silver on the burnish'd board  
Sparkled and shone; so genial was the hearth;  
And on the right hand of the hearth he saw  
Philip, the slighted suitor of old times,  
Stout, rosy, with his babe across his knees;  
And o'er her second father stoop'd a girl,  
A later but a loftier Annie Lee,  
Fair-hair'd and tall, and from her lifted hand  
Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring  
To tempt the babe, who rear'd his creasy arms,  
Caught at and ever miss'd it, and they laughed:  
And on the left hand of the hearth he saw  
The mother glancing often toward her babe,  
But turning now and then to speak with him,  
Her son, who stood beside her tall and strong,  
And saying that which pleased him, for he smiled.

"Now when the dead man came to life beheld  
His wife his wife no more, and saw the babe  
Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,  
And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,  
And his own children, tall and beautiful,  
And him, that other, reigning in his place,  
Lord of his rights and of his children's love,—  
Then he, tho' Miriam Lane had told him all,  
Because things seen are mightier than things heard,  
Stagger'd and shook, holding the branch, and fear'd  
To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,  
Which, in one moment, like the blast of doom,  
Would scatter all the happiness of the hearth.

"He, therefore, turning softly like a thief,  
Lest the harsh shingle should grate underfoot,  
And feeling all along the garden-wall,  
Lest he should swoon and tumble, and be found,  
Crept to the gate, and open'd it, and closed,  
As lightly as a sick man's chamber-door,  
Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

"And there he would have knelt, but that his knees  
Were feeble, so that, falling prone, he dug  
His fingers into the wet earth, and pray'd.

"Too hard to bear! why did they take me  
thence?"

O God Almighty, blessed Saviour, Thou  
That didst uphold me on my lonely isle,  
Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness  
A little longer! aid me, give me strength  
Not to tell her—never to let her know.  
Help me not to break in upon her peace.  
My children, too! must I not speak to these?  
They know me not. I should betray myself.  
Never: no father's kiss for me—the girl  
So like her mother, and the boy, my son."

The story now hastens to the end. Enoch kept his secret during the succeeding days of sickness; but when death was near, that he might send his Annie future comfort in a certain token of his death, and of his perfect sympathy of love in perfect knowledge of her life's history, he told his secret to the mistress of the inn, Miriam Lane swearing to keep it inviolate until he died.

"I charge you now,  
When you shall see her, tell her that I died  
Blessing her, praying for her, loving her;  
Save for the bar between us, loving her  
As when she laid her head beside my own,  
And tell my daughter Annie, whom I saw  
So like her mother, that my latest breath  
Was spent in blessing her and praying for her.  
And tell my son that I died blessing him.  
And say to Philip that I blest him too;  
He never meant us anything but good.  
But if my children care to see me dead,  
Who hardly knew me living, let them come,  
I am their father; but she must not come.  
For my dead face would vex her after-life.  
And now there is but one of all my blood  
Who will embrace me in the world-to-be;  
This hair is his: she cut it off and gave it,  
And I have borne it with me all these years,  
And thought to bear it with me to my grave;  
But now my mind is changed, for I shall see him,  
My babe in bliss: wherefore, when I am gone,  
Take, give her this, for it may comfort her:  
It will, moreover, be a token to her,  
That I am he."

"He ceased; and Miriam Lane  
Made such a voluble answer, promising all,  
That once again he roll'd his eyes upon her,  
Bespelling all he wished, and once again  
She promised.

"Then the third night after this,  
While Enoch slumbered motionless and pale,  
And Miriam watch'd and dozed at intervals,  
There came so loud a calling of the sea,  
That all the houses in the haven rang.  
He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad,  
Crying, with a loud voice, 'A sail! a sail!  
I am saved!' and so fell back and spoke no more.  
So past the strong heroic soul away;  
And when they buried him, the little port  
Had seldom seen a costlier funeral."

#### A PRODUCTIVE PUMP.

AN Italian gentleman, with great sagacity, devised a very productive pump, and kept it in action most economically. The garden wall of his villa adjoined the great high road leading from one of the capitals of northern Italy (Turin), from which it was distant but a few miles.

Possessing within his garden a fine spring of water, he erected on the outside of the wall a pump for public use; and chaining to it a small iron ladle, he placed near it some rude seats for the weary traveller, and by a slight roof of climbing plants protected the whole from the mid-day sun.

In this delightful shade the tired and thirsty travellers on that well-beaten road ever and anon reposed and refreshed themselves, and did not fail to put in requisition the service of the pump so opportunely presented to them. From morning till night many a dusty and wayworn pilgrim plied the handle, and went on his way blessing the liberal proprietor for his kind consideration of the passing stranger.

But the owner of the villa was deeply acquainted with human nature. He knew in that sultry climate that the liquid would be more valued from its scarcity, and from the difficulty of acquiring it. He, therefore, to enhance the value of the gift, wisely arranged the pump so that its spout was of rather contracted dimensions, and the handle required a moderate application of force to work it.

Under these circumstances, the pump raised far more water than could pass through its spout; and, to prevent its being wasted, the surplus was conveyed by an invisible channel to a large reservoir, judiciously placed for watering the proprietor's own houses, stables, and garden, into which about five pints were poured for every spoonful passing out of the spout for the benefit of the weary traveller.

Even this latter portion was not entirely neglected, for the waste-pipe conveyed the part which ran over from the ladle to some delicious strawberry beds at a lower level.

CROSSING THE ATLANTIC IN A BOAT.—On Sunday, the 26th of June, the miniature brig *Vision*, the smallest craft that has ever yet attempted to cross the Atlantic, departed from the battery at New York, direct for Liverpool. She sailed out in gallant style, with colours flying, manned by a crew consisting of John C. Donovan and his dog Toby, and one man, named Williams, from Rhode Island. Her departure was witnessed by a large number of people, who remained, despite the intense heat, until the vessel became a speck on the water. Yesterday we received information that the *Coronet*, from Quebec, at London, had spoken the tiny craft at sea, she being then out twenty-four days, and having reached lat. 45.10 N., long. 53 W., or the vicinity of Cape Race. "All hands" were well, but short of provisions and water, which the *Coronet* supplied.

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.—In the year 1861, 79 passengers were killed and 789 injured by railway accidents in the United Kingdom; in the year 1862, on an increased number of lines, 35 passengers were killed and 536 injured; and in the year 1863, on a still increasing number of lines, 35 passengers were killed and 401 injured. The number of passengers in 1863 was 204,635,075, without including 64,391 season and periodical ticket holders. Estimating even that these last travelled on an average only 100 times each, the number of passengers killed in 1863 was less than one in 6,000,000, and of passengers injured less than one in 500,000. Of every five passenger killed three lost their lives through their own misconduct or want of caution, so that the number of passengers killed from causes beyond their own control was less than one passenger in 15,000,000. Of the passengers killed last year 12 met their deaths by getting out of or attempting to get into trains when in motion, 5 by incautiously crossing or standing on the line at a station, one by leaning out of the carriage window on approaching a bridge (since widened), one by getting out on the wrong side of a carriage, one (in Ireland) by getting upon the roof of a carriage and walking along the train. Of the 13 passengers killed in 1863 from accidents to trains, three lost their lives through collisions between trains, and 10 from the trains getting off the line, 7 of the 10 in the accident on the Hunstan-

ton line caused by a heifer being on the rails. Of the whole number of accidents to passenger trains in the United Kingdom reported to the Board of Trade in 1863—52 in all, exactly one a week, and precisely the same number as were reported to the Board in 1862—32 were caused by collisions with other trains, 10 by the trains getting off the rails, 6 by their running off the proper line through the points being wrong, and only 4 from anything breaking or getting out of order. A large proportion of these accidents must have been preventable by careful management.

THE Empress of Mexico writes cheerful letters to her father, the King of the Belgians, and she is highly delighted with her adopted country, and full of hope and confidence. King Leopold speaks with satisfaction about his daughter's new position, for which, he declares, she possesses talent singularly suitable.

AN accidental fire which took place at Constantinople a few weeks ago has led to a rather interesting antiquarian discovery, by clearing away a mass of houses which had concealed an important monument of Byzantine history, hitherto but little observed—the Coronation-hall of the Emperors from the time of Heraclius downward.

AUSTRIA VERSUS ENGLAND.—It has rained at Vienna nearly every day for the last month, and people learned in such matters, say that there has not been such a wet and cold summer for the last half-century. If there is not a great and speedy change in the weather, the harvest must necessarily be bad. Austria seems to be the very antithesis of England, happily not in weather only.

THE performing elephant "Tom," exhibited with No. 1 section of Wombwell's Menagerie, died at Northop, Flintshire, last week, in consequence, it is supposed, of drinking water impregnated with poison from a chemical works. The animal weighed upwards of five tons, and was valued at between £1,000 and £1,500. The carcass has been despatched to London for chemical analysis.

A SPIDER.—The following is vouched for by a correspondent at Tamworth:—There are many anecdotes told of the ingenuity of spiders, and this may not be uninteresting. On the premises of Mr. Wm. Tolson, smallware manufacturer, of Hazley, a spider has constructed a web of large dimensions in the open air. The web is of a triangular form, 4 feet wide at the top, and 2 feet 6 inches deep, and from the centre of it there runs a single thread, to which the insect has attached a piece of coal about eleven times its own bulk, apparently to serve the purpose of an anchor to steady the web when the wind blows. The length of the thread has been so nicely calculated that the "anchor" swings within a short distance of the head of the firemen who has to go under it frequently to feed the furnace fires. I and another man who has seen this curious sight fancied that we saw the spider raise the piece of coal, by means of the thread to which it is suspended, and lower it again.

#### LIEUTENANT-GENERAL ULYSSES GRANT.

In our last number we gave the "counterfeit presentment" of the superb Southern soldier, General Robert Lee, the Confederate commander-in-chief, and we now present our readers with the portrait of his dogged Federal antagonist, Lieutenant-General Grant.

General Grant is the latest hope of the Federals. Some have termed him their last hope, because if Grant should lose the present campaign, all would be lost for the North. However this may be, General Grant is the most trusted Northern commander; and is much more the idol of the hour than were McClellan, McDowell, Pope, Burnside, Hooker, Meade, or Halleck, all of whom the Federals petted and praised while hallooing them "on to Richmond;" but each of whom, on failing to attain that much-yearned-for destination, was in turn toppled down from his altitude, consigned to ignominious inaction, and subsided into obscurity "in a very surprising manner," as Carlyle would say.

General Grant is comparatively a young man (being only thirty-six years of age), yet he has seen more service than most of the Federal generals. His first campaign was made in Mexico, and in 1847 he served as quartermaster-general, but had retired from the service when the war broke out, and was intrusted with the command of the 21st regiment of Illinois volunteers. In 1861 he received the command of a brigade, and in March, 1862, was appointed to that of the army in Western Tennessee. The capture of Vicksburg, and the ability with which he partially repaired the effects of Johnston's victory near Chattanooga, led to his appointment to the principal command of the army of the Potomac. Grant's characteristics seem to be consummate self-possession and unmovable obstinacy. Several stories are told of his coolness in



[LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT, COMMANDER OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.]

the field, one of which relates that, during the terrible conflict in the Wilderness, when an advance of the Federal troops was ordered, he was standing amidst his staff, quietly "whittling," and smoking his inevitable short briar-wood pipe. Suddenly a messenger came up, with the intelligence that the troops had fallen back, and were retreating before the Confederates; "I don't believe it!" replied the general, coolly continuing to "whittle" his stick; repeated messages, however, to the same effect arriving, the imperturbable commander mounted his horse, and calmly proceeded to make a fresh disposition of his forces.

As General Grant's plan of campaign has been different to that of any of his predecessors, he having struck out a line of his own on which to reach Richmond—a line on which he vowed "to fight it out if it took all the summer"—it will be interesting to follow his movements generally subsequent to his passage of the Rapidan. In Eastern Virginia, the rivers run in a south-easterly direction, especially those lying between the Rappahannock and the James. They approach Richmond in their course, and all the various streams, big and little—the Mat, Tay, Po, and Ny; the Mattaponi, formed by the junction of these four; the North and South Anna Rivers, forming the Pa-

munkey—all trend south-eastward to a confluence near West Point, and form the York; which river, it will be remembered, McClellan selected as the nearest available route to Richmond. Now, it was the interest, for obvious reasons, of General Lee to draw his antagonist as far as possible to the westward, and to fight him there rather than pitch his battle in the direction to which these streams trend. So, when Grant crossed the Rapidan below General Lee's works, the latter was compelled to follow and interpose between him and Richmond. These movements brought on the battles of the "Wilderness" of the 5th and 6th of May. Defeated in these encounters, and finding Lee too strong in front, Grant pushed still further to the south-east, still aiming to turn Lee's right flank. Lee again followed, and the fierce battles of Spotsylvania Court House were the result of the movements. The last of these combats, on the 12th May, involved such a prodigious slaughter of the Federals, that when Grant, after allowing six days of comparative rest to his army, and bringing up reserves, again assaulted the Confederate lines, he was repulsed with the greatest ease, his men showing an utter lack of the spirit and determination which had previously characterised their movements.

Apparently satisfied of the failure of these inef-

fectual efforts, Grant threw his army over to the north branch of the Ny river, as if to move down it: an operation which, if completed, would bring him nearer to Richmond than Lee was. The Confederate commander, becoming satisfied that Grant was making the flank movement which had been for some time expected, true to his plan of operation—watching his enemy, and moving when he moved—followed Grant rapidly, and got his army into position at Hanover Junction to intercept him.

Many indecisive conflicts ensued, chiefly at the North Anna and Cold Harbour, with immense slaughter—the only result being that Grant gradually found himself forced to edge off by the eastward, the army of Lee moving in a parallel direction, and always interposing between the foe and Richmond. Ultimately, the Federal general took up an entrenched position before Petersburg, a fortified suburb, so to say, of the Confederate capital; and here he lay, assailing and assailed, for some time; but finding his way to Richmond barred here just as effectually as by the route of the Wilderness and Spotsylvania, the North Anna or Cold Harbour, he, at the end of July, once more changed his base of operations. He moved his army to the north side of the James River; a base which would place him somewhat nearer to Richmond. The wary defender of the capital, however, had again interposed his forces to bar the way; and this movement of Grant to the north bank of the James River subsequently turned out to be only a feint, for he speedily returned with his army to the front of Petersburg, and resumed the assault. The renewed attack was begun by springing a mine under a Confederate earthwork in front of the position of that part of Grant's forces commanded by General Burnside. Six tons of gunpowder were exploded, and the Confederate work flung into the air in fragments, and with it a large number of its defenders. The Federal artillery thundered, and Burnside's soldiers charged into and captured the ruined earthwork. He then attempted to capture the second line of defences, but recoiled before the withering fire of the Confederates. A reserve division of negro troops were then thrown forward to the charge, but were swept down by a deadly fire, and hurled back. Then the Confederates in turn charged fiercely; the Federals and negroes fled in utter rout to their entrenchments, and victory was again declared for the Southern cause. Grant's loss in the assault was about 10,000; General Burnside was wounded, and General Bartlett was captured.

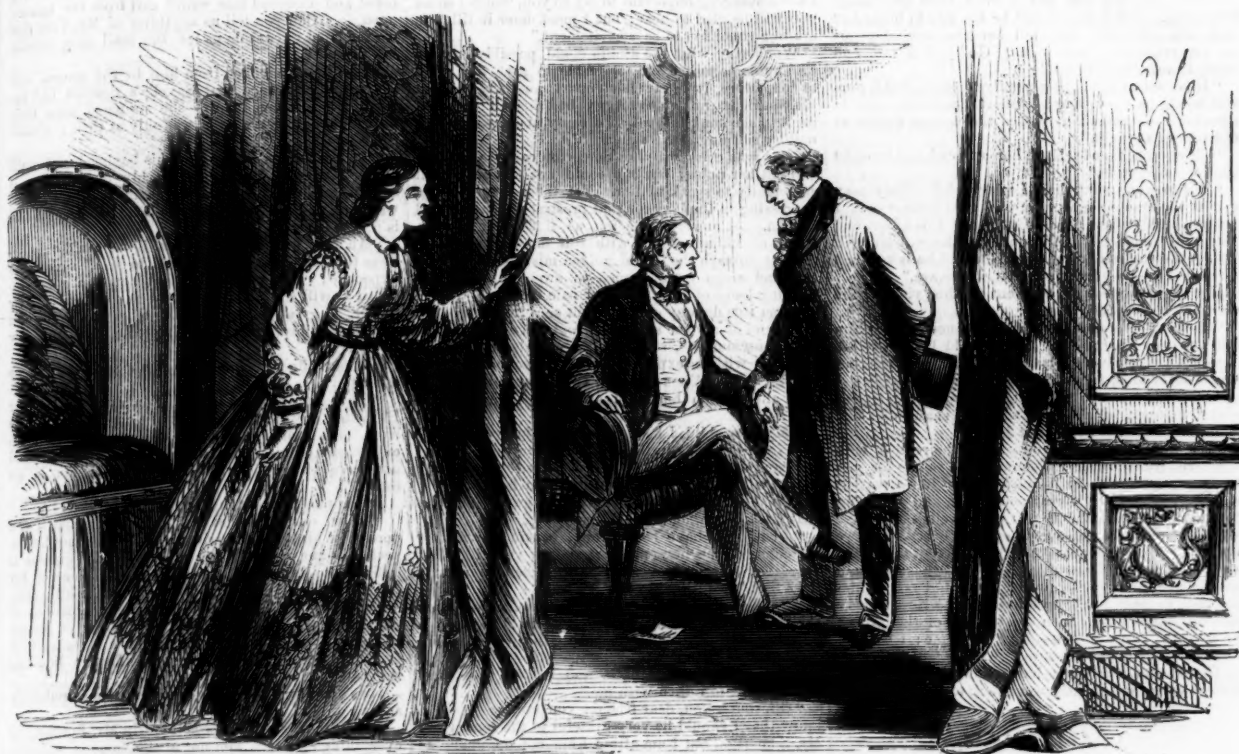
At the time of our writing, the latest telegrams assert that the Federal army was in full retreat to Washington; the President had had a conference with the defeated commander of the grand army of the Potomac, the result of their deliberation being that Grant should, with all speed, hasten with the remnant of his shattered host to the defence of the Federal capital, which was in turn threatened by the advance of General Lee against it at the head of his entire force.

It is now more than three months since General Grant crossed the Rapidan, and the work of human slaughter began in Virginia. From that time to this the fighting has gone on, with only occasional pauses. The number of victims is already immense; and we are entirely within bounds in stating that full five hundred thousand men have been killed or wounded in the combats, and of these at least three-fourths were Federals—a "horrible and heart-rending" total of slaughter, for which history has no parallel. Hoping to overcome resistance by a concentration and accumulation of forces, Grant has brought up reserve after reserve, and hurled them blindly against his antagonist; who, posting his army securely behind breastworks, and sparing his men as much as possible, has coolly received the assaults of his enemy, slaughtered them by thousands, and repulsed every attempt to break through his lines.

General Lee, like all the great masters of the art of war, has carefully studied the special characteristics of his various antagonists, and acted accordingly. In this case he had to deal with an obstinate, headstrong, one-idea man, who, destitute of strategy or tactics, could conceive of no policy save brute force. It was infinitely easier to cope with such an opponent than with the cautious McClellan, who never hazarded a bold move.

General Lee has consequently won victory after victory, inflicting terrible loss upon his enemy at a smaller cost than he has ever done before in the history of the war, except at Fredericksburg in December, 1862, when Burnside, no unworthy compeer of Grant, sent his soldiers into the slaughter-pen. Grant's attacks are but the old story of the furious bull, who sees the red flag, rushes upon it, and expends his breath and fury to no purpose, while the practised sword of his foe drains him of his life-blood at every thrust. Such, in a few words, is the history, up to the period of which we write, of this last campaign in Virginia.





[MISS CARLETON AWAITS AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. FONTAINE.]

## THE FATAL SECRET.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

Oh, conscience! who can stand before thy power?  
Endure thy gripes and agonies one hour?

A few yards brought them to the shelter in which his attendant remained with the horses. The servant was ordered to return to Dunlora, and report to his mistress the elopement of her son with the heiress of Fountains; and in a few more moments the lovers were mounted, and flying like the wind in the direction of the railroad.

In two hours they reached the road-side station; they were just in time, for in ten minutes the train dashed up to the platform, halted only long enough to take on the passengers, and again rushed through the night with a speed that mocked pursuit.

Philip left his horses to the care of the station-master; and with his hat drawn over his brows, his heavy riding coat so muffled about him as to defy recognition, he triumphantly placed Savella on the seat beside himself, exulting in the thought that he had outwitted them all, and the Fountains estate would soon be his. Savella kept her thick veil drawn over her face, and she and Philip passed the night in exchanging such tender words as form the habitual currency of lovers. She was supremely, ecstatically happy, and no doubt of the future arose to dim the delicious dream in which she revelled.

They reached London without detention, and Philip found no difficulty in getting a clergyman to unite them. Two blissful days were spent in the metropolis, in visiting the wonders it contains; and then the newly wedded pair set out on their return.

At the station from which they had started they found the carriage of Mr. Vane awaiting them; and in another hour the bride was welcomed and congratulated by her new parents. Mrs. Vane gaily said to Savella:

"You have endured a regular siege, my dear, and poor Philip has been in despair at your being mewed up so closely. But I think you will be your own mistress after this, and give your aunt to understand that her reign at Fountains is at an end. You must be my guest a few days, till the storm of her anger has had time to subside; then you can quietly go and take your true place as the ruler of your own house."

"Thank you; I am really glad to shelter myself with you from the first outburst of my aunt's rage. I will send Philip over to bear the brunt of it; and when

he has mollified her wrath by such graceful apologies as he so well knows how to make, I will venture back to think of her face when she found the doll I dressed up so nicely to represent my precious self." And Savella laughed with the glee of a child.

The others joined her, and a merry party they made, at the expense of the senora—little dreaming of the power over both she still held in her ruthless hands.

Philip was most lover-like in his attentions, and Savella's eyes beamed with the light of the happiness that filled her heart. To become the wife of her adored Philip had been the one dream of her life for many weeks past, and in its realization she found perfect content.

Philip was also radiant in anticipation of the brilliant future that opened before him. Mr. Fontaine incapable of attending to business, his heiress his wife, the whole revenues of that large estate must come at once under his control; and already he was planning the changes in the mode of life he would make at Fountains.

Mr. Vane was exuberant in his demonstrations of joy at welcoming his richly-endowed daughter-in-law. He slapped Philip on the shoulder, and said:

"You're a lucky fellow, for you have won the brightest bride in the county; and," he added, *sotto voce*, "you will have the entire control of her fortune, for poor Fontaine is in no state to interfere with you."

His son nodded intelligently, and the schemers sat down to a delicious little supper, with sharpened appetites, and the agreeable conviction that Philip had only to walk into Fountains and take possession in the name of his wife.

In the meantime Senora Roselli had discovered the ruse which had so successfully deceived her. Tired and depressed, her mind filled with unwelcome thoughts, she left the apartment of Isola, and, after glancing at the couch of her niece and trying the lock of the door to see if it was still fast, the senora quietly disrobed, and sought the repose she so much needed.

She believed Savella to be calmly sleeping near her, and never dreamed of the catastrophe which had actually occurred.

She slept till a very late hour on the following morning, and when she arose she was surprised to find Savella, as she supposed, still in bed. She rang for Celia, and said to her when she came in:

"Wake up my niece. It is unusual for Savella to sleep so late; but she was kept up last night much beyond her usual hour for retiring."

Celia approached the bed and called the name of her mistress. Oh, dear! I cannot help laughing when I young mistress several times. When no response came, the senora peevishly said:

"Can't you speak loud enough to arouse her? She seems like one of the seven sleepers this morning."

The girl obeyed her, and suddenly uttered a shriek so loud as to terrify every one within hearing. The senora dropped the comb she held in her hand, and asked, with a scared look:

"Is she dead?" Has this retribution come to me for—"

She paused, choked, indignant, overwhelmed with sudden wrath, for Celia cried out:

"It's only a rag doll, and the young missis is clean gone!"

The senora sprang towards her, seized and shook her violently, as she said, with a convulsive catching of her breath:

"You—you—have—helped—her—to—get—away! Don't deny it, you miserable creature; but I—I'll have you punished for it, see if I don't."

Thus accused, Celia defended herself with the consciousness of innocence:

"I declare I don't know no more than the dead what's become of her. Please don't shake all the breath out of me, because I ain't got nothing to do with these here doings. If Miss Savella's gone, I don't know where she's gone to, though I can guess who she's gone with."

"Wretch! you helped her away; you unlocked the door for her, or she could never have made her escape."

"I don't know nothing about the door. 'Twas locked just now when I come up, and I opened it to let myself in. Ask Aggy if I tell lies. I think it's hard to be suspected, when I ain't done nothing."

The girl's air was so truthful, her expression so perplexed, that the senora saw she was speaking the truth. She threw on a dressing robe, rushed across the hall, and summoned her ally to a conference. When Somerton appeared, she exclaimed, with a distracted air:

"She's gone! The perfidious girl has eloped, and all our plans are dashed to the earth! What can we do? Can we not yet save her from marrying Philip Vane?"

He stood a moment as if transfixed, with the colour retreating from his face.

"Why don't you speak?" she passionately asked.

"Why do you stand there as if stricken into stone? Rouse yourself up, and follow after her—quick! quick! It may not yet be too late."

"How long has she been gone?" he asked.  
 "Oh! I cannot tell, but it must have been many hours ago. But it cannot yet be too late to bring her back safe. Go after her; tell her how much depends on her remaining true to us. Go! go! I say, and bring Savella back to me."

"It is useless now," he gloomily replied. "All pursuit would be unavailing; for they, doubtless, were in time for the train which passes the nearest station at one o'clock at night."

"Telegraph, then! Have her arrested and brought back at all hazards."

"But to what point shall I telegraph? They may stop at the first village, or they may go further on. I tell you that we must make the best of this affair, and take the young man into our confidence. He will have few scruples to trouble us with, and he is as much interested in—in you know what, as we are."

Her anger seemed to augment at this view of the case, and she frantically said:

"You aggravate me beyond endurance. Take him into our councils, indeed! That would be ruin to all. Was not the discovery I last night made enough, but this disaster must follow so soon upon it? And you—you who know how much is at stake, must talk in this absurd manner. I shall go wild! I shall—oh! oh! I don't know what I shall do."

"I will tell you what you will do," he replied, with recovered composure. "The only safe course for you to pursue is this: Calm yourself and act like a reasonable woman; go and make your toilet, and make up your mind at the same time that Savella's marriage with Vane must take place, in spite of every effort we may make to prevent it. A little reflection will show you that I speak the truth. I shall soon show him that he is entirely in our power, and I understand him too well to fear any exposure from him. He will play into our hands sooner than risk the loss of the fortune he covets. There—there—leave all to me; I will act for the best, you may be sure."

The senora glared on him a few moments, then turned away, and silently went back to her chamber.

#### CHAPTER XXIX.

A thousand liveried angels lacquer her.  
 Driving far off each thing of sin or guilt.

Milton.

'Twas ever thus, from childhood's hour  
 I've seen my fondest hopes decay!

E. E. Langdon.

THE house was searched over for the missing girl; but Senora Roselli did not command it to be done, for she knew too well that Savella had for ever passed from her tyrannical control; that a man as mercenary and unscrupulous as either herself or Somerton was about to step in and take possession of the wealth they had believed almost within their grasp; and she felt that, without some strong hold over Philip, he would not long tolerate her presence at Fontaine. At length she muttered:

"I will find means to manage him, even if I—"  
 The thought that arose remained unspoken; but her lips closed with their most iron expression, and she stood many moments, looking vaguely through the window, before she could command herself sufficiently to go into Isola's chamber, and inquire how she had passed the latter part of the night.

She found her weak and pallid, but that was to be expected after the severe suffering through which she had passed on the previous night. With an appearance of interest that surprised the invalid, the senora examined her condition, and insisted that she should make no effort to rise, nor leave the house that day. She said:

"It will be risking your life to do so; and after the efforts of Mr. Somerton and myself to save you, I think I have some right to dictate in this matter."

"I thank both you and Mr. Somerton for your kindness; I believe that I am unfit to make any exertion to-day, for I feel as if all vital energy has left my frame."

"That will be but temporary. Your elastic constitution will soon throw off this weight, and you will regain your usual health. When you do recover, I almost wish that I could place you in the position which is held by my ungrateful niece. You have heard that she is gone; that a few hours more will certainly make her the wife of Philip Vane?"

"Yes—I know that Savella has eloped with him. Poor girl! I fear her dream of bliss will not last long. She adores Philip, and he—"

She paused abruptly, and the senora took up her words, and went on in an excited tone:

"And he has sold himself for the money he expects to gain. I know that this man loved you, Isola; that he sought you till Savella came to claim the inheritance he thought would be yours. Well, it's of no use to talk about what is so distressing to me; but Mr. Vane will find me more than a match for himself yet. Good morning, my dear; I must go down to breakfast now,

and you are still too weak to stand much talking. I have something important to say to you, which I think you will be glad to hear; but I must defer it till you are in a condition to bear excitement."

Wondering what the senora could possibly have to communicate to her, but too feeble to give her mind to conjecture, Isola saw her depart; and after taking the nourishment which Aggy had herself prepared for her, she sunk into a half-dreamy state, which was neither sleeping nor waking.

Isola was conscious that Somerton came to her side and felt her pulse; but she could not arouse herself sufficiently to speak to him. Yet there was nothing depressing in the languor that prostrated her physical system. At moments she felt as if floating upon a cloud of radiant light, with soft musical murmurs gliding through the sea of golden mist that sustained her, and angel faces seemed to sweep around her, bending looks of love upon her pale face.

From this dreamy enchantment she was aroused by the sound of a voice she loved, and starting suddenly into consciousness, she saw Miss Carleton bending over her, with an expression of tender solicitude upon her fair face. When she saw Isola's large black eyes open and rest on her with evident recognition, she said:

"My dear child, I have come to claim you as my own from this time forth, and I find you thus. What has caused this sudden attack, my love? for of late you have appeared perfectly restored to health."

With an effort, Isola banished the sweet fantasies that filled her mind, and collectedly replied:

"I could not have been strong, cousin Carrie; for the odour of the new paint made me very ill. But for Mr. Somerton's medical skill, I believe I must have died."

"So Aggy has told me since I came. I am sure that I am very grateful to him for his kindness. I hoped to take you back with me to the Vale, but in your present state it will be impossible to do so. I shall send the carriage back, and remain here until you are able to return with me."

"Oh, thank you, dear friend; you are too good. I know that I should be very grateful to the senora and Mr. Somerton, but I am afraid I am not so much so as they deserve, for I cannot help shrinking from them when they come near me. Very wicked, isn't it, when they have saved my life?"

"After all you have borne from them, my dear, I think your feelings very natural. One benefit, however important, cannot destroy the memory of a series of wrongs and insults such as you have been lately made to endure. But they are at an end, Isola; you shall be my daughter till George returns to claim his darling; and, by the way, we have news from the noble fellow. Letters came this morning, and here is one for you."

Her face brightened at this, and she spoke with animation:

"Let me see it; place it here, upon my pillow, till I am strong enough to read it for myself; but tell me what he says in yours."

Miss Carleton smiled as she obeyed her.

"Here is your precious missive, my dear. George writes in high spirits; he is delighted with St. Petersburg, where he has already made many agreeable acquaintances, and one friend. His presence of mind enabled him to save a stranger from death when his horses had taken fright, and he and George have become fast friends. But he will doubtless tell you all about it, for he seems completely fascinated by this Baron Fontani."

"Fontani!" repeated Isola; "that name is almost like ours."

"It is doubtless the same name, with an Italian termination, for George says he is from that country; he is in the employment of the Czar, as an engineer, and has won high rank and brilliant fortune by his services."

Though Isola showed deep interest in the conversation, Miss Carleton could see that she was overtaking herself, and she placed her hand upon her lips as she was about to speak again, and softly said:

"Rest now, Isola, for you are too weak to bear excitement. I will leave you to repose, and go down and talk awhile with the senora. I may be able to induce her to forgive her niece for the unhappy escapade she has made."

With a faint smile Isola closed her eyes, and like a tired child she fell off into a deep sleep, murmuring:

"Poor Savella, I am afraid she will find only dust and ashes where she expects to find the fruits of Paradise."

Leaving Celia to watch beside her, Miss Carleton descended to the sitting-room, in which she found Somerton and the senora in deep consultation. She would have retired; but the former advanced with quiet ease, and courteously said:

"Pray come in, Miss Carleton; we are only talking over the disgraceful and distressing event of the past night. As a friend of the family, you doubtless feel

it as we do, though not so keenly as those who have loved and protected this wilful girl from her infancy must do. Can you tell us anything of Mr. Vane that is calculated to console us for the fatal step Savella has taken?"

Miss Carleton looked from him to the senora, and she saw in each face that Savella's conduct had indeed struck a deep blow—she supposed upon their hearts, though in reality it was only at their interests. She said:

"I have known Philip from his boyhood, and until lately I have thought very highly of him. He is amiable and well bred, and I am sure that he will always treat Savella with the kindness and respect that is due to his wife."

"Ah! my dear Miss Carleton, if we could only believe that Mr. Vane is attached to her," sighed the hypocrite; "but you know that hearts are not recalled at will and given again at the option of their owner. I greatly fear that Fontaine was the object of his affections, and not the hapless girl who is now its possessor."

Her face slightly changed, and she spoke with some asperity:

"This place belongs to Mr. Fontaine, and neither Philip nor any one else can assert a claim to it while he lives. His friends hope to see him yet restored to the enjoyment of his own; and therefore Philip could not have looked forward to the possession of his estate."

In his most dulcet tones, Somerton replied:

"I have no doubt that Mr. Vane will claim it as a portion of his wife's inheritance. You are not aware, perhaps—but young Vane is—that Mr. Fontaine is indebted to his niece for the wasted income of her father's property, from the day it came into his possession. Since his illness, as the temporary guardian of Savella, I have looked into the condition of his pecuniary affairs, and I assure you that Fontaine, with everything upon it, will scarcely suffice to liquidate the debt."

Miss Carleton became very pale; she impulsively asked:

"Is it then your purpose to strip Mr. Fontaine of everything? to turn him out of the home in which he was born and reared? Can Savella do this? Dare she attempt it?"

"It is not a question of what Savella will do," replied the suave voice, "but of what her husband will be capable of doing. If I judge Mr. Vane aright, he will be as relentless as Shylock in exacting his pound of flesh. I ask you if you believe that Philip Vane will be so hard as to proceed to extreme measures? for I may be mistaken in my estimate of him. If you agree with me, I will endeavour to take such steps as may, in a measure, protect Mr. Fontaine from his captivity."

After a painful pause, Miss Carleton said:

"I should be sorry to think Philip capable of committing so great a wrong; but I cannot answer for him. He has disappointed me in other things, and he may prove hard and grasping in this. Pray excuse me, Mr. Somerton; this conversation is oppressive to me. I must walk in the open air to regain my equanimity."

She arose abruptly, and walked out of the room, convinced in her own mind that these schemers had laid their plans for the impoverishment of her old friend, and only desired to learn from her how far Philip was to be trusted to carry them out, and take on himself the odium of their consummation.

She walked to and fro on the lawn till her spirits became more composed, and then an insurmountable desire seized her to see Fontaine herself, and judge if his condition afforded no hope of ultimate restoration. She turned the green blind which opened from the library window, and saw Giles nodding in his chair near the door which led into his master's apartments. While she hesitated as to the propriety of entering, Dr. Sinclair rode up to the steps, and dismounted.

"Ah, Miss Carrie! you here? But I suppose the news of last night's escapade brought you over. I hope my patient knows nothing of the affair, for I am told he was vehemently opposed to the marriage. I can't see why; for Philip Vane is an elegant and clever young fellow, and the heiress hasn't made such a bad choice. Poor Fontaine's mind was probably no clearer on that score than on others, or he would not have opposed her wishes."

"I cannot agree with you, doctor. I think the objections of Mr. Fontaine were well founded," she coldly replied. "I did not come over on Savella's account, but to remove Isola to the Vale. I am sorry to say that she has been attacked by illness, brought on, it seems, by the smell of the fresh paint upon the house. Mr. Somerton gave her such remedies as he considered necessary, and she is much better; but I shall be glad if you will go up and see her before you leave."

"Of course—of course; such cases are not un-



common, and Isola has a very sensitive temperament. But I must first go in and see how Fontaine is getting on. It is a melancholy hallucination he labours under, and I almost despair of dispelling it."

"Is it even so?" asked Miss Carleton, with a slight shudder. "Is there no hope for him?"

"I can see none, for there is a cause for the spectral illusion in his case—a fatal cause, which medical skill can never remove."

Their eyes met, and both felt that the other knew what that dire cause was. She presently asked:

"Can I not see him? I do not wish to speak with him; only to look upon him and form my own judgment as to his condition."

"I can easily manage that for you. Pass through this window, and remain in the library while I am with him in his own apartment. I have a curtain placed in front of the door to conceal the person who watches near him, as it made him irritable to have some one always in sight. You can shelter yourself behind it and look on him while he talks with me."

While he was speaking the doctor opened the blind and threw up the sash of the window. Giles roused himself as he heard them enter, and arose with a deep bow and a look of intense surprise as he recognized Miss Carleton. She motioned to him to remain silent, and passed with the physician toward the heavy folds of damask that swept to the floor.

Dr. Sinclair lifted them aside and entered the larger room, while Miss Carleton, with a quickly beating heart, placed herself in such a position as to enable her to look into Fontaine's apartment without being herself seen.

He was sitting with his face turned towards her, holding a fragment of paper in his hands, which he nervously turned from side to side, rolling it up and smoothing it out alternately, as if unconscious of what he was doing. The crimson cushions of the large chair on which he sat threw out his statuesque head, with its clearly cut features, now nearly as colourless as marble itself. His large, black eyes, as they wandered restlessly around the room, had in them the same wild, unsettled expression they had worn on that last morning at the Vale; and the concealed visitor shrank from meeting them again, with a sort of suppressed feeling that shivered through her aching heart.

When Dr. Sinclair appeared before him, Fontaine's gaze dwelt an instant upon him, and then, dropping his paper, he stretched out his hand, and said, in his natural voice:

"Let me grasp your hand, doctor, to convince myself that you are real. I am so haunted by phantoms, that I cannot distinguish flesh and blood from them unless I touch it."

His visitor grasped his hand, and cheerfully said:

"I, at all events, am a substantial entity, Fontaine, and I never intend to visit any of my friends in a ghostly shape. Have your dimly friends multiplied? At first it was only one that visited you."

"Yes," he mysteriously replied; "he has brought others with him. He was the head demon; but he has called others to aid him in his work of torture. He has brought up Banquo's ghost, and those that came to Richard III. the night before the battle of Bosworth. He has even gone back into the days of antiquity, and summoned that goblin grim who stood beside the couch of Brutus and said, 'Meet me at Philippi!' Ah! it was death that met him there; but my familiar gives me no such welcome warning."

"Why should you wish to die, Fontaine? You have much to live for?" was the soothing reply.

"Much, much—yes, I comprehend that; yet it would be a mercy to me to die. If I could wipe this red stain from my hand, I might clasp one that could drive every evil from me; but it deepens, it darkens with every hour, doctor. Sometimes it casts its lurid hue on every object around me. Oh! murder is a fearful crime; and he who commits it merits death. I had far rather pay that penalty than live the life to which I am doomed."

"Then you are tired of being shut up here? If you wish it, I will permit you to walk out daily. You need not go beyond your own grounds, nor see any strangers."

Fontaine slowly shook his head.

"No, Sinclair; I will not make a spectacle of myself to my own people. Besides, the phantom forbids that; he is standing between us now, and he frowns even at the proposal from you. No—these rooms shall become my living grave, for I will not go beyond them."

"We shall see when the bright spring weather comes. It is cold now, and it is as well for you to stay within doors."

"Once I breasted the storm, and defied the wind; now I am as a reed shaken by its faintest breath. Sinclair, who is behind that curtain? I feel a presence there that wafts sweetness and comfort to me. What is it?"

He half arose as if to approach the shaded door, but

the physician placed his hand upon his arm, and kindly said:

"A friend of yours is there, but she did not intend to intrude upon you. Would it please you to see her? You are so calm to-day that I think her visit will not harm you."

Fontaine sank back, and, in an excited whisper, said:

"Bring her in! I know—I know who it must be."

Dr. Sinclair went to the curtain, drew it aside, and led forward the pale woman who had watched and listened with heart upon her lips. Fontaine advanced to meet her with his usual stately elegance; but when she offered him her cold hand, he rapidly drew her toward him, pressed her to his breast, and said:

"You might have come to the lost one, Carrie. You might have saved me, if I had dared to lay the burden of my sin upon your innocent heart. But I could not—I could not; and now I am demon haunted, while my angel is far from me. Ah! there it is now—gliding between us with its deadly breath—chilling me to the very heart!"

His arms dropped down suddenly, and he tottered as if about to fall. Dr. Sinclair hastened to support him to his seat, and after a few moments he became more composed. Miss Carleton gently asked:

"Is there no other one you would like to see, Mr. Fontaine? One you have dearly loved would be made happy by being admitted into your presence again."

He regarded her vacantly, and seemed to be considering the meaning of her words. Presently he pressed his hand to his head, and said, in a confused way:

"Yes, yes—I remember. I called her my child; I loved her as such; but the demon forbids me to do so any longer. He commands me not to look upon her, and I dare not disobey him. But you can take my place. Take Isola to your heart, Carrie Carleton, and she will prove as great a blessing to you as she might have been to me but for this cruel, cruel persecution. I cannot see her again; her presence is oppressive to me; and—and—now even yours is becoming so. There stands the phantom; his wrathful face is turned upon you. Go away, I entreat, or he may gain the same diabolical power over you that he has obtained over me."

He put up his hand, deprecatingly, and at a sign from the physician, Miss Carleton glided from the apartment, carrying with her the painful fear that Claude Fontaine's mind was wrecked beyond all hope of restoration.

Miss Carleton wrote a brief note to Mrs. Berkeley, describing the condition of affairs at Fontaine's, and requesting her to send over such articles of clothing as she might require during her stay. The carriage was sent back with this; and unable to remain within doors with the weight upon her heart that seemed crushing her to the earth, Carrie Carleton wandered out in the grounds, and sought to exhaust her emotion by rapid exercise.

She spent many hours in this bitter struggle with herself, and more than once the cry came to her lips:

"Oh, would that the right was mine to be near him for ever—for ever!"

#### CHAPTER XXX.

Love is not love  
That alters when it alteration finds;—  
Oh, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,  
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken.  
Shakespeare.

As the dinner hour drew near, Miss Carleton returned to the house, and went up to Isola's room. She found her sitting up in bed, supported by pillows, while she read George Berkeley's letter. There was a faint glow upon her lately colourless face, and her eyes sparkled with much of their usual animation.

Miss Carleton had recovered outward composure, and with her usual affectionate kindness, she said:

"I see that you are agreeably employed, my dear, so I will leave you to the enjoyment of George's letter. Dr. Sinclair promised to see you before he left. I suppose he has been up?"

"Yes—he came with Mr. Somerton; but I was sleeping so soundly that they did not arouse me. The senora was here just now, and told me that he said I had evidently been extremely ill, but I am now doing very well."

"He approved, then, of Mr. Somerton's treatment?"

"Yes, entirely."

This assurance satisfied her friend, and removed the fears that she had vaguely felt, in spite of the apparent solicitude of the Italian for Isola's recovery. She lingered only long enough to arrange her dress, and then left the young girl to read again and again the letter which contained so much that was precious to her.

During the months that had elapsed since the departure of George Berkeley, Isola had learned to look

on him as her future stay and companion for life. All his noble and true qualities rose before her, in vivid contrast to the worldliness of Philip; and the warm friendship she had always cherished for George insensibly assumed the tender hue of love. She felt that she could implicitly trust that honest nature, and give him that entire respect without which affection can have no firm basis. His letter ran thus:

"St. Petersburg, November 15, 18—.

"MY BELOVED ISOLA.—Your precious little letter, inclosed in one from cousin Carrie, has just reached me. It gives me the right to address you thus, for in it I behold the pledge that my Peri will, in time, fold her wings in the nest it shall be my sweetest care to prepare for her."

"My darling, I am very happy, for I know that you would not have replied to my last letter if in your heart a spring of tenderness had not opened for me. I will prove myself worthy of it, Isola; and I feel the sweet assurance that I can make your happiness, as you will mine, in the future which looms before me clothed in the rosy hues of love."

"But I must not fill my letter with protestations which you do not need to assure you of the strength and depth of my affection for you. That you already know, is indestructible as life itself. I have become that important personage to the home circle he has left behind him—a traveller in foreign lands; and my communications will have especial interest from a country so interesting, and so little known to 'outer barbarians,' as Russia; therefore I must endeavour creditably to maintain the character of an intelligent observer."

"I have now been in St. Petersburg several weeks; and although we have weather to which our keenest mountain breezes is comparative summer, I enjoy it beyond expression. The houses are thoroughly warmed through every portion, and when we go out in well appointed sleighs wrapped to the ears in furs, the exhilaration of flying over the snow in this clear atmosphere is greater than I can explain."

"Our ambassador has been received by the emperor, and his subordinates have, with him, attended a court ball. There I had the honour of an introduction to the Czar, the grandest-looking man I have ever seen. He looks as if born to rule, which I fancy few royalties do, for if one is to judge by the pictures of crowned heads that have descended to us, nature more frequently lavishes the gift of personal beauty upon the peasant than the kaiser."

"But Nicholas is a magnificent man, and as courteous as he is handsome. He was surrounded by a brilliant group of officers who had distinguished themselves in his service, and many of whom have won imperishable renown and lavish rewards from their munificent sovereign."

"Among them was a tall, stately-looking man, who attracted me from the first moment my eyes fell upon him. I cannot tell why this was, for he was not more striking in his appearance than many others near him. He was a middle-aged man, with hair lightly sprinkled with gray, and the expression of one who has suffered wrong, hardship and disappointment; all of which had been merged in the philosophic determination to make the most of what the mercy of heaven spared from the wrecked hopes he had left scattered upon his life path."

"I inquired who he was, and learned that he is an Italian of the name of Fontani, who for many years has been in the employment of the emperor as an engineer. His services have lately been rewarded with the title of baron and a large estate near Moscow; and the brilliant decorations he wore upon his breast bore witness to the military triumphs he has gained. But he soon retired from the gay scene, in which he only appeared at the command of his master."

"It would fill up my letter to describe to you the magnificence of the scene on this occasion. Imagine Aladdin's palace illumined with a blaze of radiance, and filled with a crowd of lovely and richly dressed women, attended by cavaliers in brilliant court costume. I danced once with a young girl, the niece of the French Ambassador, to whom I sought an introduction because she reminded me of you; but ah! Isola, her magnificent dark eyes lacked the light of love which I hope to see beaming from yours when they rest on me again."

"It was very late when we made our congé; in my sleigh was Charles Brinsley, my fellow attaché, and myself; the night was enchanting; the moon was shining with a clear lustre that rendered every object distinctly visible, and we sped over the snow-clad earth with the velocity of the wind. At a sudden turning, our sleigh came in contact with another approaching rapidly from the opposite direction. The collision was so violent that one of our horses was disabled, and fell in the traces; but the fiery steeds of the other sleigh swerved to one side, dashed madly forward, evidently unmanageable by the driver, who, as we afterwards ascertained, had been partaking too

freely of the strong waters to which his countrymen are so much addicted.

"A gentleman attempted to spring out, but caught his foot in the leopard skin with which the sleigh was lined, and fell in such a position as to be in imminent danger of having his brains dashed out by the unruly horses. I sprang to his assistance, seized the reins, and, after a severe struggle, succeeded in holding them in till Brinsley and the driver could come to my assistance.

"The momentary check enabled the prostrate man to recover his footing and extricate himself from his perilous position. He spoke to the horses, and they at once ceased their frantic efforts to rush away, and stood docile and obedient to his voice. He thanked us for our efforts to serve him, and insisted that we should accept seats in his vehicle, since our own horse was disabled. He said:

"I am Baron Fontaine, and I am on my way to the palace, to lay before the emperor some important despatches which have just arrived; but I pledge myself not to detain you many moments, and I will then set you down at your own hotel."

"Of course we accepted his offer, for it was too cold to remain in the open street till assistance could be summoned to our disabled steed; and taking the reins in his own hands, the baron bade his driver remain with ours and aid him in every possible manner.

"After a brief interview with the Czar, he returned to us, and soon set us down at once at our door. On parting from me, he gave me his card, and requested me to call on him on the following day. Delighted with the chance which had thus enabled me to form his acquaintance, made under such auspicious circumstances, I, of course, availed myself of his invitation to visit him.

"At as early an hour as I hoped to find him free to receive friendly calls, I went to his palace. He met me with great kindness; was pleased to exaggerate the service I had rendered him, and showed as much interest in my affairs as if he had been a friend of long standing.

"The baron informed me that in his youth he had travelled in England. Many portions of the country interested him deeply, especially the wild mountain scenery of my native place, with which he seemed wonderfully familiar; and I discovered that he understood English perfectly, though at first he spoke to me in French. By-the-way, I have now acquired such facility in that language that I can both speak and understand it with perfect ease. You remember how our old teacher used to make us *parley vous* together, and how useless we then thought it.

"But to return to the baron. He showed me several sketches, which he said he had purchased from a wandering artist; and among them I actually found a picture of the Vale, and another of Fontaine. He pointed to the latter, and said:

"I was induced to take that because the name is so nearly my own. Do you know of such a place in your native county?"

"I told him all about the place, and the connection between its owner and my family. I cannot describe to you the vivid interest with which he listened. He inquired minutely about Mr. Fontaine—his habits, his peculiarities; and when I had finished my description, he musingly said:

"From your account of him, one would think this man a king among his peers. How is it that he has never married?"

"Of course I could not explain that, but I referred to constitutional melancholy as the probable cause. He seemed struck with that, and quickly asked:

"Is there no other cause for that sadness? It seems to me that the owner of this beautiful place, situated in a bracing mountain atmosphere, and surrounded, as you say he is, by kind and steadfast friends, should be able to rid himself of the morbid taint in his blood, to which you refer."

"He had much to sadden his youth," I told him; but the baron was not satisfied till he drew from me the whole of that sad story about Henry Fontaine. When I had finished, he said:

"If your friend was guiltless in that affair, why should he cherish the feelings you have described? I am afraid there is a dark stain on the ermine of his robe, spotless as you would have me believe it."

"Forgive me, Isola, for repeating his words to you, for we know how pure, how noble Mr. Fontaine is—how far above any temptation to crime, and such crime as this!"

"I speedily disabused my new friend of this idea; but he has shown the interest he takes in the subject by frequently referring to it when we meet, and the mystery of Henry Fontaine's fate seems to possess as strong an attraction for him as it could for the nearest friend of your father.

"I have not yet told him of you. I do not know what feeling withheld me; but I am a jealous miser, who hoards his happiness in his own heart as too sacred to be shared by others; for in this I am not

expansive enough to make the idol whose shrine is in my inmost heart, visible to those around me. To the working day world I give my energies; to you, the consecrated dreams of love and hope.

"I have a miniature of you which I pilfered from Fanny, and in my solitary hours it is my constant companion. I yearn to return to you, to claim you as my own for ever, but my friends would not approve of it just now; so I must curb my impatience, and prove myself worthy of the happiness that awaits me.

"Adieu, my precious love: let your heart rest on me in perfect trust, for in life and death I am yours alone.

Isola folded her letter and laid it upon her pillow, with a sweet smile upon her lips. She felt that her haven of rest was almost gained; that George would take her to his noble heart, and shield her from the storms of life. There was now but one shadow on her path; the sad condition of her beloved protector; but she cherished the hope that in time he would be restored to her, vigorous in mind and strong in health, as before this strange attack of illness. Again she fell into that balmy sleep which brings healing on its wings. Somerton had given her some renovating drops, which seemed to act as a veritable elixir on her exhausted system, and with every passing hour she felt its reviving influence.

So rapidly had they counteracted the effects of the poison she had taken, that when Dr. Sinclair came up to see her, he had not been able to detect any traces of the deadly potion she had swallowed. He had accepted Somerton's account of the cause of her illness as the truth, and assured him that he had done everything that the most competent skill could have accomplished.

The *soi-disant* clergyman accepted the physician's compliments with an air of modest deprecation; he declared that his practical knowledge of medicine was trifling, but his skill as a chemist was great; that he understood the composition of every deleterious agent which could enter the human frame, therefore he could readily apply the antidote to the subtle poisons which are sometimes inhaled with the breath of life.

With a high opinion of his abilities, Dr. Sinclair recommended Fontaine to his constant care during his own absence, and departed, glad to leave so able a coadjutor to look after his patient.

(To be continued.)

## THE ROCK OF DEATH.

A NEAPOLITAN LEGEND.

THE villa of the Duke of Aversana, which overlooked the blue waters of the Sicilian Sea, resounded to the notes of music and of merriment. A grand festival was in active preparation. The fair sun of Italy had arisen to form a great day for the house of Aversana, for on that day the young prince, Guido of Melfi, was to wed the only daughter and heiress of Aversana, the lovely Francesca.

The servants bustled about with the noise and confusion which domestics always contrive to create on such occasions. All was prepared for the ceremony, and it only awaited the coming of the commandante of Principato Citra, who had promised to honour it with his presence.

A group of domestics, gathered upon the small stone quay of the villa grounds, watched for the appearance of the white sails of the commandante's galley, and speculated upon the cause of his delay.

"What if he should have been captured by the rover Ilderim?" suggested a grey-haired member of the party.

"Who is Ilderim?" questioned a pert, black-eyed maid, smartly dressed.

"The pirate of the Rock of Death," returned the old domestic, with a shudder.

"Tell us about him!" chorused the group, clustering around the old man.

"This rover is the terror of the sea," began old Ludovico, not displeased at the curiosity he had excited; "nay, and of the land, too, for that matter. His lair is an impregnable rock, which the ocean entirely surrounds. They tell strange things concerning him. It is said he eats gunpowder. He makes a pastime of storms, and considers thunder to be very pretty music. He cuts a throat as cavalierly as I would a capon's, and pockets his plunder as coolly as Florine does her perquisites. The fellow's impudence is quite aggravating. When the duke lately sent a present of Monte Pulciano wine to the commandante of Principato Citra, this Ilderim not only intercepted the hampers and carried them off, but sent a message to his excellency, saying that the sample was good, and that he should like another pipe or two."

"Oh, the villain!"

"The commandante swears that he will flay the pirate alive for cracking his bottles without leave.

But this is not all. He has the rudeness to take his followers, uninvited, to the entertainments of the noblesse; and, after eating and drinking everything before them, they walk off with the plate."

"Pray, how is the fellow to be recognized when seen?" interrogated one of the gaping listeners.

"By his ebony-coloured countenance and frightful dress. He wears a black shirt, trimmed with skulls and crossbones; his gloves and boots are steel; he wears a steel cuirass, and a steel helmet rising from a red turban. To this is attached a train of horse-hair, cut from his favourite pony. His legs and arms are cased in red, and his broad belt is garnished with daggers, sabres, and pistols, looking like a row of crocodile's teeth!"

Further conversation was interrupted by the appearance of a white sail in the distance. The galley of the commandante of Principato Citra was approaching.

A glad shout of welcome rent the air. Apprised of the event, the duke and his lovely daughter, her bridegroom, the young and gallant Guido, and their friends, gathered at the landing-place to greet their honoured guest.

The galley rapidly approached the shore. Its deck was thronged with armed men; and when the little quay was gained, a swarthy figure, clad in red and burnished steel, sprang like a thunderbolt amidst the joyous group.

A cry of horror and despair went up from the doomed, as they heard a fearful voice shout:

"Follow Ilderim! Kill all but the bride!"

It was the black-rover, who had seized upon the galley of the commandante, slaughtered him and his crew, and come unbidden to the bridal feast!

The hapless Francesca saw her father and lover struck down before her eyes—a cloud of fiery smoke rise over her childhood's home. She felt the strong arms of the rover encircle her, as he bore her to a fate worse than death; and then heaven mercifully deprived her of all sense.

The lightning—for such the Saracenic appellation of Ilderim implies—had struck, and desolation marked where the blow had fallen.

When Francesca returned to consciousness, she found herself the inmate of a chamber decked with oriental splendour. She might have fancied all had been a fearful dream, had not the giant frame, and dusky face, and gleaming eyes of the dreaded Ilderim, who stood beside the couch on which she was reclining, convinced her too terribly of its reality. It flashed like searing lightning through her brain. She was his captive—on the Rock of Death—alone, completely in his power. Well might convulsive shudders seize upon her frame, and dread forebodings fill her mind at this fearful discovery. She had been spared, she alone of all that joyous throng, for what? She dared not pursue the train of thought; but she was soon to learn.

A gleam shot over the dusky face of the rover—it was like a ray of sunshine on a tempestuous sea—as he read her thoughts.

"Right, lovely one," he said, in tones that were harsh and ominous, despite his efforts to make them gentle; "you are in my power; no friendly arm can snatch you from the Rock of Death. For those who obey my pleasure, this dreary spot yields the fabled delights of enchantment; but to those who dare my anger, hell itself has not greater torment."

She flung herself despairingly at his feet, with clasped hands and streaming eyes.

"In pity, send me hence!" she cried. "Behold one who has been accustomed to see the knee bent before her, now kneel to you. Men say that you are brave—oh, prove it! True valour and generosity were never yet divided. Spare me, Ilderim, spare me, and all I possess shall be my ransom!"

"Ransom!" he added, scornfully. "Were the frothed enamel of the ocean pearl, the globe itself one diamond, it should not buy you from me! No, Francesca, an envious distinction awaits you. That bosom shall pillow a head whose nod makes nobles tremble. My dainty one, fairer than any this eye has gazed upon, you are my destined bride."

"Your bride!" she exclaimed, rising to her feet, animated by the fearless spirit of her race, and forgetting all her fear. "Monster! sooner shall the inhabitants of that sky, whose purity your guilty soul will never see, court the embraces of a fiend, than the sun shall light me to a union with you!"

But this indignant outburst excited the rover's admiration, and not his anger.

"Why, you have a spirit worthy of my bride," he said. "But softly, angry one; the noble steed which scorned the plebeian horseman was conquered by an Alexander; and I care not if every flash of that dark eye strikes a follower dead, still you shall be tamed by me. Take second thoughts, my chosen one. Remember, while the sea breaks in eternal foam around this rock, nothing human can enter or quit it without my leave."



"The powers of earth combined shall not wring from me a consent," returned Francesca, undauntedly. "You are but woman, and what's a woman's resolution worth?"

He smiled derisively, and turning suddenly upon his heel, left the apartment.

Well might Francesca tremble as she contemplated her position. What, indeed, would her feeble resistance avail her against this ruffian's iron will. No outlet for escape—none! She saw before her only the alternatives of self-murder or immolation in the rover's arms. The first was terrible; but to unite herself to this man, the assassin of her father and her lover—no, no! Better a thousand deaths than one polluting kiss from him!

For three days she was unmolested. The rover, sure of his prey, had departed on an expedition. On the fourth day she was disturbed by the entrance of an African, Ilderim's favourite slave, who bore the strange name of Asrael.

"Slave," she cried haughtily, for she had resolved upon her course,—(to aggravate the Moor and bring the death she sought.)—"what new ill does your presence bode?"

"The coming of a tempest, lady," the slave, answered respectfully. "Ilderim bids me say that the altar awaits its votaries. Soon, for the last time before you will become his bride, he will visit you."

"Oh, heaven preserve me from his hated presence!" she murmured. "I can scarcely breathe when he is by."

"You pray well, lady," returned the slave, with much commiseration. "Heaven will not desert such innocence as yours. Poor girl, my heart bleeds for you!"

"Those words—that emotion!" cried Francesca, in deep surprise. "O! have I found a friend?"

"If one so lost as I am might dare to offer friendship, I should reply you have."

"Are you, like myself, a captive?"

"A self-doomed one, lady. Listen: the wrongs you endure are light compared to those the savage has heaped on me. The bare recital would turn your blood to ice. These eyes, like thine, beheld a sire's death beneath the pirate's hand, but they also saw the death struggle of a sainted mother as she fell beneath his ruffian gripe. I was a husband, a father, and the independent owner of a home; the fell destroyer came, and lo! my cottage was in flames; the shrieks of my burning children were heard above the crackling of the blaze, and my pure, tender wife was torn by Ilderim from my arms, and before these gushing eyes, outraged, murdered! Still, still those fair hands are stretched toward me in supplication for aid—still do the half-suffocated cries of my infants wail forth in the last extremity of mortal anguish! The recollection drives me mad—it conjures a demon to my soul—a wolf to my aching heart! I cannot bear it, lady. I cannot!" He covered his face with his hands, whilst strong emotion convulsed his frame.

"How is it," asked Francesca, amazed at this fearful recital, "that after all this wrong, I find you in a place of trust about the pirate's person?"

"Lady, he knows me not. I am not an African, but an Italian. This sabbie complexion is but assumed. I live but for revenge, and, like an angry cloud over a devoted house, await the moment when I may launch the retributive thunderbolt!"

"Still I am perplexed with doubts," said Francesca, gazing curiously at him. "Has no opportunity yet occurred to guide the avenging dagger to his heart?"

The slave smiled disdainfully, as he replied:

"Lady, at the first midnight after my arrival here I found my way, with cautious footsteps, to the bedside of the tyrant; my dagger was already gleaming in my hand, and my nerves stiffening for the retributive blow, when a groan of such agony burst from the sleeping rover's lips, that I stood appalled. Another and another succeeded; he laughed and writhed in so horrible a manner that I thought a fiend was mocking me with his mirth. It was a dream of conscience which disturbed him as he slept. The shades of his victims were before, above, beneath, around him; he gnashed his teeth, he prayed, and uttered imprecations in a breath; he even invoked the powers of darkness to snatch him from his tortures, and while the dews of terror oozed from his temples, he exclaimed: 'Crush me beneath a fiery mountain, ye fiends, but do not afflict me thus!' The sight was cordial to my afflicted spirit! It would have been an act of pity to have destroyed him at that moment, so I retired as I came, and since then my vengeance has nightly feasted on a repetition of the sight. He never closes his eyes without paying the forfeit of his crimes in agony unutterable, while I stand smiling by, and whisper to the spirit of my wife that she is avenged!"

Francesca had listened to this strange recital with mingled feelings of fear and abhorrence, and now a doubt sprang up in her mind.

"If you can indeed take pleasure in such a piteous

sight," she said, "I dare not expect you will rob yourself of it for the sake of serving me."

"In serving you I serve myself, lady. Were you to become the bride of Ilderim, I should be no longer able to watch his slumbers; the hour is therefore come for his career to close. I have summoned assistance to your aid, but I fear that the threatening tempest will retard the approach of the vessels until too late; yet, take comfort, lady; should he force you to the altar, the moment in which he attempts to wed you shall be his last. Be calm—the pirate comes."

Even as he spoke the sounding steps of Ilderim were heard, and he entered the apartment. He waved Asrael to depart, with a haughty gesture, and then advanced to Francesca.

"Well, fair Francesca," he cried, "how am I to approach you? Must the accepted lover smile as he presses his willing mistress to his heart, or has the imperious conqueror still to frown and threaten deeds of ruthlessness?"

"We are of different countries, Ilderim," she answered, "calmly, though her heart fluttered; "you cannot hope that a daughter of Europe can look with complacency on one of your complexion."

"My skin is dark, it is true—what then? It changes colour at the warm visitings of the god of heat and light. I have seen men blush deeper when an earthly sovereign has addressed them."

"Would that it had tinged your cheek with the rosy hue of innocence. But all you can urge is useless—by my hopes of an hereafter, Ilderim, I never will be yours."

"Indeed! I would not shock your ear, gentle lady; but on the Rock of Death, when persuasion is found unavailing, we adopt the law of force!"

"You would not dare to carry so villainous a threat into execution!"

"Not dare? I have dared to shed blood in a church before now—I have dared the thunders that have made good men tremble—I have dared war to the knife—war against all mankind! My firm nerves have withstood the shock of earthquakes—I have dared fate herself, and think you I am to be turned aside by the weak words of a puny girl? No! by Mahomet! The altar is prepared—the bride alone is wanting—come!"

With these words, he clasped the shrieking girl in his arms, but the loud reverberations which at that moment echoed through the chamber made him relinquish his grasp in deep surprise. Francesca thought the sound was thunder, but the practised ear of Ilderim knew it to be artillery. It was the warning note of danger—his stronghold was attacked! Determined not to be baffled of his prey, he would have again seized the shrinking maid, when Asrael suddenly bounded into the apartment.

"Save yourself, lady!" he exclaimed; "succour is at hand!"

With these words he precipitated himself upon the rover, and the horror-stricken Francesca saw them fall to the floor twined in a deadly embrace. Short was the struggle. Ilderim, streaming with blood, and raging like a wounded lion, arose to his feet, and spurned the lifeless body of the hapless Asrael from him. But now a new barrier rose up between him and Francesca. The room became filled with armed men. Could she believe her senses? A well known form interposed to guard her—his gleaming sword was thrust thrice through the rover's body, and with mingled groans and curses he yielded up his evil life, while Francesca was clasped, half dead with joy, to the breast of Guido of Meli!

Her lover had been struck down and left for dead on that fearful day, but had fortunately escaped with a slight wound. He had received Asrael's messenger, and set forth, with a strong force, to affect the liberation of his bride.

The pirates were annihilated and their stronghold destroyed. Guido bore his bride to his own ancestral home; a second bridal day was appointed, which passed without interruption; and the lovers, so strangely parted, were at length united, never more to separate.

Francesca, in after years of happiness, forgot her deadly peril; but the peasantry along the coast still relate the tradition of the "Rock of Death!"

G. L. A.

**THE PIKE.**—The boldness of the pike is very extraordinary. I have seen one follow a bait within a foot of the spot where I have been standing; and the head-keeper of Richmond Park assured me that he was once washing his hand at the side of a boat in the great pond of that park, when a pike made a dart at it, and he had just time to withdraw it. A gentleman now residing at Weybridge, in Surrey, informed me that, walking one day by the side of the river Wey, near that town, he saw a large pike in a shallow creek. He immediately pulled off his coat, tucked up his shirt sleeves, and went into the water to intercept the return of the fish to the river, and to endeavour to throw it upon the bank by

getting his hands under it. During this attempt, the pike, finding he could not make his escape, seized one of the arms of the gentleman, and lacerated it so much that the wound is still very visible. A friend of mine caught a pike a few minutes after breaking his tackle, and found it in the pike, a part of the gimp hanging out of his mouth. He also caught another, in high condition, with a piece of strong twisted wire projecting from its side. On opening it, a double eel-hook was found at the end of the wire, much corroded. This may account for so few pike being found dead after they have broken away with a gorged hook in them. An account will be found in "Salmonia" of a pike taking a bait with a set of hooks in his mouth, which he had just before broken from a line.

#### ORIGIN OF FAMOUS NAMES.

It is a vulgar notion, that some names are necessarily noble and romantic, while others are necessarily mean and base. Names are beautiful only in their associations. Worth, valour, genius, learning, have converted syllables into poems, and words into histories. Look the British Peerage through, and in that bright list there is, perhaps, not one that does not seem to the eye and the imagination picturesque. Yet in their beginnings most of them had nothing in sound or spelling that could be considered glorious. Howard is a Hogward; Seymour is a tailor; Leicester is a weaver; Percy is a gross fellow; Butler is a cellar man; Stewart is a domestic servant. Vaen, Vere, Hyde, and Pole, sound the reverse of heroic. Hay is not intrinsically nobler than Straw. How is it, then, that Hay has come to represent the pink of aristocracy? Straw the lowest of vulgar cheats? Simply by association. Would the complainants originally like to have been Blunt, Craven, or Gore? There is nothing in Grey more attractive than Brown, as to either sound or letters. Indeed, Grey is a shade or so less vigorous than its rival Brown.

Would any one like to have been known as Roper and Touchet if these family names had ever been immortalized by noble deeds? We do not know that Gimlet has a more familiar look than Bacon, Petty, Peel, and Pitt. Yet these have become by association some of the most reverential and gracious of English names. Milton, Sackville, and Shelley, are not necessarily aristocratic and poetical. Had they not been glorified by genius and by rank, they would perhaps have been included in Mr. Buggrey's list. Churchill, Fuller, Kidd, Quarles, Donne, Bowles, Savage, Quincey, and Dickens, now household words, borne by some of the choicest of our national poets and humorists, would certainly have been so. Not much better as to sound are Cowper, Lamb, and Bulwer. People used to laugh and joke at Cecil. Talbot and Talmash would be considered vulgar. Every one considers Raleigh a very romantic name, but in Sir Walter's time it was open to very bad puns. The same with Drake.

Coke, too, would be thought low had it not been illuminated by the author of the "Institutes," and the owner of Halkham. In the absence of Sir Christopher, would Mr. Tigg like to have been called Wren? Had there been no erudite giant of that name, would not Cheek have been voted intolerable? In truth, scarcely anything depends on the letter, everything on the connection of ideas. Solomon was the wisest of men, and his name is one of the noblest in literature; yet no prudent father, unless he were a Jew, would give it to his child, because in the present generation it happens to be ludicrously associated with old clothes. In its Saracenic form, Saladin, it would be considered magnificent. A current jest will destroy the picturesque beauty of the most famous names; a living Pompey would be set down as a nigger, a living Caesar treated as a dog. Cymon is a name which would attract the female eye, and perhaps, even reconcile it to the adjunct Smyth. Mrs. Cymon Smyth would have an air upon a card. But the fine feminine instinct would recoil from Simon. And why the difference? Is it not because Cymon is associated with Iphigenia, and Simon with the simpleton—who met a pie-man coming from a fair? One of the objectionable names, to remove which from the face of the earth all gods and men are called to aid, is Vilain. Yet the Hogwards and Stywards were all Vilains; and one of the proudest houses of Europe, that of Count Vilain the Fourteenth, rejoices in the obnoxious name.

**FLOGGING GAROTTES.**—John Croudace and Thomas Allison, who were convicted at the assizes of garrotte robberies at Sunderland, and sentenced, the former to five years and the latter to ten years' penal servitude, with 20 lashes each, underwent the punishment of flogging at the County Prison. The instrument of punishment was manufactured by a sailor, who is undergoing imprisonment in the gaol, expressly for the purpose. At every stroke the knots cut deeply, making flesh and blood

fly in every direction. The warders Hodgson and Allison executed their task with the skill of more practised hands. The officials of the goal were present, but the prisoners were kept in their cells. Hodgson and Allison alternately inflicted ten lashes each on each of the prisoners. The first lash was received with comparative equanimity by each prisoner; but on the second, the yell of deep and excruciating agony which burst forth is represented as indescribable. Their cries continued during the whole of the punishment. When the punishment had been inflicted the prisoners were taken down and removed to the prison infirmary in a state of prostration. Although the prisoners did not witness the punishment, they could hear the shrieks in their cells.

## ALL ALONE.

By E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,  
Author of "The Hidden Hand," "Self-Made," &c., &c.

### CHAPTER XXVII

#### RETURNED FROM THE GRAVE.

Long had they loved, most fervently and true;  
Though parted long, they met again,  
And in that warm embrace in which  
The smouldering ashes took fresh life,  
And blazed up fierce, they loved as they  
Had loved before.

Willis.

'TWERE better perhaps to pass briefly over the painful scenes which followed after the death of the murderer, Ida Denby, yet must we, in as few words as may be, describe what happened.

As the news of the dreadful tragedy spread through the house, all its inmates flocked to the chamber of death.

Of the guests there assembled, however, the greater portion hurried away, eager to escape from assisting in anything disagreeable in the shape of an inquest, which would probably occur, and also, perhaps, to spread the terrible news abroad; whilst, again, the few who did remain upon the spot, did so from mixed motives of curiosity to witness what would follow, and of conscious obligation to be of service to those who had entertained them kindly.

In the midst of all, young Austin came home, and found a crowd of police men in his house.

Genevieve, pale with grief and horror, was one of those, by order of the coroner, present at the inquest, which took place immediately; but it was from the lips of the domestics that Austin heard the particulars of what had occurred.

Between Austin and his *soi-disant* mother there had existed but little affection, yet the news of her terrible fate overwhelmed him with grief and horror.

The verdict was self-murder, and prussic acid was pointed to as the deadly instrument of the murderer's destruction.

Let us, however, pass briefly over the events of the next few days—the awful funeral of the suicide and murderer—the city talk, the newspaper paragraphs—the comments pro and con of the most excitable, most forgetful, gayest, wickedest city in the world.

For half a week nought else was spoken of—at the end of the week it was buried in oblivion!

When at length, however, the horror of Ida's unblest funeral was past, there came a quiet hour, in which Genevieve presented Austin to Father Peter, and left them alone together to come to a mutual understanding.

Various circumstances and events in the life of the young man, slight in themselves but important in their suggestiveness, had in some measure prepared him to learn that he was the son by adoption only of the wretched woman who had just killed herself.

When Father Peter related the story of his youthful love and imprudent marriage, and subsequent loss of his wife, followed by his own entrance into the monastic order, and finally ended by disclosing the very recent discovery of his long lost wife in the abbess, and his unknown son in Austin—the latter sat pale, silent, thoughtful, incredulous, hesitating, and still looking upon, still feeling like a stranger to, the venerable man who spoke to him.

When, however, the priest began to talk to him of his mother—his own, true mother—the image of that beautiful pale nun whom he had once seen dispensing alms at the convent gate, and whose dark mournful eyes, and deep melodious voice had so strangely and sweetly thrilled his nerves and heart, Austin hastily interrupted the priest's speech, by exclaiming, "Let us seek her, sir—that is let Genevieve and I go at once; and you, sir, you can also accompany us?"

"Yes, Austin, I also will go."

But there was a coldness in the son's tones. He did not offer himself to his father's embrace.

It appeared, indeed, as though he were rather reserved towards the old priest, and it was very plain that if any affection were to grow up between them,

it must grow gradually from the deep rooted sources of long association and mutual knowledge.

But, alas! there were more sorrowful meetings to come, for meetings are many times in this sad world of ours sadder than partings.

Happy are they who, parting long years ago from the loved one, meet him, not wearing in the place of the old loved honest open face, an expression sinister and sensual, which shall betray the world-ossified, debased, and perverted nature which never can return the pure love so long treasured in aching hearts!

Poor Eustasia—or as we know her better, Agatha—had been prepared to a certain extent for the meeting with her long lost husband.

Genevieve had written to her in the first place, to inform her of the death of Ida Denby, and of the casual meeting with Father Peter. Very little love had existed between the nun and Ida Denby, consequently the news of the catastrophe which had ended the sinful life of the former shocked the latter but very little. But that Genevieve had met her (Agatha's) husband was the great absorbing point of interest.

There were but few particulars, however; so that, only half ready for the news, it was a shock of joy, so thrilling and exciting to heart and soul, that she fancied her reason must give way when one day there came a letter to say they were on their way to her.

Soon, however, came a letter from him, in which were to be found the outpourings of the long-pent fountains of love and passionate grief.

"Oh, my long-lost, my ever mourned, my dearest, fondest, only one," he wrote. "I whom sorrow could never utterly break down—can now scarce bear up under the joy of the revelation that has been made to me. To know you living—soul and body living—not dead—not lost to heaven, or to me—but saved, redeemed, treasured—and mine as I am thine to all eternity! Ah, mine own! I who have sinfully despaired and prayed for death for so many long years, now dread even the familiar sea, least its waves should engulf me ere I see your face again. Our child, dearest, has his mother's heart of fire and soul of light. You shall see him ere long!"

But when she read these words, the abbess sighed deeply.

"From me perhaps," she said, "the burning heart, but not from me the bright and radiant soul. Ah! no, no! Not from me."

Poor creature! Emotions too deep for tears agonized her whole being. The loved one was coming; and life and the world, and the aspects of eternity seemed to change in the prospect.

He was coming—yes, he was coming.

He had come!

It was a refulgent summer's day when she sat waiting for them in trembling, painful suspense.

Then the carriage rolled into the courtyard, and Genevieve alighted and came alone into the house, to find the abbess alike incapable of speech or motion.

Blooming and smiling with joy, the bright visitant embraced her pale and trembling friend, whispering as she did so:

"Bear up, brave heart. He is here."

In another moment she was gone again, and a man entered the room—her husband.

It was a strange meeting. Truly one of mingled joy and sorrow.

A priest and nun—albeit many years anterior to their assumption of religious and conventual habits a wedded pair—might not now meet as lovers, or even friends. The very clasping of the hands was forbidden by the vows by which each was rashly bound.

Slowly she rose to her feet to bid him welcome, but could only point to a seat, thus mutely inviting him to take it, before she sank back again, half fainting, into her chair.

Notwithstanding all preparation, both were excessively agitated—how could it be otherwise?

They spoke incoherently, questioned and replied at random; commenced sentences and stopped abruptly; spoke in ejaculations, and broke off to gaze each upon the others altered brow, in sorrowful dismay.

This at first, and then their deeply troubled souls grew gradually quiet—the course of thought and affection smoother and clearer—and at last they calmly gathered up the scattered links in their broken chain of history and put them together for a better understanding of the past—the irrevocable—never to be recalled!

"In our grief," said the priest, "many have been made happy. Is it not so? Very true at least has this been respecting your share of our sorrow, Eustasia; for long have I heard, without suspecting her identity with my lost bird, of the wisdom and goodness, and widely extended usefulness of the Abbess of St. Genevieve. How the poor, the rich, the sinful of every degree blessed her ministrations. Ay, how the sick have been restored by her prayers, and the case-hardened sinner subdued and converted by her exhortations."

"Stay! oh, hush!" cried Agatha; "not unto us, oh Lord, but unto Thy name be all the glory!"

And as she spoke she clasped her hands and raised her dark eyes, full of the radiant light of holy enthusiasm.

An hour yet did they pass in sweet and sacred converse, and then the priest passed out.

Upon his way, he encountered Genevieve:

"Go in," he said, in a low, trembling voice, yet smiling sweetly; "she will tell thee all that thou shouldst know."

When Genevieve returned to the abbess she found her with a countenance—oh! so changed from that which she had shewn but two hours ago; for it now was refulgent with a joy that looked through and beyond this world.

The nun caught her to her heart, and wept while she embraced her:

"Oh, my darling, what happiness to have the vista of life open to one's tearful eyes—to know that we shall dwell therein in light and love for ever! Oh, Genevieve! doubtless, lovers are very happy on their bridal day; but we two, who have just now parted to meet no more on earth, except in the sacraments of the church—we two, earth aged and earth ruined—we are happier, far happier than they; for the aspects of eternity are revealed to us, and we know that the precious love offered upon the sacrificial altar here will be restored to us in infinitely heightened worth and beauty in heaven—that death will not sever, but will unite us for ever. It is a marriage adjourned from time to eternity—from earth to heaven!"

"Oh, dear aunt!" said Genevieve, during the course of the evening; "How I should like to hear your story."

"You shall hear it, my dear," said the nun; "I wished to tell it to you."

And she began without any hesitation.

"That wretched woman," she said, "who laid sacrilegious hands upon God's sacred gift of life, was the depository of your family history, which she never confided to me."

"No."

"On the contrary, she misled me in regard to your parentage, and bound me to silence by vows, that only her death has loosed. But my late interview with François Laglorieux has made all the parts clear to me, for your history is so interwoven with my own, that to disclose one is to disclose the other."

With these words, then, did she commence the strange history here written:—

"My life began," she said, "with my first knowledge of François Laglorieux. He was the young French-master in the boarding-school where I was educated. It was a well conducted establishment, and no one could be more conscientious than was its principal in the discharge of his duties. There were some five or six other professors, they were all jealously watchful. But what vigilance can bar the intercommunication of related spirits?"

"I cannot tell you how I first found out that François loved me with a heaven-pure passion, or when the soul within me first awoke to life and consciousness. But soon I knew I lived only in him, as he in me."

"But all this time, no word of love had passed the lips of either. None knew of or suspected its existence. Yet were we thus supremely happy. We never met but in the presence of the teacher and the class. Yet were we happy."

"Somehow we both dreaded a meeting alone, as the breaking of the charm. Present or absent, we were, though, ever together in spirit. If he had made the least sign—if his voice had changed in the slightest, our secret would have been betrayed. But we lived in each other, and our secret was inviolate."

"We would meet in the class-room among strangers, divided; and yet our spirits would meet, and blend, and part—but to meet again. And the glow in either heart was lighted with the glow in the other. We were like Adam and Eve in paradise, are the serpent came to destroy all happiness."

"But, alas! the serpent did come."

"At the end of my fourth year, my parents sent for me home. I was taken to an hotel for two days. It was there that François and I first met alone without spies around us. It was there that he came to bid me adieu—adieu for ever. And it was amid the pangs of parting that he first breathed his love, and gave and received vows of eternal fidelity."

"But when we parted, I lost consciousness of his spiritual presence, if, indeed, his spirit was then with me. I pined for his voice, and smiles; and when my parents took me thence, and when every day's experience only served to confirm me in the knowledge that Colonel Denby would never consent to bestow the hand of his only daughter upon a humble French master, I fell into despondency and illness."

"My father thought that I needed a companion; and as we were destitute of near relations that might have come to share our home, my father advertised for a



young lady. That fatal advertisement brought about the engagement of the unprincipled Ida Weaver, who I have no doubt was a person of broken reputation, and palmed off upon the simple-hearted country gentleman—my father.

"Her arrival was the coming of the serpent. Then was the entrance of sin and sorrow into my paradise. I was young and impressible. She soon magnetised me. She, notwithstanding a certain instinct that warned me against her, soon gained my confidence, and my secret. Ah! what desecration of that sweet and secret mystery, to lay it upon a bosom so false!

"At first she consoled me with a deceptive sympathy, but did not seek to tempt me into error. She was looking out for herself. She had fixed her fatal eyes upon my younger brother—Philip. He was the handsomest man I ever saw in my life. It was almost his only attraction.

"When she had resolved to make him marry her, she, of course, accomplished her will. Far weaker women than herself do such things with great ease. It took not a tithe of her subtlety to fascinate the son and manage the father. The colonel would have discarded either of his children for any other mésalliance, but he forgave Philip for her sake—indeed, he himself doted upon this syren, and was a victim to her wiles. The marriage took place, and my father, leaving the young couple in possession of his town house, went to Mount Storm. He wished me to attend thither and be his housekeeper. Would I had done so!

"I had fallen—alas! all our family had—under the spell of that evil one. She wished to keep me with her for a purpose, and she had her will. I remained. My father departed alone. Soon after I received a letter—the first letter from François. It came quite unexpectedly; for we had arranged no plan of private correspondence. I have since discovered that she instigated him to write.

"The surprise and joy of receiving the letter blinded me to my sinfulness, and I wrote in reply. The correspondence continued for some weeks, until François came to see me in person. He took up his residence close to our house. Mrs. Denby, with her sophistries, encouraged our meetings, and urged us on to a private marriage, pledging herself to obtain afterwards the forgiveness of my father.

"At first I shrink back; but François and Mrs. Denby over-persuaded me. Alas! with an advocate in my own bosom, how could I withstand them?

"We were married! Having no other witness to the rites but Ida Denby.

"Yet four weeks longer did he remain in our neighbourhood, and then a plan of correspondence was arranged by which his letters were to reach me under cover to Mrs. Denby, whose correspondence was always sacred. My letters were to be directed and transmitted by her hand to me.

"Thus he left us, and I never saw him but once again, until I saw him this day.

"When he had gone, the clouds began to gather threatening over our house. My brother Philip's health had been gradually declining since his marriage. He was zealously attended by Ida, from whom he could not bear to be separated an hour. Alas! no medical aid availed him. He never rallied, but died in less than a year after his marriage.

"Troubles crowded on me fast. A month after my brother's death, my father received a letter from my elder brother, announcing his marriage with a French girl of low birth.

"My father's wrath at this news was dreadful; and he then and there solemnly renounced him.

"I had risked and wrecked my whole life's happiness on that unauthorized marriage. François's letters began to come less regularly. I expressed my uneasiness to Ida Denby; but she soothed and calmed me. My anxiety, however, grew to fever heat. Still she seemed to seek to calm me, and preserve my faith.

"At last the letters ceased altogether. My letters remained unanswered. I grew frantic.

"Ida implored me to be calm. Night and day she and her maid Nora remained with me. My father, who was evidently in love with this wretch, Ida, had noticed not my illness. At length, however, she persuaded him to allow her to take me for a change of air to the sea-side.

"He could not go with us, but yielded a reluctant consent. In a few weeks after our arrival, an heir was born to the Denby estate, but the babe reputed to be the posthumous child of Philip Denby and Ida his wife was really mine. That unhappy servant and Dr. Throgmorton were necessarily in the secret.

"The colonel did not join us until several weeks after the birth of my poor babe. When at length he came, Ida very gracefully played the invalid, and pretended that she had summoned him long ago.

"What! he cried. He had received no letter.

"But she persisted.

"I know I wrote. Did you not post it, Nora?"

"Yes, ma'am," said the abigail.

"Had her deception, in respect to the child, been found out, she would have said that she acted thus to save my reputation.

"But, oh! the misery of my own heart during the days that followed. Still no tidings. Even Ida now had ceased to give me hope. Alas! how could I help thinking he was false? I was but sixteen, and had no friend.

"Still my love pleaded for him; and there was one secret I kept from my accomplice.

"I was moved by an impulse stronger than my will, to go to London, and seek for my love. I told no one. I determined I would risk all. One night I gathered together what valuable jewels and what money I possessed, made them into a packet, dressed myself plainly, tied on a dark veil, and, at the midnight hour, stole on tiptoe down-stairs.

"By the night train I fled to town. After weary, weary seeking, I learnt that François had gone to his native town in France. I followed him. I went there. Oh, God! why did I not die in that hour of agony?

"I took a humble lodging to economise my means; but a month of fruitless seeking had reduced me to despair before I thought of applying to the police. It was the last and bitterest resource.

"Offering liberal payment for information, I traced him to a cottage in a village some miles distant.

"Something prompted me to steal upon him and surprise him. At the end of the lane where his cottage was situated I paused to inquire my way.

"Whose cottage is that? I asked a child.

"Monsieur François!"

"Does he live alone?"

"With his wife!"

"His wife?"

"Yes, madam."

"I gasped for breath.

"With my heart slowly beating as though it were about to stop for ever, I walked softly up to the door, almost invisible in the darkness.

"So, unobserved, I approached the fatal door.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

### ARTHUR AND MRS. LLEWELLYN FACE TO FACE.

Those are the likeliest copies which are drawn from the originals of human life.

Roscommon.

LEMUEL, the footman, who in boyhood had been the constant attendant of young Powis in all his rural sports, was standing at the front door. Immediately recognizing the new-comer, he impulsively ran out to greet him with a joyous yet respectful welcome.

"Well, Lem, is that you? How does the world go with you?" inquired the young sailor, cordially shaking the hand of his humble friend.

"Upside down, sir; very upside down, indeed, since the death of master and mistress. Glad to see you back again, sir; and hope now, before long, there will be another master and mistress over the old hall, to reign over us all and put things to rights," answered Lemuel.

"Thank you for your good wishes, Lem. I hope so too," replied the young man, good humouredly.

Lemuel, with much formality, led the way to the drawing-room, and threw open the door.

"Shall I announce your arrival to Mrs. Llewellyn, sir?" inquired Lemuel.

"No; certainly not. I understand that Mrs. Llewellyn is engaged in her own apartment. Do not disturb her on my account," said the young man.

Lemuel paused, with the door in his hand, as if he waited and wished to do something to show his devotion to the guest.

"You may bring some wine and sandwiches here directly. But stay! Arthur, perhaps you would like to go to your room first? You know where to find it. It is your old room, kept ready for you all this time. Lemuel will attend you," said Gladys.

"No, no, dearest. I wish to go nowhere until I have had a talk with you. I must make use of the present opportunity, lest we should be interrupted by your aunt," replied Arthur, in a low voice.

"Then, Lemuel, you may bring the refreshments here, as I ordered," said Gladys.

"Now then, dear Gladys, this letter?" said Arthur, impatiently, as he led her to the sofa, and seated himself beside her.

She drew the paper from her bosom, and put it into his hand.

He opened and read it slowly—with scornful eyes, flushed cheeks, and curling lips. When he had finished it, he did not return it to her, but put it securely in his own pocket, from which he drew the other letter, and handed it to her.

She opened and carefully ran her eyes over it. It was the same in effect, and very nearly the same in phraseology, as the one that had been written to her.

It ran as follows:—

"MY DEAR ARTHUR.—I write this letter with death upon me. When it reaches you, and while you read these lines, the hand that traces them will be mouldering in the grave. . . . Stop, and let that thought sink into your heart before you read farther. . . . And now, as a message from the dead, as a voice from the grave, receive and reverse my words! As I have ever filled a father's place, and done a father's duty by your orphaned boyhood, give me now a son's attention and obedience!

"You are aware how strongly I opposed your wish to marry my daughter Gladys. This opposition, Arthur, grew out of no personal dislike to yourself, as you may feel assured; but out of other designs that I had formed for my daughter's welfare and happiness. For years it has been my cherished wish to live to see my darling, at some future time, the wife of my esteemed young friend, James Stukely. But the hand of death is on me. I cannot live to carry out my plans for my child's good. Dying, therefore, I solemnly adjure you, as you value the blessing of an old man who has been more than a father to your orphanage, and as you dread his curse, give up all pursuit of Gladys, and leave her to the man chosen for her husband by her parents. And as you obey, or disobey in this, may the blessing or the curse of heaven attend you through life, and unto death.

"GRIFFITH HUGH LLEWELLYN."

"No, my father never wrote this letter; in his last illness he was too conscientious to have attempted to break our engagement; he was, also, too affectionate to have bequeathed us so much sorrow; and, more than all, he was far too reverential than ever to have seized on the prerogative of Divinity, and to have launched threats and curses in the shocking manner that he is made to seem to do!" said Gladys, returning the letter. But as he took it, she suddenly snatched it back, saying:

"Stay! I did not think of it before! but I did notice a something singular about that signature! Let me look at it again!"

He yielded it up, with a look of surprise; and she examined it closely.

"Well, dearest, what have you discovered?" he inquired.

"Look at this signature. Do you see nothing strange about it?" she asked, fixing her great dilated eyes upon him, and then pointing to the name.

"No!" he answered.

"It is tremulous!"

"I see; but that goes for nothing, since it purports to have been written by a dying man, whose hand must be supposed to have trembled in the effort of writing."

"Yes; but, dearest Arthur, look at the letter, there is no sign of such tremulousness in that, but only in the signature! And, besides, even in the signature, the tremulousness is not that of a *failing* hand, but of a *tracing* hand! Look at it! There are no hair strokes in the letters. They are all of one thickness, and full of minute irregularities; such as the lines of my drawing used to be when I would put the copy up before a window-pane and trace my subject, instead of drawing it by eye.

Before Gladys had done speaking, the young man had re-possessed himself of the paper and was examining the signature with great carefulness by the aid of a pocket-lens. Then he took the other letter from his pocket, and examined the signature of that, and then compared them together.

"Well?" eagerly exclaimed Gladys, who had kept her expanded eyes fixed upon him all this while.

"Well, dearest, you are perfectly right. These signatures are both traced, and from precisely the same copy. And each has been traced twice. First, by placing the paper over the copy against a window-pane and using a lead pencil, and then by laying the paper on a table or desk, and going over the pencil marks with pen and ink. If you will take this lens, you will be able to see the pencil marks under those minute irregularities of the pen-strokes," he said, drawing a stand before her, laying out the two letters upon it, and placing the lens in her hand.

"I do see it now! Why, these signatures must both have been traced from one autograph of my father's, in the writer's possession," said Gladys, gazing as if her eyes were fascinated to the paper.

"In the *forger's* possession! Don't let us confound terms, Gladys! These letters are forgeries, and Mrs. Llewellyn is the forger!"

"Heaven of heavens! Arthur, how can you say that?" exclaimed the deeply excited girl.

"Because I firmly believe what I say. If they were not forged by Mrs. Llewellyn, by whom were they forged?"

"Oh, Arthur, not by her! not by her! She is so good, so kind, so true. Poor papa thought she was an angel."

"Did you never learn from books, if not from life, there are hypocrites in the world, Gladys? Have

"you never been taught by the Holy Scriptures, if not by experience, that there are devils in the form of angels of light?" said the young man, with eyes flashing indignation and scorn.

"Oh, Arthur, Arthur, do not tell me any more just now. Let me get over this. Give me a little time. Oh, I had almost rather die than hear of such things, and especially of aunt Llewellyn. But I cannot believe it of her. Oh, no, Arthur; I cannot believe it. I cannot!" exclaimed Gladdys, shrinking and shuddering, and covering her face with her hands.

"Heaven knows that I would willingly conceal from you the existence of so much and such deep evil, my pure lily. But when this evil lays wait for you, and threatens your happiness, if not your destruction, I must reveal it to you, at whatever cost of temporary pain to yourself, Gladdys," he said.

She did not answer, except by dropping her covered face upon the stand and moaning softly.

"Listen, farther, my dearest. Observe the cruel art with which those letters were constructed. They were intended first to deceive us, and, if that should be impossible, secondly to deceive others. And hence from the beginning to the end of those letters there is neither admission nor denial of the act of betrothal between us. If there had been a denial of it, we should have seen at a glance that it was falsehood, and not the work of your father, whose word was truth. While if there had been any admission of our betrothal, it might have been construed into legal consent, and defeated the very purpose for which the letters were forged, namely, to prevent our marriage. The letters were, therefore, carefully worded in a manner calculated to impress us with the idea that he did not deny, but repented, having consented to our betrothal, and to persuade others, who knew nothing about it, and who might be called to judge, that he never had countenanced, or even been cognizant of, such an engagement. That was very good art; but the tracing of both signatures by the same pattern was very bad art. Don't you see?"

"Oh, I see, I see; and I believe the letters to be forgeries; but I cannot, oh! I cannot believe aunt Llewellyn to have been the forger. Consider, it is a crime! a crime punishable by imprisonment! And she is a lady! Oh, horror! horror! horror!" exclaimed Gladdys, pressing her hands before her face.

"Gladdys! come what will, I will test this matter," said the young man firmly, but kindly, as he bent over her bowed head.

Both were so completely absorbed by each other, and by the subject they had in hand, that neither heard the opening of the door, nor perceived the entrance of Mrs. Llewellyn, until she stood in her deep mourning robes, tall, stately, and sternly beautiful, before them.

"I had scarcely expected to see you at Cader Idris, Mr. Powis. Gladdys, my love, retire to your own room. I must speak to this young man alone," said the lady.

Gladdys, pale, silent and trembling, arose to obey. But Arthur Powis also arose, clasped the hand of Gladdys closely, bowed to Mrs. Llewellyn, and, standing before her, said:

"You can have nothing to say to me, madam, which may not be heard by my betrothed bride, Miss Llewellyn."

"If Miss Llewellyn had any sense of propriety, she would obey her aunt," said the lady.

"Let me go, Arthur," pleaded Gladdys, trying to disengage her hand.

"No, dearest, I cannot. For your own sake, I dare not," he replied, tightening his hold upon her. Then, turning to Mrs. Llewellyn, he said:

"Cast your reproaches upon me, madam, since it is I who detain my promised wife beside me, that with me she may hear what explanation you have to give concerning these letters; for it is of these letters I presume that you intend to speak," said Arthur Powis, laying his other hand firmly upon the two letters that still remained upon the table. He did this, partly to indicate them and partly to keep them from her possession, for she had put out her hand as if to take them up.

"Yes, it is of these letters that I wish to speak to you. But she has heard about them already. And it is a painful subject, with which she need not be annoyed again. Therefore, to spare her feelings, I recommended that she should retire," said the lady, calmly.

"Ah! if consideration for her feelings, madam, was your only motive for wishing her to withdraw, I have no more to say. I will leave it to the young lady herself. Gladdys, my dearest, what do you say?"

"If my aunt does not mind, I would rather stay," said the young girl.

"You hear, madam. Pray proceed."

"Very well, then; I will," said the lady, advancing her hand again to take up the letters.

"If you please, madam, no; excuse me; I cannot suffer these documents to pass out of my possession,"

said Arthur Powis, as he took the letters up, folded them carefully, and stowed them securely in his breast pocket.

"You are absurd," said the lady, as she threw herself into a chair near the sofa, and motioned Arthur and Gladdys to resume their seats. "You are very absurd. What good can the possession of those letters do you, unless, indeed, they could serve to remind you that your presence here is unexpected and unwelcome; yes, and even forbidden?"

"I am here, madam, by arrangement, to keep an appointment, to fulfil a contract," said the young man, haughtily, never letting go the hand of Gladdys, which he held firmly clasped in his own.

"Of what nature, may I ask you, sir?" inquired the lady.

As she spoke, she looked at the young man, and he raised his head, and their eyes met as he answered her question. And though he spoke in a low tone, such as she had used, and though the manner of both was calm, it was the fearful calmness that precedes the bursting of the storm. The atmosphere in which they were seemed charged with death, and amid the awful stillness, you could see the darkening of the sky, and hear the muttering of the thunder.

"Miss Llewellyn is my promised bride; we were betrothed three years since, with the consent of both her parents; our marriage was arranged to take place immediately after my return from the voyage that is just now completed; and I am here to claim my wife."

"What proof have you to offer of the truth of these ridiculous statements?" sneered the lady.

"The word, madam, of a man whose honour has never been doubted; and if that requires support, the corroborative testimony of a young lady whose integrity is beyond question."

"Humph! the unsustained assertion of a pair of silly lovers against the positive proof of General Llewellyn's own handwriting."

"General Llewellyn's own handwriting!" repeated Arthur Powis, betraying the scorn that he could no longer conceal. "Madam, show me General Llewellyn's own handwriting, objecting to the consummation of my marriage with Miss Llewellyn, and I will take my hat and leave this house, never to return to it."

"If you will look at the letters that you have so jealously concealed in your pocket, you may see it for yourself."

"Madam, neither myself nor Miss Llewellyn can accept these forgeries as the writing of General Llewellyn!" said Arthur Powis, resolutely.

"Forgeries, sir!"

"Forgeries, madam."

"You insult me, sir!"

"I have not even accused you, madam."

"What do you mean, then, by saying that these letters are forgeries?"

"I mean just what I say!"

There was a pause between them for a few minutes; an armistice, during which the two belligerents glared at each other with looks of mutual hatred and defiance; but still, in resuming the subject, neither of them raised their voices above the ordinary polite conversational tone.

"How do you dare to make this assertion, sir?"

"Because I know it to be true."

"Pray how do you know it?"

"From certain signs in the manuscript, that shall be pointed out at the proper time and place."

She turned a shade paler for a moment; but quickly commanded herself and said:

"Listen to me, Mr. Powis, and when you have heard what I have to say to you—then repeat your calumnies, call those letters forgeries, at your own proper peril! Sir, I saw those letters written, signed, sealed, and delivered."

"Very likely, madam; but not by General Llewellyn!" said Arthur, sarcastically.

"Those letters were written, signed, and sealed by General Llewellyn in my presence, and delivered by his hand into my hand to be sent to their destination," said the lady, with resolute effrontery.

"Excuse me—let us be exact. You are sure that these are the very identical letters of which you speak?" said Arthur Powis, drawing them from his pocket and displaying them before her.

"Yes."

"And you saw them written by General Llewellyn?"

"Yes."

"And also signed by him?"

"Yes."

"Then, madam, will you be so good as to explain how it happens that these signatures were first traced with a lead pencil, and afterwards re-traced with a pen and ink?"

For a moment Mrs. Llewellyn's self-possession forsook her. And the lips were pale, and the voice was tremulous with which she answered:

"It is not true; they were not so traced."

"I beg your pardon, madam, but the pencil marks are quite perceptible. Both Miss Llewellyn and myself noticed them."

By this the lady had had time to collect herself. With a derisive smile she answered:

"Oh! Ah! I recollect now. General Llewellyn wrote both letters, and intending to write something else in addition to them before signing, laid them aside until he should feel stronger. Alas! he never did feel stronger, but fearing that death should overtake him before he could complete his task, he attempted to sign them, one morning, as he lay upon his bed, too ill to rise. He found that he could not succeed with a pen and ink, and so he signed them both with a pencil. Afterwards, when he was able to sit up, he retraced the signatures with pen and ink."

As Mrs. Llewellyn made this answer she looked full in the face of Arthur Powis, and their eyes again met—her eyes were full of derision, triumph, and defiance, as though she had said: "Probe, search, investigate! I am equal to the explanation of any ugly circumstances that you may please to discover." His eyes were full of the fiery scorn that a noble nature feels for a base one.

"Madam, we understand each other. You know exactly what I think of the explanation you have given me. And I know how little you care what I may think of it, so long as it serves your own purpose. I have only this to say—that neither myself nor Miss Llewellyn can accept those forgeries as genuine, or hold ourselves bound by them," said Arthur Powis, firmly.

The lady put her hand to the bell, and rang a peal that presently brought Lemuel into the room, with a tray of refreshments in his hands and an excuse on his lips:

"I beg your pardon for being so long, madam; but there were no sandwiches made, and the key of the cellar was lost, and—"

"Set the tray down on the table, and show Mr. Powis to the front door," said the lady, sternly.

But Lemuel was so amazed at this order that, instead of obeying it, he stood staring alternately at the old lady and the young man.

"Never mind, Lemuel. I can find the door for myself when I am ready to go," said Arthur Powis, laughing and rising.

"My dear Gladdys, I am here now! Therefore, keep up your spirits and be firm! As soon as I reach my lodgings at Standwell, I shall write to you, asking you to name an early day for our wedding. Think of it meantime, my dearest, so that you may be able to give me an answer at once; for I shall not trust my letter to the post, Gladdys, but I shall send it to you by a special messenger, who will wait for your reply," said Arthur Powis, as he stooped over her hand and pressed it to his lips.

"Mr. Powis, I cannot allow that. You forget yourself, sir. I cannot sanction any communication between yourself and my ward!" said Mrs. Llewellyn, arrogantly.

"My dear madam, your sanction, however desirable, is not absolutely necessary. I have had that of the parents of this young lady, whom I hope, before many days, to call my wife," said Arthur.

"Sir, you never had the sanction of which you boast; or, if you think you ever had it, you must now be assured that it has been rescinded by the letters in your possession. And as for your vain hope of calling Gladdys Llewellyn your wife in the course of a few weeks, nothing could be more absurd. She is a minor, and wants three years yet to be of age. By law, a minor cannot legally marry without the consent of parents or guardians. Her parents are dead. I am her sole guardian; and I never will consent to her marriage with you, or to her holding any sort of communication or correspondence with you. And now, sir, as our conference is at an end, I hope you will have the good taste to withdraw."

"Certainly, madam. Gladdys, my own dear one, you will be firm and faithful?"

"I will, Arthur! Cost what it may, I will!" answered the young girl, in a resolute tone, though her face was pale with apprehension.

"Good-bye, then! May heaven save and bless you, my own dear Gladdys!" he said, pressing her hand once more to his lips.

Then, with a low bow to the elder lady, he withdrew from the room.

He had to wait outside until his horse was brought him.

Just as he was getting into the saddle, Lemuel came hurrying up to the house.

"Oh, Master Arthur!" he exclaimed, breathlessly, running up to the horse-block.

"Good-bye, Lemuel!" said the young man, holding out his hand.

"Oh, Master Arthur, ain't you got no other word than that to say to a faithful servant?" asked Lemuel, with a grieved look.



"Yes," exclaimed Arthur Powis, impulsively. "Yes, Lemuel! I have a charge to give you! Watch over your young mistress! And if anything goes wrong, bring me news of her directly!"

"That I will, Master Arthur!"

"I may trust you with this mission, Lemuel?"

"That you may, Master Arthur!"

"Very well, then! Good-bye!"

"Good-bye, and God bless you, Master Arthur! And I hope you will be coming back soon!" said Lemuel, as the young man rode off.

As soon as Arthur Powis rode into Standwell, and up to the "Rest," as the principal hotel was called, he and his horse put up, partook of a slight repast, and set out immediately for the office of Mr. Fardell, the principal lawyer of the town.

He found the great man in; but had to wait a long time in the outer office before he could obtain the private interview he sought.

At length, when he was closeted with the lawyer, in the little back office, he told Mr. Fardell the whole story of his relations with the Llewellyn family; his betrothal to Miss Llewellyn; the time fixed for their marriage; the will of General Llewellyn; the recent interference of Mrs. Jay Llewellyn; and in brief, all the circumstances with which we are already acquainted.

He ended by laying the two letters before the lawyer, and calling his attention to the suspicious appearance of the signatures.

"Now, sir, remembering all that I have told you, and looking upon these signatures, what do you think of them?" inquired the young man.

"They certainly, taking all things into consideration, appear to be forgeries," replied the lawyer.

"Sir, they are forgeries! I know them to be forgeries! But I wish also to know how I shall go to work to prove them to be forgeries?"

"In the first place, whom do you suspect?"

"Mrs. Jay Llewellyn, of course."

The lawyer slowly shook his head.

"What does that mean, Mr. Fardell?" testily demanded the young man.

"You have not a particle of foundation to build a case upon. If you were to attempt to do so, your case would fall to the ground and overwhelm you with confusion," said the lawyer, frankly.

"But the very suspicious circumstances, Mr. Fardell?" asked the crestfallen youth.

"Are only suspicious circumstances to you, and perhaps to me."

"But I am morally certain that these letters are forgeries, and that Mrs. Llewellyn is the forger."

"Moral certainty is not convicting testimony, or many very highly respectable ladies and gentlemen would be usefully employed in the penitentiaries, instead of lounging and idling in fashionable saloons and drawing-rooms," said the lawyer, smiling.

"Then what shall I do in this matter? This is what I want to know."

"Do nothing at present. Above all, do not attempt to prosecute Mrs. Llewellyn; for, by so doing, you would only ruin yourself. You know that, whatever her real character may be, her general reputation is of the most unquestionable description. My advice to you is just to do nothing; but wait until the three years of the young lady's minority have past, and then claim her promised hand. If she is constant, she will then bestow herself and her fortune upon you. If she is not constant, you will make a happy escape."

"Good heaven, sir! how coolly you talk. 'Wait,' and 'three years,' and 'if she is constant' or 'not constant!'" exclaimed the young man, with a shiver.

"You know I am not in love, Arthur! But, really, that is the best advice I have to give you. And it shall cost you nothing. If, at any future time, you wish to consult me on this or any other topic, I shall be at your service. At present I am keeping a client waiting, with whom I have an appointment at this hour," said the lawyer, rising.

Arthur thanked his old friend, bowed, and left the office.

He went back to his apartment at the Rest, and threw himself into his chair to ruminate.

He felt that he must abandon all ideas of loosening Mrs. Llewellyn's grasp upon Gladys by any legal prosecution. So far he must take the lawyer's advice, but farther than that he would not. He could not bear the disappointment of having his marriage put off at all. And the thought of waiting three long years for his bride almost drove him wild. And then the idea of leaving Gladys in the irresponsible power of that ruthless woman filled him with horrible forebodings.

"She is so artful and unscrupulous, that she might even force or cheat my poor love into a marriage with her imbecile son!" said Arthur to himself, with a shudder.

"I will run away with her! I will marry her out of hand! I am perfectly justified in doing so. And,

more than that, I am honourably bound to do so. Her dear father and mother consented that our marriage should take place at this period; and they left their orphan girl to my care. And shall I pause now, because of a couple of forged letters that I cannot yet prove to be forgeries? No!" cried the young man, with energy.

And he deliberately determined to marry Gladys, in defiance of her false and treacherous guardian. His midshipman's pay was but a small income; but it would support two young persons in the early, inexpensive years of wedlock; and in the meantime he would be promoted. And at the end of three years, Gladys would come into her property.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

## GLADDYS IN CAPTIVITY.

Ere yet his boyhood's years had flown,  
He gazed on her as some fair star,  
And wildly worshipped, as it shone  
Above his humble world afar.  
Then while he gazed and still adored,  
On wilder wings rapt fancy soared.

Leonora.

As soon as Arthur had left her, Gladys went to her own room, and shut herself up.

How much she had lived in the last two days! The letters from the dead; the breaking off of her marriage; the return of her betrothed. All these events had crowded her life with a host of thoughts, feelings, and excitements that she could in no way bring into harmony.

All was chaos.

At one moment she was overwhelmed with grief and shame for her aunt's treachery and crime, and the next filled with horror and remorse for her own sin and folly in daring to suspect that such a saint as Mrs. Llewellyn could do any wrong. Sometimes she resolved to disregard those questionable letters, and to be guided entirely by the wishes of Arthur Powis, as the approved choice of her parents, and as the only living being whom she could implicitly trust. At other times she shrank timidly from being influenced by him at all, and sought to persuade herself that her only safety lay in obedience to the dictates of the letters.

Restless through all this confusion of thought, she started up with the intention of going out for a ramble through the autumnal woods.

But when she put her hand on the knob of her door, she found that it was locked on the outside.

She was a prisoner in her own room!

Now, Gladys had a high spirit—her aunt called it a bad temper.

Finding herself subjected to the insult and inconvenience of personal confinement and restraint, she flew to the bell and rang an angry peal, that presently brought her own maid running up in alarm to the door. Bessy tried it, found it fastened, and then knocked.

"Come in," said Gladys, sharply.

"Please, miss, I can't open the door."

"Isn't the key on the other side?"

"No, miss."

"Then go down to Mrs. Llewellyn, and give her my compliments, and say that I desire to see her here in my own room."

"Yes, miss," said the girl, retreating.

Ten minutes elapsed, and then the sound of soft footsteps was heard approaching; a key was placed in the lock and turned; the door was opened; and, Mrs. Llewellyn entered, and carefully locked the door after her, and withdrew the key, and put it in her pocket.

Gladys was standing in the middle of the room, with her slight figure drawn up to its proudest height, her cheeks flushed, her nostrils quivering, and her eyes blazing with indignation.

"Well, my love, you sent for me. What is your wish?" inquired the lady, calmly, sinking into an easy chair.

"I wish to know, madam, what is the meaning of this insult that is offered to my father's daughter?" demanded Gladys, turning upon her.

"What insult, my dear?" coolly replied the lady, adjusting the ribbon that adorned her dress.

Gladys, speechless with rage, silently pointed to the locked door.

"Oh, if you mean that, I will tell you. Sit down, my dear, sit down. Do not stand there, burning, and quivering, and palpitating, like a little bombshell ready to explode. Sit down, while I answer your question."

"I think, madam, that I will never sit down in the same room with you again! And I tell you now, that if I ever had any saving doubt about the history of those letters, that doubt is removed by your conduct of to-day!"

"Gladys, how dare you? What do you mean? Stand there, if you prefer to do so. The attitude is at

east more respectful. But take care that you give me no insolence; I will not bear it!" said the lady, haughtily.

"Will you explain your conduct, madam?"

"Certainly. I am your legal guardian, standing in the place of your deceased parents, holding a high trust—"

"A trust that you have betrayed, madam! I can no longer be deceived on that point," exclaimed Gladys, with flashing eyes.

"Silence, miss! Silence this instant! or I will teach you, not only by personal restraint but by personal chastisement, that you are absolutely in my power, and bound to obey my will! I will leave you to reflect upon this with what profit you may, and when you are in a meeker mood I will come to you again," said the lady, haughtily.

And with these words she withdrew from the room, and locked the door behind her, leaving Gladys transfixed with amazement and burning with rage.

"Good heaven!" exclaimed the girl, starting, and rushing up and down the room. "Am I awake, or is this a hideous, mocking dream? What was that she dared to say? Or could I have heard aright? Did she threaten me—with personal—! Ah! the wretch! If she had laid the weight of her hand upon me I should have—! Now I know how it is that people may be driven to—! To threaten me, me who was never degraded by a blow in all my childhood and infancy! me whose person was always sacred from such violence even by my own mother and father and nurse! Heavens! if she had struck me, I should have—! Yes, I should have killed her!"

Suddenly, as she said this in the transports of her rage, Gladys threw back her head. And as she did so, her eyes fell upon a picture hanging over the mantel-piece.

As she looked upon this picture, she became perfectly still; her face, that was convulsed with rage, grew calm; the fire died out of her blazing cheeks; tears filled her eyes.

"Heaven forgive me," she softly breathed; "heaven forgive me! What am I, poor child of dust, that I should grow furious at the bare threat of an outrage that Thou, the Son of God, didst bear without a murmur? Oh, Saviour, by thine infinite love, give me a portion of thine infinite meekness," said Gladys, sinking on her knees, and melting into tears.

What was the picture that had moved Gladys so deeply? that had arrested her in the very tempest and whirlpool of her passion, and had softened and subdued her, and had brought her to her knees?

It was a simple engraving from the "Ecce Homo" of Corregio. It represented our Saviour, bleeding from the recent scourging, crowned with thorns, and wrapped in the mocking purple robe, at the moment Pilate presented him to the Jews, saying—"Behold the man." The artist had caught the spirit of the text, and the divine patience in that pictured face subdued the angry passions of the beholder.

When Gladys arose from her kneeling posture, she sat down at the open window, and leaning her elbow on the sill, looked out upon the peaceful scenes of nature. Under her eyes lay the ornamental grounds immediately around Cader Idris; and all glorious with rich, autumnal flowers, blooming, and glowing in the afternoon's sunshine. Beyond them wound the serpentine river.

Soothed and strengthened by the peaceful beauty and majestic sublimity of the scene, Gladys sat ruminating far into the evening. She sat until the sun went down, firing the heavens and the earth with his retiring rays; until the western horizon, with all its broken and prismatic clouds, blazed as with a general conflagration, and every mountain top and every tree and river, glowed ruddy red beneath the glare. She sat until all this gorgeousness of colouring faded out, and the moon arose, silver-gilding all the scene, until all that had lately flamed like rubies in the sun now mildly beamed like pearls beneath the moon.

And still Gladys sat there, while her room grew dark. She did not ring for lights. She dreaded another interview with her aunt; she dreaded another outbreak of her own temper; and so she resolved to remain quiet as long as circumstances would permit her to continue so.

In truth, Gladys had a good deal to contend with—not only of external wrongs, but of evils in her own nature.

She had received a religious education; but had been trained with the utmost tenderness and gentleness.

She had never been subjected to harsh contradiction or to anything approaching corporal punishment, which latter she would have regarded as the deepest degradation.

It is said that we know not of what spirit we are. Certainly Gladys never knew until this day what spirit she was of. Never in her life before having been subjected to insult, she never knew the mur-

derous wrath that lay latent in her own soul. And now that it had broken out and shown itself to her in all its hideous destructiveness, she was appalled.

"Oh, heaven! I am no better, not a whit better than those who suffer death by law for their crimes," she said to herself, with a shudder.

While she sat thus, she heard the key turned in the lock, and looking up, saw Mrs. Llewellyn enter the room, followed by Bessy, bearing a tray with tea and toast.

Now, apparently, Mrs. Llewellyn herself had regretted her harshness to Gladys, not because of its unkindness, but because of its bad policy. For certainly it was her cue to retain the affection of this girl, whom she wished to bend to her will. And to do this she must govern her as gently as possible. These considerations were not, however, strong enough to induce her to make any apology to Gladys; but only to modify her manner to the poor girl.

"Draw that stand up to the side of Miss Llewellyn's chair, and set the teatray on it. And then leave the room," said the lady to the servant.

And when this order was obeyed, and Bessy had left the room, Mrs. Llewellyn carefully locked the door behind her; and then seating herself beside her ward, said, in a grave and not unkind tone:

"Gladys, while you take your tea, I will tell you the reasons that have induced—I may say, compelled—me, unwillingly, to subject you to this temporary restraint."

"I should be glad to know them, madam," said the young girl.

"And I hope that you will listen to them without giving way to the unbecoming anger that betrayed you into much injustice, not to say gross impropriety of word and manner towards myself."

Gladys glanced up at the pictured face over the mantel-piece, and answered:

"For all the wrong that I may have been led into, Aunt Llewellyn, I beg your pardon, and that of heaven. I always knew that anger was sinful; but when I think of our Saviour's example of patience, I feel that it is inexcusable."

"I am glad to hear you say so. Now drink your tea, while I tell you why I deem it right to keep you under some temporary restraint."

At these last words, the girl's cheeks flushed, and her eyes flashed again; but she controlled herself, and remained silent, while Mrs. Llewellyn proceeded:

"Gladys, I began by saying to you that I stand in the relation of a parent towards you during your minority. I consider that relation a holy trust, which I have not betrayed, although you have charged me with having done so."

"I beg your pardon if I have wronged you, Aunt Llewellyn."

"That is understood! Holding the relation I do towards you, and feeling a deep responsibility for the trust, I must consider your welfare and happiness the paramount objects of my life. To secure those objects, I must separate you from that dangerous young man whose influence over you I have every reason to dread. The only way in which I can do this is to seclude you in your own room during the stay of this young man in the neighbourhood. In doing this, I am sure that I do but carry out the views and intentions of your father. I shall make this transient seclusion as happy as the circumstances will permit. You shall have your music, books, birds, flowers, in short, all that you require for instruction or amusement, removed into this room. And as soon as I feel assured that Arthur Powis has rejoined his ship, your restraint shall be at an end. Now, Gladys, I hope that you understand me?"

"I think I do, Aunt Llewellyn."

"And I trust that you will submit cheerfully to this arrangement."

"I trust that I shall be led to do right," said Gladys, pressing her fingers together in the earnestness of her feelings.

After a little more conversation, the lady rang the bell, and ordered the servant who answered it to take away the tea-service.

Then she bade Gladys good night, locked her in, and went down-stairs.

"What is right?" inquired the perplexed girl of herself, when she was left alone. "What is right? Ought I really go so far as to give up Arthur? Oh, no, no, no, no! I could not do that if I would, and would not if I could. He was my mother's and my father's choice, as well as my own. I am sure of it. No, I will not give him up. I will try and control my temper; I will treat Aunt Llewellyn respectfully, and will not give her revilings for revilings; but—I will be faithful to my love!"

Half that night Gladys sat at the window, gazing dreamily out into the starlit night. When, at length, she went to bed, worn out with excitement, she slept well until morning.

The next day, according to her promise, Mrs.

Llewellyn sent into Gladys's room everything that could be supposed to render the girl's captivity endurable.

But Gladys could not fix her attention upon any one thing; needle-work, music, drawing, and reading were tried successively, and tried in vain. She spent her time in walking restlessly about the floor, or gazing from the window, and in longing to communicate in some way with Arthur, and in wondering when that desire would be gratified.

On the second day she grew more weary and anxious than ever. And she walked about less, and sat looking from the window longer. As she sat there late in the afternoon, she saw Lemuel, with the wooden rake, raking up the dried leaves that were lying in heaps upon the lawn.

She tapped upon the window-pane until she had attracted his attention, and then threw up the sash and spoke to him:

"Hist! Lemuel! look up here!"

After the manner of his class, Lemuel looked all around the horizon, and then up into the tops of the trees, and everywhere but the right place.

"Here, Lemuel! up here!" cried Gladys, in a tone eager from anxiety, and half suppressed from the fear of being heard by others than by the one to whom she spoke.

Lemuel looked up to the top of the chimneys, and, seeing no one there, brought his eyes down to the level of the second floor windows, where they encountered the anxious gaze of Miss Llewellyn.

"Law, Miss Gladys!"

"Hush, Lem, or speak very low. Is there any one within sight or hearing?"

"No, Miss Gladys; not a single soul in this part of the grounds!"

"How came you here?"

"Why, you see, Miss Gladys, the madam has took me off the hall door and put that miserable deaf and dumb devil—begging your pardon, miss—begging your humble pardon for using such bad words, but he is a devil—in my place, which is perfectly ridiculous; because he can't hear, nor likewise speak a word, but only make signs, or take in a card, or shake his head and refuse to take it in. So what's the use of putting him there?"

"I suppose Mrs. Llewellyn had some reason for doing it. And so your duties are changed?"

"Yes, miss; I am put to the gardening."

"Do you like gardening as well as waiting?"

"Well, miss, to me personally it don't make much difference."

"Yea! Come here, Lem. Come closer. I have something particular to say to you."

Lemuel came, dragging his rake behind him, and stood immediately under the window from which Gladys leaned.

"Lem," whispered Gladys, "have you seen Mr. Powis since the day before yesterday?"

"No, miss."

"Have you heard of any letter that has been left here for me?"

"Yes, miss; yesterday morning I was relieved from duty in the hall,—and just before I was relieved, up comes a messenger on horseback from Standwell, as he said, and inquires for you, saying he had a letter which he must put into your hands only. And I was just going to look for you, when the madam came out and asked the messenger what he wanted. And the messenger told her he wanted to put a letter into Miss Llewellyn's own hands. The madam told him she wouldn't permit him giving any letter, and so she ordered him off the premises."

"I thought as much. I really did. Lemuel, that letter was from Mr. Powis."

"So I supposed, miss."

"And you know he had a perfect right to send me a letter?"

"Of course I do. Did not master tell us all how you and Master Arthur were engaged to be married, and how we were to consider him and look up to him as our future master?"

"But the letter he wrote me, which was a very important one, for which I have been anxiously waiting for the last two days, has been stepped and sent back. And I have no writing materials at hand, or I would write to Mr. Powis and send the note by you. But you can take a message for me, Lemuel?"

"Certainly I can, Miss Gladys. I feel bound to obey you before anybody; for, no matter who has the power, you have the right to give orders here."

"Unfortunately, I have no right to give orders, and shall have none for three years to come; but never mind about that now, Lemuel. And neither do I wish you to neglect any task Mrs. Llewellyn has given you, to do anything for me. But after your day's work is done, Lemuel, you have some time to yourself, and I ask you, only as a favour, to take a message for me then."

"Why, Miss Gladys, the very greatest favour, and honour, and kindness, as you could do me, would be

to set me to work for you in any way in this world. And soon as ever the sun sets I shall be done my day's task and at your service, miss."

"Very well, Lemuel; come to me then," said Gladys, drawing in her head, and closing the sash. Lemuel resumed his work.

Gladys seated herself at the window to wait until the sunset hour released Lemuel from his day's work. Blood-red, and shorn of all its rays, in the dull autumnal mist, the sun went down that fatal night. No sooner had that great red globe of fire dropped out of sight below the horizon than Lemuel threw down his rake and presented himself under the window.

Gladys again threw up the sash and looked out.

"Lemuel, are you quite alone?" she asked.

"Quite, Miss Gladys. No one anywhere nigh."

"Listen then. This is the message you must take to Mr. Powis. But stop—do you know where to find him?"

"Oh, yes, miss; at the Rest Hotel, in Standwell."

"Right. Well, then, tell Mr. Powis that I did not get his letter, and tell him why I did not get it—though I suppose he knows all that already from the report of his messenger."

"Yes, miss."

"Tell him also that I am compelled to send you to him because I have no other means of communicating with him."

"Oh, Miss Gladys, Master Arthur, when he left here the other day, gave me a commission, so he did, to watch over you, miss, and bring him news of you whenever I could."

"Mr. Powis did that, Lemuel?"

"Yes, miss, he did; but I haven't had any news to go to him with, by reason of not seeing you until this evening."

"My poor Arthur!" murmured Gladys to herself. Then, speaking aloud—"Tell him, Lemuel, that I would write to him, only that I am a prisoner in my own room, and deprived of writing materials."

"A prisoner in your own room!" exclaimed Lemuel, opening his mouth and eyes in consternation.

"Why, yes, Lemuel. I thought you knew that."

"No, miss! No, Miss Gladys, none of us know it! Leastways, none of us out of the house; else you might be sure we wouldn't stand it—no, not one minute! What! we know our master's only daughter, who is the rightful queen and mistress over everything and everybody here, kept a prisoner in her own room by an interloper like the madam! And we put up with it? No, Miss Gladys!"

"Hush, Lemuel! Mrs. Llewellyn is my legal guardian, and the law is on her side."

"If the law is on her side, the law is a great villain. And we won't submit to it. We'll be true to you, Miss Gladys. You're our young lady. And we'll have you out of that, or die for it!" said Lemuel, with a gasp and a sob.

"Well, so you shall have me out; but not by violence. You will obey me, I hope, Lemuel, if I am a helpless prisoner here?"

"Won't I? And won't I obey you ten times more submissively because you are so?"

"Well then, Lemuel, do not attempt any rebellion against Mrs. Llewellyn's authority. But go quietly, and without saying a word to any other person, to Mr. Powis, and tell him all that I have told you. And wait to see what he himself proposes. No doubt, he will do all that is right. Now go, like a good lad, while you have an opportunity."

"I'll go; yes, I'll go. But if Master Arthur don't find a way of getting you out of this place before to-morrow night, I hope and trust you won't try to prevent me from doing it; because if you did my heart would burst, Miss Gladys," said Lemuel, wiping his eyes with the sleeves of his jacket.

"Mr. Arthur will be sure to find a way. Never fear, Lemuel! Go on now, and make haste."

"I'm going, Miss Gladys," said Lemuel, with a finishing sob and an awkward bow, as he turned his back upon the house.

And Gladys closed the window, and sat down beside it, half frightened by the step she had taken, to await the issue.

"It will take Lemuel an hour to get to Standwell, and Arthur another hour to write me a long letter, and then Lem a third hour to get back. It is now about five o'clock. It will be eight before he returns. How long to wait!" sighed Gladys, to whose impatient heart the three hours seemed three years.

At six o'clock Mrs. Llewellyn came in, attended by Bessy, bringing Miss Llewellyn's tea.

The elder lady was always present on these occasions, to prevent any communication between the young lady and her maid.

After a poor pretence of taking tea, Gladys pushed the waiter from her. And Mrs. Llewellyn bade the young girl good night and left the room, followed by Bessy with the tea service.

And Gladys was locked up for the night.

(To be continued.)



Two ladies of distinction have been making speeches, —short, it is true, but to the point. Lady Palmerston, after cutting the first sod of a railway in Northamptonshire, made a few appropriate observations; and Lady Herbert of Lea, in returning thanks for her health, made an interesting statement with regard to her lamented husband. Is the fashion of speech-making among the fair sex, we wonder, likely to increase? If so, we commend to their attention the speeches of these two ladies, as alike good patterns from their brevity and their business-like character.

### AN ADVENTURE IN SWEDEN.

A SPORTING friend of ours, who spent a couple of years in Sweden and Norway, has given us an account of an adventure he once had among the Scandinavian Mountains. He had gone out with a party to hunt bears, taking along blankets and provisions, intending if necessary to camp out for several days. It was just at the beginning of winter, with only a light snow on the ground, and every one felt sanguine of success. But, from some cause, the bears were not to be found in their usual haunts, and the close of the third day saw a sadly disappointed party—not a solitary bear having been tracked by the men, or scented by the dogs. Of smaller game and birds they had shot a few; but having failed of their main purpose, they were not disposed to be in the best of humour, and the majority were for giving up the hunt and going home.

From this point, we will permit our friend, Mr. Clarkson, to tell his own story.

"I must confess (he says), I was a good deal discouraged myself; three days of toil, up and down steep hills, over huge rocks and fallen timbers, and through dense thickets, without one sign of what we sought to give us cheer, was certainly not the most pleasant pastime in the world, and I thought it quite reasonable for any one not so fond of hunting as to wish to be all the time at it, to desire to quit an occupation so fatiguing and profitless; but for myself, who had a real passion for the sport, I was loth to turn back defeated before the time fixed upon at setting out; so I said I would remain if any one or more of the party would keep me company. A Swede, by the name of Svelick, promptly replied that he would hunt with me all winter if I wished; and as he was a stout, good-natured fellow, an experienced woodsman, knew the country well, and had three excellent dogs, I considered myself very fortunate, and shook hands on it quite heartily. But he was the only volunteer I secured; and the next morning the others all took leave of us and started for home, while he and I pushed off deeper into the mountains.

"Still we seemed destined not to meet with any success. The fourth day was nearly gone, and yet we had not seen a bear, nor even the track of one, which was the more remarkable, as the year previous they had been quite numerous in this region.

"The sun was perhaps an hour high, when we came to a steep, rocky, conical hill, with a few pines growing here and there in clusters, and now and then a few shrubs struggling up between the rocks; all the rest being bold, rough and bare.

"The caves in this hill used to be a good retreat for bears," said Svelick; "and if we don't find any here now, I shall begin to fear that they have left the country altogether. I think we have just about time to go round the hill before sunset—you going one way and I the other—and if we fail to meet on the other side, we will go up to the top, where there is both wood and water and a fine place to camp. If I hear your gun first, I will hurry round to you, and if you hear mine you must hasten round to me."

"Agreed," said I, "but I fear it is a useless arrangement."

"It may be," laughed Svelick, "but still I don't believe all the bears are dead yet."

"I found the going round this hill a rather troublesome matter. It was an almost constant clamber over rocks—sometimes large, precipitous ones, with here and there a deep gully, pit, or ravine, that I must either avoid altogether, or venture into with great caution, especially where there were little patches of ice, that made careless stepping dangerous. My progress was in consequence very slow; and by the time I had got half way to the place where I was to meet my companion, I saw the sun, large and red, just dipping below the horizon, which convinced me I could not get there before dark; and so I decided to ascend to the summit at once.

"On my way up, while clambering over a cluster of bare rocks, I suddenly espied what made my heart take a great leap, and sent a thrill of surprise and delight all through me. This was no other than one of the objects of my four days search—a huge bear—which was quietly sitting on his haunches, at the base of a steep ledge, some distance from me, apparently surveying all below him with the eye of a satisfied

philosopher. That he saw me I could not doubt, for he was looking in my direction, and my greatest fear was that he would run away before I could get a shot at him, and escape in the fast coming darkness; for the sun had already set, and twilight was just beginning to throw its first shadows over the scene. I was so anxious to secure him that I would have given no small sum for the aid of the dogs and two hours of daylight; but for the presence of my companion I did not care, preferring the chance of victory alone, and an undivided triumph.

"A little to the right of me the hill fell off into a rocky gully, and towards this I moved as quietly as possible, fearing the bear would take the alarm and run. I kept my eye on him, and apparently he kept his on me, till a descent in the gully shut him from my view. Then I hurried up the hill till I reached a height about the same as his own, when I crept out of the gully near the base of the ledge, trembling with anxiety. There he was still, now on a level with me, apparently not more than a hundred feet distant, looking as unconcerned as if no deadly marksman was within a hundred miles of him. Now was my time. Slowly, with great caution lest I should attract his attention, for he evidently did not see me now, I brought up my rifle to a steady, certain aim, selecting a vital part for the messenger of death, and then pulled the trigger.

"Ah! my vexation! There was a dull click without any bright flash—my charge had failed. There was just enough noise made to attract the attention of brain, and warn him of his danger, without putting any check to his flight. Turning his head toward me with an angry look, and a low, sullen growl, he wheeled deliberately round and disappeared in some opening behind him. Of course, I blessed my trusty rifle, and called it pet names and all that, while I amused myself by reloading. As soon as this was completed, I hurried forward to the opening where the bear had disappeared, and found it the mouth of a cave of considerable dimensions, though of what size and extent I could not form an idea, as it was already twilight without and night within. At all events, the bear was inside, and, unless there was another outlet, I intended to keep him a prisoner in there till I could put a ball into him.

"My best plan, I now thought, was to summon my companion by firing off my piece. I did so, and in a few minutes heard his halloo from the top of the hill. I replied, informed him of my adventure, told him how to find me, and requested him to come down with the dogs, and if possible, fetch some sticks for a fire. In less than half an hour he joined me, bringing an armful of pine knots. The dogs came quietly along with him; but no sooner did they reach the mouth of the cave and get the fresh scent, than away they flew inside, with eager yelps; and a few minutes after we heard them, apparently at a considerable distance, giving tongue in that peculiar manner which assured us they had the bear at bay.

"Suppose we try our chances by torchlight!" said I. "It will never do to let the only beast we have found for four days escape us, as he may do if we wait till morning; and besides it is not probable we could see inside any better even in daylight."

"Svelick agreed to my proposal, but said he thought it would be attended with some danger. This I did not doubt—but when did a little risk ever turn back the genuine hunter? Having put our rifles in trim, loosened our knives, and nerved ourselves for the venture, we lighted a fire on the rocks, selected two resinous knots for torches, and boldly entered the cave. It was large enough in front to permit of our walking upright, and spread out broadly in every direction. Here we should have been at a loss which way to go but for the fierce barking of the dogs, which settled that matter for us at once. But after going some distance, in the direction of the sounds, we found the cave gradually narrowing, and the roof coming down so low as to compel us to stoop at first, and soon after to get down on our hands and knees. While working our way along in this humble position, it occurred to us that, should the bear attack us then and there, we should be in a very disagreeable predicament, to say the least of it.

"At length we reached what resembled a high, circular apartment, with galleries leading off in different directions; and then we comprehended that it was not only a large cave, but one in which the explorer might get lost, and never find his way out. This led us to use great caution in our advance. We stopped, consulted, speculated, and finally marked our way, as a man sometimes does through a dense wood, that he may return on his own trail."

"At last, at what appeared to be the end of one of these passages, and which narrowed down in every direction almost to a point, so that we had to stoop where we stood, with barely room enough for two abreast, our torches flashed upon the excited dogs, as they barked, yelled, howled, and danced in front of the huge brown monster, which, as if conscious of his

great strength and the little power they possessed of doing him any harm where he was, had apparently been taking matters very quietly previous to our arrival, perhaps amused at the anger and impotency of his noisy foes, that could not turn either flank, and could only advance upon him in front at the cost of life. Our appearance, however, with the glare of the torches in his face, evidently produced some alarm, for he began to growl, show his teeth, bristle up, throw back his short ears, and dart angry glances from one object to another, as if contemplating a sudden rush forward. Should he do so, there was little chance of our escaping unhurt, for just at that spot there was not room enough for him to pass us without going over us.

"I do not like the looks of things!" said I, beginning to move back; "that animal may do us an injury."

"Better shoot him at once," said Svelick, throwing forward his rifle.

"If certain of killing him outright, that would be just the thing," returned I; "but should we fail in that, it would be a bad business for us, confined as we are in this narrow passage."

"Oh, I can fix him," returned Svelick, with boastful assurance. "I understand these fellows. I have shot many a one, and never received a scratch. Here, just hold this torch, so that I can see, and I'll guarantee that he shall never pass the dogs, even if he don't die with the first kick!"

"I did not feel as confident of his success as he; and, to tell the honest truth, I would much rather have made a sudden retreat and waited for another opportunity; but I did not like to confess my timidity, and so I took the torch and held it as he directed, telling him to be very cautious about his aim, and not to fire unless certain of hitting a mortal part.

"For a short time he stood with his piece poised, his eye ranging along the barrel, and then came an almost stunning report. For some moments the smoke, confined in that narrow passage, obscured everything; but the peculiar tone of the dogs told us the animal was down, and that they now considered themselves victorious.

"I told you so!" said my companion, triumphantly, seizing his torch and recklessly pushing forward.

"Have a care!" I cried; "the bear may still be dangerous."

"No, he is dead, for a wager!" returned Svelick, hurrying forward.

"Scarcely had he spoken, when I heard a wild, savage growl, a floundering noise, the sharp yelling of the dogs, and a fearful shriek from Svelick, whom I saw go down under the now furious monster, which, unfortunately had only been stunned by his shot. If there had been anything I could have done for him, I would have gone to his assistance at all hazards; but the situation of man and animal would not allow of human aid, and so I stood trembling with horror, too much unnerved to even attempt to save myself by flight. Suddenly the bear bounded forward, knocked me down, passed directly over me, and dashed away, two of the dogs yelping at his heels, the third being already killed. By the mercy of heaven I was saved, for the beast might easily have torn me to pieces. Svelick's torch was already out, and mine was thus thrown down and extinguished; and there, in the darkness of that cave, with the belief that my companion was a corpse within a few feet of me, my feelings must be left to the imagination.

"But Svelick, though at the time unconscious and terribly lacerated, was not dead. He revived and groaned, and that first assured me he was living. I hurried to him, and did what I could to assist him in the darkness. Fortunately I had a flask of spirits with me; and carefully raising him up, I got him to drink a little, which served to give him strength. I then tore some of my under clothing into strips, and bandaged his wounds as well as I could, he telling me what to do. As no bones had been broken, he was now able to crawl along on his hands and knees, and we both set out to find our way to the mouth of the cave. Provisionally we did not get lost, and in the course of an hour we had reached the open air. The next day he was able to walk a little with my assistance, and set off for home. At the end of the second day he reached his dwelling. He finally recovered from his wounds, but his face and body remained fearfully scarred.

"That adventure ended my bear-hunting in Sweden."

THE FORESTERS' CONFERENCE.—This important Order of Friendly Societies, embracing about a quarter of a million members, held its annual Conference this year at Halifax. It commenced on Monday, Aug. 1, with a procession, and a dinner in the Piece Hall, at which James Stansfield, Esq., jun., M.P., presided. A large number of delegates met in deliberation during

the week. One of the most important regulations passed this year had reference to what Mr. Gladstone has pointed out as one of the great evils which beset Friendly Societies. They are usually held at public houses, and a certain portion of the contributions go to the purchase of liquors in place of rent. The High Court has determined to put down all such practices among the Foresters, by appending the following words to Rule 49:—"Nor use any portion of any of the funds, or any part of a member's contribution, to defray the expenses of liquor or refreshments at Court meetings as an equivalent for rent." The resolution was passed unanimously, and we heartily commend it to kindred societies. We have heard the use of public-houses for clubs justified by the difficulty of meeting with snug, cheerful, well-lighted rooms elsewhere. A great service to the working classes will be rendered by making such rooms easily accessible in houses free from temptations to intemperance.

#### MAKE HASTE SLOWLY.

THERE is an old Latin proverb (*Festina lente*) which says, "hasten slowly." It is rarely that we find two words which express so much, or contain more food for thought. As a nation, we make haste too fast, and should do better to go much slower and more surely to our goal. Some individuals manifest this disposition to hurry over important things differently from others, but the application of the fault alluded to may be understood by the following illustration:

Suppose a person to require information upon some subject he is comparatively ignorant of—the steam engine indicator, for instance; having procured a book upon it, he runs his eye over page after page, touching first upon this example, now upon that, until he arrives at the end, when he knows nothing whatever of the subject. The first time he undertakes to converse upon the instrument or to apply its principles practically, he discovers his ignorance, and is put to shame or inconvenience. All this is wholly the fault of making haste to reach the end, without grasping the fundamental principle and mastering it, and each detail also, before going further. It is absurd to suppose that any matter worthy of study can be mastered in a cursory examination, yet very many persons relinquish the pursuit of knowledge in despair from this very cause. Finding it impossible to comprehend in fifteen minutes some point it has taken an author as many days, and weeks, probably, to settle, they deem the matter beyond their comprehension, and throw up the study, never to return to it.

There may be some gifted spirits to whom the knotty points of a new theory or the intricacies of an unfamiliar science are clear and plain at first sight; but the mass acquire knowledge only by patient study, not by a hand-gallop through the fields of learning.

When sensible men go abroad to acquire information in foreign countries, they do not take express trains and steamboats, and whirl onward to the end; but, staff in hand, they penetrate into village and hamlet, and learn from the peasant and the prince. So it is with those who study to learn and retain what they read. Patient plodding by the wayside is better than running from pillar to post, and the truth of this assertion is manifest to all who have ever given the subject attention.

**THE PRINCESS EMMA.**—It is said that this princess of the house of Sandilli, has been left a "maiden all forlorn" by her faithless lover, Queasy, the Tambookie chief, who is reported to have wedded one of his own tribe. It is thought the noble princess will go in for damages for breach of promise; and it will serve Master Queasy right if he be mulcted in a heavy penalty. As a British subject, he is amenable to British law, and the princess will be fully justified in entering an action against him if he has deceived her in this matter. It is rumoured that the excuse made is, that the men of his tribe would not allow their chief to be married after the English fashion, and threatened to elect his brother head of the nation if Queasy did so, or formed such an alliance with Sandilli. We wonder whether any sinister influence has been used by designing politicians in this matter.

**TERRIBLE SCENE IN AN ITALIAN COURT.**—A fearful dramatic scene took place the other day at the Court of Assin, at Chieti, where the famous brigand, Salvatore Scenna, was on his trial for a long catalogue of misdeeds, including assassination, rape, and arson, perpetrated during the course of a long career of guilt. Sentence was pronounced in the usual manner, amidst the breathless silence of all present. Scenna was condemned to death, three of his accomplices to twenty years at the galleys, and the four remaining prisoners were acquitted. A hum of applause followed the reading of the sentence, and the judges retired, leaving the condemned men in the hands of the force. Scenna appeared to be utterly stupefied and unmanned

by the just severity of the sentence; but on the approach of the carbiniers to replace the fetters upon his wrists, he glanced rapidly around, with a sudden bound cleared the partition of the prisoner's dock, and, in spite of a bayonet wound hurriedly inflicted on his passage by one of the soldiers, made his way to the window, climbed up with the agility of a cat, and flung himself into the street. A dull crash was heard from without, and those who had hurried out of the court to see what had taken place, found Scenna writhing in a pool of blood, and breathing his last. The remaining prisoners took advantage of the confusion, and made a desperate effort to escape, but they were speedily overpowered, and carried back to prison.

### WOMAN AND HER MASTER.

By J. F. SMITH, Esq.

Author of "The Jesuit," "The Prelate," "Ministry," &c.

#### CHAPTER CV.

By the continued application of wet cloths to the head of the lad, the incipient fever was fortunately subdued. Dick undertook the task of changing them every ten minutes, whilst Fred fanned the sufferer with a large Indian fan, which he had bought at Bombay, as a present for Annie.

The only nourishment permitted was an occasional teaspoonful of very thin arrowroot.

Towards midnight, the wounded boy partly recovered his consciousness—the first sign of which was his murmuring the name of "father."

His anxious attendants exchanged glances of pleasure.

"Night again!" continued the patient; "cool, cool—would it could be always night! The sun burns into my brain in the hot day, and my throat will grow parched again! No hope—no land! Nothing but water—the pitiless salt water!"

Dick raised the lamp, which had been partially turned down in order that the light might not prevent the sufferer from speaking. The poor little fellow opened his eyes with a deep-drawn sigh, and pronounced the word "morning."

"It is not morning yet!" said Fred in a low, gentle tone.

"Dream—a dream!"

"No, it is not a dream!" replied his nurse, slightly pressing his hand; "you have been saved from the solitary boat which Dick and I discovered! You are now on board his Majesty's ship the *Revenge*, commanded by Captain Vernon, where every care will be taken of you!"

At the name of the vessel—"the *Revenge*"—the pale cheek of their charge slightly flushed, and he returned the pressure of the speaker with an almost convulsive grasp.

"*Revenge!*" he repeated. "Yes—yes! I must live for revenge!"

"His brain wanders!" whispered Dick. "I had better call the surgeon!"

He left the cabin on tiptoe, and speedily returned, followed by Dr. Tytler, who, after again feeling his pulse, pronounced that the great danger was passed—that the fever had left him.

"Thank God!" exclaimed both the young men, fervently—for they began to feel attached to the wounded youth; "you will save him yet."

"Perhaps," replied the surgeon, with a smile which conveyed as full an assurance as his promise could have done; for he was one of those men who never hold out false hopes.

The following day, Edward Boulcott—the name of the wounded boy—was sufficiently recovered to make a statement of what had passed on board the *Fanny*, an East Indiaman, which had sailed only a fortnight previously, from Canton.

Being short of men, it seems that the commander had incautiously received a number of Malay sailors on board: the fellows turned out to be pirates. A few days after sailing, a quarrel broke out between these ruffians and the European part of the crew. It was suppressed for the moment, but the following night it was renewed with increased violence. The principal officers were treacherously murdered; but the boy, after being wounded by the serang, contrived to make his way to the cabin of his father, in the hope of putting him upon his guard. He found his parent dying.

"I scarcely know what followed," continued the poor fellow, as he related the fearful scene. "I remember a confused mass of circumstances, but nothing distinctly. My poor father entreated, and at last forced me through the cabin-window into one of the boats. I thought he intended to follow, but suppose he was not able to do so. He must have cut the cable—for when I recovered my senses it was daybreak: the *Fanny* appeared like a speck on the horizon. I called—I shrieked—in the vain expectation that they would hear me. Then came the hot noon and the fearful thirst. Oh,

how well do I remember how the salt water tempted me! but I resisted, although my parched throat seemed on fire. A second day, yet more terrible, followed the first. Towards its close I heard delicious music, saw green fields, and the clear running stream in which I used to bathe—heard the bell of my native town, and the low, sweet voice of my dear mother. I recollect nothing more: a faintness came over me; and when I awoke I found myself here, with kind eyes watching me, and friends to aid me."

Exhausted by the effort, the speaker sank back in his berth.

"Not another word!" said the surgeon, authoritatively. "I cannot permit you to exhaust the little strength you have gained. You may safely leave the punishment of the ruffians who have deprived you of a father to Captain Vernon. But one word. What sized ship was the *Fanny*?"

"Rated at eight hundred tons."

"And a fast sailor?"

"A clipper," answered the boy.

This was enough. The commander of the *Revenge* went on deck and issued orders, the result of which will be seen in our next chapter.

#### CHAPTER CVI.

Dark night, that from the eye its function takes,  
The ear more quick of apprehension makes.

Shakespeare.

ALL who have navigated the Indian seas are perfectly aware that the seizure of the *Fanny*, by the Malay portion of her crew, was no very unusual circumstance in those waters. Frequent and terrible as the retribution inflicted has been, it has not yet eradicated the passion for piracy and plunder in the semi-barbarous inhabitants of the Malay coasts—fellows who are to be found in every port in the east, ready to ship for any voyage where an opportunity of pay or plunder offers.

Captain Vernon had changed the course of his ship, wisely judging that the pirates would scarcely be hardy enough to sail their prize to any of the ports at which she had touched; and, in the hope of coming up with them, tacked to the south.

Towards the close of the third evening the man on the look-out made signal that he had discovered a ship.

"Bearing towards us?" said his commander.

"More to the larboard, your honour."

The captain raised his glass, and after a lengthened survey, saw a dark speck upon the verge of the horizon, no bigger than the wing of a sea-bird. Yet it was the hull of a goodly vessel; but whether or not the unfortunate *Fanny*, he had no means to judge. Calling the master—an experienced seaman—he handed him the glass, and asked his opinion.

"Well," said the tar, deliberately, "I can't discover much of her build."

"European," said his commander, "I am certain."

"Then it's more than her crew is, howsumever, captain," observed the master. "Whoever saw royals set with scarcely a capful of wind?"

"Right—right," exclaimed his superior officer; "it is the *Fanny*."

"Is it?" answered the old man. "I wouldn't give much for her chance of escape, then: in less than an hour we shall be becalmed. Hadn't you better give orders," he added, respectfully touching his cap, "to reef sails? 'Cos it stands to reason, if we can see them, that they may discover us! Such varmint generally keep a sharp look-out!"

The utility of this advice was too apparent not to be followed. All hands were piped on deck, and in a very short space of time not an inch of canvas was left flying.

As the master had predicted, the gentle breeze which had been blowing gradually fell, and one of those dead calms succeeded, so common in the seas where they were sailing. A brief consultation was held between the commander of the *Revenge* and his officers, in which it was decided that, as soon as night should spread her starry mantle over the wide waste of waters, the barge and ship's boats, well manned and armed, should proceed to reconnoitre the suspicious-looking vessel.

The barge was to be under the command of the viscount, who, whatever his vices and failings, had never yet betrayed a want of courage. The master was to have charge of the second boat; Dick and Fred of the third.

"Do ask the captain's leave for me to go with you!" said Jack Breeze, pulling his forelock—his usual salute—to the two middies.

"You belong to the barge's crew!" answered Dick, who would willingly have had Jack with him.

"I'm in the night-watch!" sighed the young man.

"Come with us, Jack!" said Fred, who thought it better not to ask a formal permission. "We will take the responsibility upon ourselves!"

"All right, your honour!" exclaimed the young



sailor, giving one of those indescribable hitches—so peculiar to his profession—to his nether garments. "At the worst, the captain will only stop my grog for a month or so!"

"In which case," replied his young friend, laughing, "you will doubtless console yourself with the idea of a double allowance from ours! Oh, Jack! you are not half so disinterested as you appear!"

Their humble friend replied only by a merry twinkle in his bright blue eye, and once more pulling the unfortunate lock of hair which did duty for his cap, rejoined his comrades between decks.

It was the first time that either of the friends had been engaged on any service of danger—and their protector naturally felt anxious on their account: not that he doubted their courage—but their prudence. Before quitting the ship, he sent for them both to his cabin.

"God bless you, my dear boys!" he said. "Remember that you have those at home who love you! Be careful of yourselves, for their sakes, should the prize prove the Fanny!"

"All right, father!" said Dick, grasping his hand; "we shall follow the example you have set us!"

This was not altogether the assurance Captain Vernon could have wished for: he was reckoned one of the most daring officers in the service. He could not check their ardour—he felt that it would be useless.

"You'll not be angry with poor Jack?" whispered Fred.

"Jack!" repeated his guardian.

"Yes—Jack Breeze! He has volunteered in our boat; but you are not to know it till we have started! I could not deceive you at such a moment! It was all my fault: so, if anything happens," he added, "you won't be very angry with poor Jack?"

"Under any circumstances," observed the disciplinarian, with a smile, "I promise you that his punishment shall be of a very slight one: success—as was Nelson's case at Copenhagen—always atones for breach of orders!"

The surgeon, who had been consulted upon the propriety of taking Edward Boulcot with them in the barge, decided that it might be done without any very great risk, provided he attended him. The utility of the step was obvious: it would enable the boarding parties to ascertain whether the object of their attack was really the unfortunate Fanny—and, if so, dispense with the formality of a summons.

At last they started—the barge, commanded by the viscount, leading the way; the second boat, with the master, following in its wake; the third, with the two friends and Jack, bringing up the rear. All were well armed, and anxious to come to close quarters with the piratical enemy.

Dick and Fred, who were much beloved by the crew of the *Revenge*, had no sooner cleared the ship beyond gun-shot, than they bade their men give way: a few strokes of their oars brought them abreast of the second boat.

It was in vain that the master called upon them to fall in his wake: the saucy lads knew that they were favourites with him, and they affected not to hear his orders.

After creeping with muffled oars for several hours along the bosom of the deep, they at last drew up alongside the barge, whose crew had rested upon their oars not more than a cable's length from the object of their search, which lay like some dark leviathan asleep upon the dead and tranquil water.

"You see yon ship?" said the surgeon, pointing it out to the wounded boy, who sat propped up in the stern.

"Yes."

"And it is—"

"My father's vessel!" exclaimed the poor fellow, wringing his hands in agony. "I can see a light in the windows of the cabin in which he was so cowardly murdered! And I here—here, like a crippled hound, unable to strike a blow to avenge him!"

"It shall be struck for you, my good lad!" whispered Dr. Tytler; and the sailors, who heard the assurance, answered for the fulfilment of his promise by a deep "Ay, ay!"

The pirate has no more relentless enemy than your true blue-jacket. It is the only one to whom he seldom shows any quarter.

"Now my men, steadily and silently!" said the viscount, drawing his sword; "our object must be to take as many of the wretches as possible, that an example may be made. Drive them down the hatchways, and batten them in. Master," he added, thinking that it was the second boat alongside; "leave four of your men with your boat. If we look sharp, we shall take the prize before Vernon's brats arrive."

"You must look very sharp indeed, then, lieutenant!" answered Dick, amidst the suppressed titter of his crew.

"Why are not you in your place, sir?" demanded

his lordship, in a louder tone than the expedition they were upon rendered prudent.

"Like to be near our friends," said Fred.

Brief as was the dispute, it had been heard by the quick ear of the pirates' sentinel on board the *Fanny*, who fired his piece in the direction from which the voices came. The bullet whistled most unpleasantly near the irascible lieutenant's head.

The crews of the barge and boat replied by a cheer of defiance, and, feeling all further precaution useless, rowed directly under the sides of the *Indiaman*, which they began to climb with the activity of cats.

The yell of the Malays was fearful; they fought with the ferocity of men perfectly aware that they had no mercy to expect; but high above their cries and curses rose the cheer of the British sailors, as they fired a volley of small arms; after which there was a sudden lull, followed by one or two heavy splashes of bodies falling in the water.

By this time the boat commanded by the master was close to the scene of action.

"Round to her larboard side!" shouted Dr. Tytler, who had remained with his patient in the barge.

The direction was obeyed, and the third party of boarders quickly made their appearance upon deck, which already was slippery with gore.

"Give it 'em!" exclaimed the old sailor, rushing headlong into the *malice*; "the heathen brutes, who think no more of murdering a man than—"

The rest of his speech was lost in the renewed din of the contest.

(To be continued.)

## SCIENCE.

**SUBSTITUTE FOR LUCIFER MATCHES.**—A mixture of chlorate of potash, and a powder obtained by adding to a solution of sulphate of copper, saturated with ammonia, an equal quantity of a solution of copper, saturated with hyposulphate of soda, has been proposed for the purpose. It takes fire by friction or percussion, and burns like gunpowder.

An ingenious method for throwing a rope to a ship in distress has been published by M. Bertinelli, of Turin. It is well known that this is generally done by means of iron projectiles, which sink below the water if the rope they carry be too short. M. Bertinelli's projectile is made of wood, which, though heavy enough to be shot to a great distance, is sufficiently light to float on the water, thus giving the crew in danger an opportunity of reaching it by some means or other if it should happen to fall short.

**WHERE ARE THE CHEMISTS?**—What have our chemists been about? Where is Mr. Faraday and his school of clever pupils? Our iron-clad navy is in jeopardy, not from the concentrated fire of an enemy, but from the continuous streams of galvanic matter issuing from Muntz's metal with which the bottoms of the converted wooden ships are covered, and which make their way to the formidable armour-plates, and in a wonderfully short space of time render them worse than useless. Could not the attention of Government have been called to the probability of such an occurrence? If a warning voice could not have been given, then we contend that chemistry is not in that advanced state which, from the *services* of the Members of the Royal Society, we should have been led to believe it was. The Royal Sovereign, which, to the scandal of practical England, has been so long in process of conversion, is not yet ready for active service. She is now to be docked, and the whole of her armour-plates are to be covered with teak to the thickness of three inches. This will not only increase her displacement, but tend very much to decrease her speed.

**THE MYSTERIES OF IRON.**—There is no miracle recorded in the annals of any religion more mysterious, more incomprehensible, more inconceivable, than some of the well-known properties of the simple metal, iron. Consider, for instance, its change from its ordinary to its passive state. If a piece of the metal in its ordinary condition is immersed in nitric acid, it is powerfully acted upon, entering into combination with the acid, and losing its metallic form. But if a piece of platinum wire has one end inserted in the acid, and the iron is then immersed in contact with the wire, it is so changed that the acid has no power upon it, and this condition continues after the platinum wire is withdrawn. The contact of a single point with the platinum sends a transformation through all of its particles which renders them invulnerable to the attacks of the most powerful acid. Even more wonderful is its change under the influence of a current of electricity. When a bar of pure soft iron is wound with an insulated wire, and a current of electricity is sent through the wire, the bar is instantly converted into a magnet. It is endowed with an unseen force which stretches out from its ends, and seizing any other piece of iron within its reach, draws them to

itself, and holds them in its invisible grasp. The object of insulating the wire is to prevent the electricity from leaving it, and yet through this insulating coat a power is exerted which changes so strangely the nature of the iron, enabling it to act on substances with which it is not in contact. As soon as the circling current ceases, the iron becomes like Sampson shorn of his locks; its miraculous power has departed. Not less mysterious than either of these is the more familiar phenomenon of the fall of a piece of iron to the ground, under the simple action of gravitation. What is that invisible force which reaches out in all directions from the earth, and clutches all matter in its grasp? The fibres of this power are imperceptible to any of our senses. If we pass our hands under a suspended rock we can feel nothing reaching from it to the earth; yet there is something stretching up from the earth, taking hold of the rock, and drawing it down with the strength of a hundred cables! We walk enveloped in mysteries, and "our daily life is a miracle."

## SALTNESS OF THE SEA, AS AFFECTING NAVIGATION.

**SURPRISE** has been expressed that vessels going to Sebastopol take a smaller cargo than if they were only going to Constantinople, or that they diminish their cargo in the latter port before entering the Black Sea. The reason is this:

The density of water of different seas is more or less considerable, and the vessels sailing in them sink more or less, according to their density. The density arises from the quantity of salt contained in the water, and consequently, the saltier the sea is, the less a vessel sinks in it. As, too, the more salt a vessel carries, the deeper she penetrates the water, it follows that the more salt the water the greater the quantity of sail that can be carried.

Now, as the Black Sea is sixteen times less saltier than the Mediterranean, a vessel which leaves Tonlon or Marseilles for Sebastopol must take a smaller cargo than one that only goes to Constantinople, and a still smaller one if it is to enter the sea of Azoff, which is eighteen times less salt than the Mediterranean. The Mediterranean is twice as salt as the Atlantic, once more than the Adriatic, five times more than the Caspian Sea, twelve times more than the Ionian Sea, and seventeen times more than the Sea of Marmora. The Dead Sea contains more salt than any other sea; it is asserted on good authority that two tons of its water yields 589 pounds of salt and magnesia.

A new measurement of Ben Macdhui and the other mountains of the Cairngorm group, has just been made by the Royal Engineers at present engaged upon that part of the Ordnance Survey of Scotland. Ben Macdhui, which was formerly supposed to be 4,300 ft. in height, is now set down at nearly 100 ft. less than that—viz., 4,296. Some years since Ben Macdhui was supposed to be 17 ft. higher than Ben Nevis, the height of which was then put down at 4,373 ft. Ben Macdhui was, therefore, at that time authoritatively stated to be the highest mountain in Britain. Since then, however, the tables have taken a turn, and Ben Nevis would now appear to be by far the higher of the two. The Ordnance Survey of Ben Nevis, so far as we are aware, has not yet been made; but taking its height at the old measurement of 4,373 ft., and Ben Macdhui at its newly ascertained height—viz., 4,296 ft.—Ben Nevis appears by this calculation to be 77 ft. higher than the highest of the Grampian range. The difference is still greater in favour of Ben Nevis, if we accept its height as being 4,406, as marked in a map lately published by Messrs. Chambers, in Milner's "Gallery of Geography." Braemar is set down in the new survey at 4,248. Cairnoul, which was formerly believed to be 4,245 ft. in height, is now taken down 5 ft., and made 4,240. The height of Beauloud is fixed at 3,923 ft.

## TALENT AND OPPORTUNITY.

**PREVIOUS** to the year 1706, the brass ordnance for the British Government was cast at the foundry in Moorfields; but an accident which occurred there at the above date, led to the removal of the foundry to Woolwich. The circumstances connected with this change are interesting, as well as instructive.

It appears that a great number of persons had assembled to witness the re-casting of the cannon taken by the Duke of Marlborough from the French; and there happened to be among them a young German artisan in metal, named Schlach. Observing some moisture in the molds, he pointed out to the spectators around him the danger likely to ensue from an explosion of steam when the moulds were filled with the heated metal; and at the instigation of his friends, this apprehension was conveyed through Colonel Armstrong, major-general of the Ordnance, to the Duke of Richmond, then in attendance, as the head of the department. This warning was, however, disregarded; but Schlach retired from the spot with as many of the bystanders as he could persuade to accompany him. They had not proceeded far before

the furnaces were opened, and, as Schalach had foretold, a dreadful explosion ensued. The water in the moulds were converted into steam, which from its expansive force caused a fiery stream of liquid metal to dart out in every direction. Part of the roof of the building was blown off, and the galleries that had been erected for the company were swept to the ground. Most of the foundry-men were terribly burnt; some were killed; and many of the spectators were severely injured.

A few days afterwards, in answer to an advertisement in the newspapers, Schalach waited upon Colonel Armstrong, and was informed by him that the Board of Ordnance contemplated building a new foundry, and had determined, from the representations made to them of Schalach's ability, to offer him the superintendence of its erection, and the management of the entire establishment, when completed. Schalach readily accepted the appointment; he fixed upon the Warren at Woolwich as the most eligible site for the new building; and the ordinance which were cast here under his direction were highly approved of. Thus, almost by mere chance, was the young German appointed to a situation of great trust and emolument, which he filled so ably, that during the many years he was superintendent of the Royal Arsenal, not a single accident occurred, amidst all the dangerous operations of gun-casting. He retired, after sixty years' service, to Charlton, where he died; and his tomb may be seen in Woolwich churchyard.

ENGLAND is about to have a new county, won from the sea. An important meeting of the magistrates of the counties of Norfolk and Lincolnshire has been held at the Globe Hotel, King's Lynn, for the purpose of defining the boundaries of the counties of Norfolk and Lincolnshire in the large tract of land called Wingland. It appeared that the reclaimed land proposed to be divided consisted of about 5,000 acres actually brought under cultivation, and above 1,000 acres as yet only partially reclaimed. This work of reclamation is part of the original scheme of making a new county, which was to be called Victoria County; and the district, which now presents the aspect of highly-cultivated and richly-productive fields, was but a few years ago a dreary waste of alluvial mud, over which each tide passed. But the immediate cause of the reclamation has been the operation of the New Outfall Act. The magistrates having agreed to the boundary line, which gives nearly an equal amount to either county, gave directions for the line to be marked out. This is to be done by stone posts or landmarks. It should be mentioned that this is but one portion of a very large tract of land that is being, through engineering skill, taken from what has been known as the Wash, but which would seem to have been, ages back, dry land, as the immense submarine forest stretching across the mouth of the Wash off Hunstanton indicates. Many thousands of acres have also been already reclaimed through the operation of the Norfolk estuary scheme.

### FACETIE.

A FOURTH of July toast drunk down east was:—  
"Lincoln and Butler—Beauty and the Beast."

THE German newspapers have discovered that Othello was not a Moor but named Moor.

Fat Policeman.—"Hi! you young rascals, what makes you cut away?" Boy (running away).—"Afeerd you'll bust."

THE Empress of Mexico's coachman drives her Majesty about in his shirt-sleeves! The Empress must think it cool, at least.

M. BLONDIN advertises from Vienna a warning that he is the only Blondin, and the one at Paris is his double. The latter, however, proves that the art of frying omelettes in mid-air on a rope belongs to no individual in particular.

AN IRISHMAN'S BULL.—A testotaller asked Pat, the other day, if he ever saw a testotaller drunk. "Ooh!" replied Paddy, with great earnestness, "I've seen many a man drunk, but I couldn't tell whether he was a testotaller or not."

"Where did you git that hat, Jerry?" "Borrowed it!" "Borrowed it?" "Y-a-s; borrowed it of a feller saleep in the Park. Pete Mayers borrowed his coat, Pat Gaffaney his boots; I borrowed his hat. Do you think I'd steal? No; I'd scorn the action."

THE HIGHLAND WOMAN AND HER STILL.—There was an old woman in our village, named Kate Carmichael—there is no object in concealing her name now, for she has long ago been gathered to her ancestors—who made her living by distilling "the water of life," and looked upon our good old king, George the third, who then ruled the land much in the same light as a modern Pole looks upon the Emperor of Russia—a ruthless tyrant, who would not allow

honest people to manufacture their own grain after their own fashion, and devoutly prayed for his death accordingly. At last the news of the old king's demise reached the highlands, and Kate, rejoicing in the death of the tyrant, immediately set her self to work, in her own house, and in broad daylight. The natural consequence was an early visit from the excisemen, who claimed the still as a lawful prize. Kate did not see this; so, seizing a pitchfork, which lay ready to her hand, she drove him into a corner, and kept him at bay, whilst she shouted to her neighbours for assistance, exclaiming, "kill his brains; stick the rascal. There's nae law now; the king's dead!" Her idea was, that the moment the king died, all law, as far as highlanders were concerned, ceased; and her neighbours being pretty much of the same mind, the excisemen was thrashed within an inch of his life, and the still rescued.

THE FEMINE OF A COCK AND BULL STORY.—A respectable contemporary states that "At Lybster a cow made an attack on a chicken, when the parent hen made a stroke at it with either its spur or bill, and laid it lifeless." Perhaps the reader is incredulous, but his faith may return when told that cow is a misprint for crow.

"JERMS, my lad," said a hopeful father to his son, "keep away from the gals. Ven you see one comin', dodge. Just such a critter as that young 'un cleanin' the doorstep on t'other side of the street, fooled your poor old dad, Jimmy. Don't cast your eyes that way and wink. If it hadn't been for her, you and yer dad might a been in Brazil, huntin' dimuns, my son."

### PROSPERITY.

"The country is growing wealthy at the rate of forty-two millions a year more this year than in two years since, that being the figure in the Government returns for the increase of the export trade."

No beggars on horseback are we,

And "Black Care" does not ride on our pillion;

For our increase of income, you see,

For exports is forty-two million.

Hip, hip, hurroo!

Conceive forty-two—

An increase of forty-two million.

Three cheers, then, for Gladstone; 'tis he

Who has driven, the clever postilion,

The national coach till you see

We are richer by forty-two million.

Give Gladstone his due

For that same forty-two—

The increase of forty-two million.

—Fun.

A PLAIN QUESTION.—Master Will is three years old, and has been very much interested lately in an old set of bed-room furniture his mother has been having re-painted and varnished. He has heard all of us say that the things looked just as nice as new. Will has one aunty, quite old, who told him the other day to pick up some things he had thrown about the floor—for, said she, I am getting old, and can't stoop as well as you. Will looked at her very earnestly, drew a long sigh, and said, "I have been thinking why you don't get painted and varnished! then you'd be just as good as new!"

LOOKING AHEAD.—One morning, not long since, Captain H— was going down town, and met three little boys of from seven to nine years of age. As they came up, one raised his cap, bowed very politely, and said: "Good morning, captain!" "What did you bow to that man for, Hall?—what's up?" said one of the others, as soon as they were by. "Why," said the young swell, looking very important, "don't you know he's got two of the prettiest girls in town? and of course a fellow wants to keep in with the old man, you know!"

### "DRUNK AS A PEEP."

Mr. Sala states that "to be as tight as a peep" in America, is to be very tipsy indeed. He gives the following amusing explanation of the expression:

A "Peep" is a very abject and idiotic little bird found in New England. He is to the feathered what the "Scallywag" is to the finny creation. Occasionally, when he is caught, the housewives will condescend to put him into pies, but in general he is condemned, and "left out in the cold." He is weak on the wing, and weaker on his legs; and when the miserable little object alights on earth, he is given to staggering about in an imbecile and helpless manner, suggesting the idea of extreme intoxication. The sharp New England mind, ever on the look-out for similes, has long since endorsed the locution, "as tight as a peep," to express an utter state of tipsification.

One of the best Yankee stories I ever heard is told "in this connection," of Mr. Macready the actor. Once when the great tragedian was starring at Boston, at the Howard Athenæum I think, there happened to be in the stalls a gentleman who, like Roger the Monk, had got "excessively drunk." His behaviour at last

became so scandalous that he was forcibly expelled the theatre; not, however, before he had completely spoiled the effect of the "dagger" soliloquy in Macbeth. Mr. Macready was furious; and, the moment the act dropped descended, indignantly demanded who was the wretched man who had thus marred the performance.

"Don't distress yourself, Mr. Macready," explained the manager, "it is but an untoward accident. A little too much wine, and that sort of thing. The fact is, the gentleman was 'as tight as a peep.'"

"Titus A. Peep," scornfully echoed the tragedian. "I tell you what it is, sir. If Mr. Titus A. Peep had miscondacted himself in this gross manner in any English theatre, he would have passed the night in the station house."

Mr. Macready's error was excusable. He had been introduced to so many gentlemen with strings of initials to their names, that he had taken the bird meant by the management to be the name of human being; and it must be confessed that "Titus A. Peep" sounds very human and very American.

ADDRESSING a talented professor one day, Archbishop Whately said, quite abruptly, "You are one of the first men of the age."—"Really, your grace," replied the flattered professor, bowing lowly, "you are too kind, too complimentary. You over-estimate the value of my services and of my little publications, which owe their chief merit to the liberal use of your grace's eminent works."—"I assert, sir, as a fact, that you are," replied the archbishop, "one of the first men of the age;" but while the elated gentleman was bowing his thanks, the heartless primatial punster added, "I understand you were born January, 1801," and, turning his back, walked off, unmindful of the height to which he first raised, and from which he so unceremoniously hurled, the professor.

MR. SOTHERN passed through Baden a few days ago, but nobody but his intimate friends recognized in the quiet gentleman in mufti, the amusing "fellow" of the Haymarket. When he had gone away it got rumoured at the rooms that he had just arrived there, and the very same evening, during the performance of the band, there was a general exclamation of "There he is!" as an unlucky resemblance, not to the actor, but to the character, lounged unconsciously up to the portico and sat down. Yes, there he was, with glass and whiskers, dressed in a Cochon China coat, and looking exactly like the "Dundreary" so familiar to all the English, and even to many of the Continentals at Baden. One English family—father, mother—both wearing spectacles—two daughters, and a son from college—were in agonies of delight. The victim of this unwilling plagiary has fled, and it will ever remain a mystery if he knew the great rôle he has filled.

LORD —, whose nose is of extraordinary dimensions, was looking in a shop window in Piccadilly, when two young ladies, struck by the immense size of his nasal organ, very rudely stopped, stared, and giggled. The peer, whose politeness is proverbial, immediately put his finger to his nose, and, bending it on one side, said with a polite bow, "Now, ladies, there is room for you to pass!" On another occasion he was visiting a menagerie in the country, when a very pedantic governess was dilating upon the peculiar characteristics of the elephant, and, addressing her young charge, she said, "Observe, my dear, his enormous proboscis." Lord — turned round suddenly, when the lady was so taken aback by the sight of the too-prominent feature, that she exclaimed apologetically, "I assure you, sir, the remark was not intended to be personal." A peeress, whose husband's nose is of historical celebrity, is so sensitive upon the slightest allusion being made to it, imaginary or otherwise, that she does not scruple to turn people out of the house if they venture to introduce the subject.

QUITE UNNECESSARY.—The Prussians have made up their minds to establish a nautical school at Stettin, to show their determination to be sailors. There is not the slightest need for them to do so to convince us how fond they are of the knavery.—Fun.

### THE RIGHT MEN IN THE RIGHT PLACES.

Mr. Roebuck's airing-ground.—Wormwood Scrubs. Mr. Horsman's Parliamentary property.—Norman's land.

Mr. Bernal Osborne's College.—Brasenose. Mr. Whalley's Fishery-reserve.—The Great Orange River.

Disraeli's County Retreat.—Cold Harbour. Mr. Ferrand's Town Residence.—Strutt-on's Ground.

The Favourite Walk of the Dignified Clergy.—Bishop's-gate.—Punch.

THANKFUL FOR SMALL MERCIES.—The collection of "Martyrs of Circumstance," the Avonmore Lot, has been ringing bells, drinking healths, and making speeches at an Irish place called Belleisle, all for joy because the House of Lords has solemnly declared that Lord Avonmore's son, Major Yelverton, was not to be



believed. We don't see much in that declaration to cause either astonishment or jubilation. However, the "Siege of Belleisle" is not raised yet.—*Punch*.

**LAW.**—The splendid new law courts at Manchester have cost some thousands. Baron Pigott assured the magistrates that they could not in any better way have spent the Hundreds of Salford.—*Punch*.

**NOTE BY A STUMP-ORATOR.**—The difference between the Science of Cricket and Ornithology appears to be, that the one classes together the Bat and the Owl, the other, the Bat and the 'Owl.—*Punch*.

**PROGRESS OF THE EMBANKMENT.**—We are happy to say that this important metropolitan work is making great progress. Thanks to the energies of the contractors, the stream of traffic in Fleet-street and the Strand is all but choked up, and will soon be completely diverted from the main arteries of London. The dams are very numerous and strong. Nothing is now driven in the neighbourhood except the carts and the piles.—*Punch*.

#### A PARTY QUESTION.

**Policeman:**—"Now, it won't do, I tell yer; they can't go in."

**Old gentleman, (mildly):**—"But policeman, pray observe, the ticket says 'admit this party.'"

**Policeman:**—"Well, you're 'this party,' ain't yer? D'yer think I don't know what a party is? Show me a ticket with 'admit six parties' on it, and I'll let you all in. It won't do, I tell yer—it's bin tried on before!"

#### HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

**NEW METHODS OF COLOURING WOODS.**—The surface to be coloured is smeared with a strong solution of permanganate of potash, which is left on a longer or shorter time, according to the shade required. In most cases five minutes suffice. Cherry and pear-tree woods are most easily attacked; but a few experiments will serve to show the most favourable circumstances. The woody fibre decomposes the permanganate, precipitating protoxide of manganese, which is fixed in the fibre by the potash simultaneously set free. When the action is ended, the wood is carefully washed, dried, and afterwards oiled and polished in the ordinary way. The effect of this treatment on many woods is said to be surprising, particularly on cherry wood, to which a very beautiful reddish tone is communicated. The colour is in all cases permanent in light and air.

**COLUMBUS.**—The Spanish Government, having lost all its American colonies except Cuba, and turned that one into a slave estate, has ordered by royal decree that a commission shall be appointed to erect a statue to Columbus, the Genoese, who gave to Spain a new world, was rewarded by chains, and died heartbroken, in utter poverty.

**SINGULAR WILLS.**—There lately died at Szepes Vallarja an old man of 78 years of age, whose will contained a clause leaving 10,000 cigars for those who might attend his funeral. This eccentric testator also expressed his desire that his friends should not leave the house of mourning without drinking to his memory all the wine left in his cellar. It is said that the wish of the deceased was entirely fulfilled.

It is wonderful how soon the Prince Imperial has attained imperial tact. He was taken to hear a recitation by schoolboys the other day, and, doubtless, heartily bored. To one of them, however, who spouted a fable of La Fontaine remarkably well, he said, "Since you recite La Fontaine so well, I will send you a copy of his works;" and accordingly a splendid edition was forwarded to the little boy. Here is tact in word and pretty deed!—a lesson from the rising generation to most that have risen.

**A DAY or two ago**, while out on a boating excursion, a somewhat annoying adventure happened to the Empress Eugénie. Her gondola having broken a fisherman's line, the latter, being rather impatient and extremely uneducated, and who, far from recognizing the empress, took her for a vulgar *canotière*, assailed her with the bitterest and most unseasonable epithets. Imagine the angler's feelings when some one came to him "from the Empress" to pay him for his broken line!

**A NEW YORK** photographer has published a portrait of President Lincoln, which is likely to prove acceptable to all parties. At first glance it appears to be a photograph of "Old Abe" taken when he had the small-pox a few months ago, but on closer inspection the seeming pustules are found to be minute photographic likenesses of distinguished generals, statesmen, politicians, literary men, actors, actresses, &c. The likenesses, which are scattered all over the physiognomy of Old Abe, number 400 and upwards, and comprise men of all parties and profession, and

are so exceedingly well executed as to be at once recognized. Though there are many good-looking men and women among the likenesses, yet, taken together, they constitute as ugly a picture of Old Abe as any of the others that have been published.

It is intended to present a bonnet by the Society of the Ancient Archers of Kilwinning to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales on his having accepted the office of patron (which the Prince Consort also held). The bonnet is exquisitely got up, and reflects the greatest credit on all concerned. It is in shape the same as worn by the archers while shooting at papingo, and the inside is lined with white satin, and in the centre the Prince of Wales' coat of arms is beautifully embroidered, and below the words "Ich Dien, 1483,"—the date when the society was originated.

#### HAUNTS OF MEMORY.

Life has a thousand haunted glens  
Where troops of fairies hide;  
And every breeze that sweeps the sea  
Bears o'er the silver tide  
A host of barks, whose snowy sails  
Like falling drops of rain,  
Catch hues of sunshine from the past,  
And send them back again.

The softest whisper of the wind  
That stirs the budding bough,  
Is haunted by some gentle voice,  
Some half-forgotten word,  
That, like a chiming of merry bells,  
Once heard,—a sad refrain,—  
By every nook in memory's halls  
Is echoed back again;

And every bending lily bell,  
Or violet so blue,  
Holds some sweet memory in its cup,  
And keeps it ever new;  
Some tender glance from azure eyes,  
Whose tears no more may flow;—  
Not so our own, for o'er the stream  
They passed long years ago.

The smallest ripple on a stream,  
Or song-note of a bird;  
Each rustle of a falling leaf  
By autumn breezes stirred;  
The music of the gentle rain,  
As murmurs in a shell  
Tells of its home, the sea, so those  
Of happier moments tell.

Ah, yes! a thousand haunted glens  
Are found on every side;  
Not one but holds some treasured things  
In its lone vistas wide;  
And every bark that leaves the shore  
To breast life's sea of tears,  
Bears precious freight, some sparkling gems  
Born of the passing years. H. L. F.

#### GEMS.

It is always safe to learn, even from our enemies; seldom safe to venture to instruct even our friends.

KEEP your temper in disputes. The cool hammer fashions the red-hot iron to any shape needed.

In prosperity it is the easiest thing to find a friend; in adversity it is of all things the most difficult.

It is bad to make an unnecessary show of high principles, but it is worse to have no high principles to show.

LEARN to say "No" with decision; "Yes" with caution whenever it implies a promise—for once given, it is a bond inviolable.

ALWAYS suspect a man who affects great softness of manner, an unruffled evenness of temper, and an enunciation studied, slow, and deliberate. These things are all unnatural, and bespeak a degree of mental discipline into which he that has no purpose to answer cannot submit to drill himself.

#### STATISTICS.

**CHARITIES IN THE METROPOLIS.**—It appears that the gross income of the endowed local and parochial charities known to be existing in the city of London, amounts to 66,356*l*. and that of those in the city of Westminster to 26,666*l*. The purposes to which the income of the first group of charities is applied are as follows:—Education, 11,292*l*.; apprenticeship and advancement of children, 1,777*l*.; endowments of clergy, lecturers, and for sermons, 3,833*l*.; church repairs and general purposes, 26,045*l*.; maintenance of Dissenting places of worship and their ministers, 57*l*.; education of Dissenters, 96*l*.; public parochial uses,

383*l*.; support of almshouses and their inmates, and of pensioners, 6,080*l*.; distribution of articles in kind, 2,801*l*.; distribution of money, 5,878*l*.; and general uses of the poor, 8,014*l*. The income of the Westminster charities was devoted as follows:—Education, 7,070*l*.; apprenticeship and advancement of children, 2,299*l*.; endowments of clergy, lecturers, and for sermons, 1,233*l*.; church repairs and general purposes, 266*l*.; support of almshouses and their inmates, and of pensioners, 11,563*l*.; distribution of articles in kind, 134*l*.; distribution of money, 1,660*l*.; general uses of the poor, 460*l*.; medical relief, 1,201*l*.; and loans, 781*l*. Besides these charities, the gross income of a third group in the county of Middlesex amounted to 51,793*l*. which was devoted to the following objects:—Education, 17,024*l*.; apprenticeship and advancement of children, 2,728*l*.; endowment of clergy, lecturers, and for sermons 661*l*.; church repairs and general purposes, 2,313*l*.; maintaining of Dissenting places of worship and their ministers, 545*l*.; education of Dissenters, 2,612*l*.; public parochial uses, 1,585*l*.; support of almshouses and their inmates, and of pensioners, 12,130*l*.; distribution of articles in kind, 6,215*l*.; distribution of money, 5,161*l*.; general uses of the poor, 794*l*.; and medical relief, 21*l*.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

A son of the King of Siam is about to arrive in France and enter the school of St. Cyr.

The rumour is again revived of the marriage of the Count de Flandres with a Brazilian princess.

LORD COWLEY is in favour again at Court, as he received the very first invitation to St. Cloud after the Emperor's return.

It is singular that the descendants of Charles the First and Cromwell have intermarried in the fourth degree. Such is the fact.

AN American paper says that four little children, while playing in an oak chest in Newburg, were unexpectedly shut in by the closing of the lid, and smothered to death.

It appears from a statistical return of the results of the session, that of the 332 railway bills deposited with Parliament, 232 were for England, 43 for Wales, 30 for Scotland, and 27 for Ireland. Of these, 73 were withdrawn by their promoters, and 50 were rejected in committee or by Parliament, and 209 received the royal assent.

A GENTLEMAN who wished to do a charitable act with the value he could get for 500 dollars of mixed Confederate and Federal notes, endeavoured to get them cashed this week at a money-changers at the West End. The only offer he could get was 4*l* for the 4100 worth.

THE heat appears to have been very great during the past week in some parts of Scotland. A few days since the thermometer stood at 120 degrees in the sun; and, in several instances, the honey in beehives was melted, and the bees drowned in the liquid sweet.

HER Majesty has just received four elegant and newly-designed tent umbrellas from the Science and Art Department of the South Kensington Museum. One is intended for Windsor, another for Osborne, the third for Buckingham Palace, and the fourth is for Scotland.

THE French Minister of Marine has awarded a gold medal of the second class to the pilot Mauger, and silver medals to the pilot Gosselin and the apprentice pilot Doncet, for their conduct in saving the lives of a part of the crew of the Alabama, after the naval combat off Cherbourg.

BY the arrival of the West African mail, we are glad to learn that all the troops have been removed from the Ashantee frontier. The Ashantee war, in which we never saw an enemy or fired a shot, is therefore at an end.

It is said that the offer of the vice-royalty of Ireland has been made to the Duke of Devonshire and to the Marquis of Lansdowne, who declined, and the post has therefore been given to Lord Wodehouse.

It is rumoured that Lord Brougham intends to publish his opinion on the Yelverton case, which he was unable to deliver. It would be read with great interest.

**A LARGE FARMER.**—Allan Pollok, Esq., of Broom, Renfrewshire, is now acknowledged to be the largest stockholder in Ireland. He has this year on his farm 1,000 acres of turnips, 500 acres of wheat, and 500 acres of oats and barley of the most promising description. The fields on his several farms are, on an average, of 50 acres each. The cattle and sheep on Mr. Pollok's estates are of the most superior breeds, and would, if sold at the high prices current, realize an enormous sum. An English buyer, a few weeks ago, bought 8,000*l*. worth of stock from one of the farms. Mr. Pollok pays 1,000*l*. a month to agricultural labourers alone.

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## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. T. Y.—It is impossible for us to give you any information. Place all the documents in the hands of a solicitor, and be guided by his advice.

WILLIAM TRIST.—We cannot give you any further information regarding the lottery in question; we believe the lucky drawing took place in Paris.

CAREFUL MARTHA.—The average loss in roasting butchers' meat is 22 per cent., and on poultry 20½; the loss on boiling is respectively 12 and 14½ per cent.

N. O. Q.—You must fill up and return the "jury" paper; but if you look at it again, you will see that you come under one of the specified heads of exemption.

S. G. GREEN.—The lines "To my Pipe" are not absolutely devoid of ability, but their merit is not of a kind that would be appreciated by our readers generally; and the effusion is therefore declined, with thanks.

CARRIE CARLETON.—In poetry, a certain number of syllables connected form a foot. They are called feet, because by their aid the voice, as it were, steps through the verse in a measured pace.

DEVA.—If you had reflected only for a moment, you would doubtless have seen that we could not reply in these columns to a question of so purely private a nature. We say nothing of the bad taste which dictated it.

A. J.—Most words ending in *ly* are adverbs, the reason being that *ly* is a contraction of *like*. Thus from manlike comes manly, and from gentlemanlike, gentlemanly, and so on.

M. A. A.—You are wrong; both Cholmondeley and Sawbridgeworth are pronounced as words of two syllables only—Chomley, Sapworth. Of course it is a corrupt pronunciation, and is doubtless attributable to rapidity of utterance.

A. A.—Alice and Agnes both come from the German; the first signifies "noble," and the latter, "chaste." Handwriting of Alice is very good; that of Agnes is rather defective in gracefulness.

T. R.—The term *revalenta* (which was originally *ervallenta*) is derived, by some method of transposition, from *ervallenta*, the botanical name of the common lentil, of which "revalenta" is, or was, merely the ground meal.

J. J. E.—You can stain bone and ivory blue by immersing for some time in a dilute solution of sulphate of indigo, partly saturated with potash; or by steeping in a strong solution of sulphate of copper.

M. E.—We can only answer you in general terms—that mental and bodily exercise are equally essential to health and happiness. The secret of health, indeed, lies in a nutshell—keep the mind and body active, and the diet simple.

JESSE and NELLY.—Nelly is in error; the wearing of bright and deep-coloured gloves is an evidence of bad taste, or rather of the want of correct taste in selecting those indispensable adjuncts of the toilette.

GEORGINA.—The name Georgina, or Georgiana, is the feminine form of George, which is a Greek derivative, signifying "husbandman." Your handwriting is careless; it would evidently become good with a little attention.

IRVING B. GARNETT.—The poem entitled "The Snowdrop" we are inclined to think favourably of; and have set it aside for insertion at a more seasonable period. In the meantime, perhaps, you will forward us an assurance that it is original.

UNDERGRADUATE.—We are unable to assign the exact date of the introduction of white hats; but the wearing of them is by no means a modern innovation. On the contrary, they are of somewhat old date, being worn in England as far back as 1644.

D. MILMAN.—The note of interrogation (?) is an abbreviation of the Latin word *questio*, and consists of the first letter, *q*, with the last *o* written under it; the note of admiration (!) is the Latin word *io* (an interjection of joy), written in the same way. Handwriting is only indifferent.

S. LLOYD.—We regret that we cannot avail ourselves of the "Drinking Song" or "Maiden's Misere." The former possesses a jovial bacchanal tone, and is written with spirit, but would be out of place in our columns; and the latter scarcely attains to our standard.

J. S.—As a rule, we decline to answer questions of heraldry. We may inform you, however, that the "bloody hand" borne by baronets and their descendants, is the arm of Ulster, and has been borne, as aforesaid, since the reign of James I.

AN ANXIOUS MOTHER.—A soldier who has enlisted for a term of ten years, is fully entitled to take his discharge on the expiration of that period. Many ten-years' men, however, re-enlist for another term; and this may be your son's case.

MATTHEW L.—The famous iron mask which figures so prominently in the romance of French history is to be seen in the Rotunda at Woolwich, together with the suit of armour of the renowned Chevalier Bayard, who is supposed to have been the "Man in the Iron Mask."

HIDE PARK CORNER.—The practice of shoeing horses with iron was introduced into England by William the Conqueror; who gave the city of Northampton as a gift to a person who engaged, in consideration of the grant, to pay a fixed sum yearly for the shoeing of horses. One of the Conqueror's followers, the founder of the family of Ferrers, received his

surname from the circumstance of his being entrusted with the inspection of the farriers.

A GENTLEMAN, thirty-three years of age, who is a volunteer, 5 ft. 4 in. in height, of fair complexion, and amiable temper, and having a salary of £130 a year; desires a matrimonial introduction to a young lady of fair exterior and good connexion.

ALICE, a blonde, aged eighteen, and "Emily," a brunette, aged nineteen, are desirous of corresponding, and exchanging *cartes de visite* with two gentlemen, with a view to matrimony. Both have small incomes; are good-looking, amiable, and domesticated, and would study to make a home happy.

W. K. K.—The expression "under the rose," as implying silence or secrecy, is very ancient. We give a paraphrase of some Latin verses showing the origin and meaning of the saying:

The rose is Venus' pride; the archer boy  
Gave to Harpocrates his mother's flower.  
What time fond lovers told their tender joy,  
To guard with sacred secrecy the hour:  
Hence, o'er her festive board the host, too, hung  
Love's flower of silence, to remind each guest,  
When wine to amorous sallies loosed each tongue,  
Under the rose what passed must never be expressed.

NELLY M.—You may feel quite satisfied that your marriage is legal; the circumstance of using both your father's surnames not militating against its validity. If you had used a false Christian name, however, or suppressed one, the marriage would have been illegal and void.

POLLY ST. CLARE, who is nineteen years of age, rather petite, with dark hair and eyes, quite passable in appearance, thoroughly domesticated, and of merry disposition, is ready to accept, for better for worse, any gentleman who will promise to make a good and really steady husband.

H. D. S.—As a wash for sunburn, take two drachms of borax, one drachm of Roman alum, one dram of camphor, half an ounce of sugar candy, and a pound of oxgall. Mix, and stir well for at least ten minutes three or four times a day for several days; when it appears clear and transparent, strain through blotting paper, and bottle for use.

S. H. H. & M. N.—There is such an *esprit* spirit in the lines entitled "Cousin Belle and I," and our fair correspondents deprecate our criticism, and, at the same time, disavow it with such pretty phrases, that we open our hearts and our columns to their appeal and effusion:—

## REPLY TO "PAUL AND I"

We are two nice young ladies,  
One gay, the other shy;  
And nicer girls you'll nowhere find  
Than Cousin Belle and I.

My Cousin Belle is pretty,  
With laughing lip and eye;  
And always more lighthearted,  
Is Cousin Belle than I.

I'll say no more about myself,  
Because, you know, I'm shy;  
But both want fond, good husbands,  
Do Cousin Belle and I.

And being leap-year, we have thought  
That we should like to try  
To win the hearts of which you boast,  
My Cousin Belle and I.

Each has hair of golden hue,  
A deep, deep blue each eye,  
And pearly teeth with rosy cheeks  
Have Cousin Belle and I.

We rather think you'd suit us,  
Both Cousin Belle and I;  
I should like you, "Cousin Paul,"  
My Cousin Belle likes "I."

Your *cartes de visite* if you'd send,  
'Twill please both Cox and I;  
And in return we'll transmit those  
Of Cousin Belle and I.

GRAVESEND.—Charcoal respirators for the mouth alone would certainly have been useful on the occasion to which you refer, as they must always be in poisonous atmospheres where miasmata abound, if the simple precaution is only observed of inspiring the air by the mouth and expiring it by the nostrils.

A WIDOW LADY of good family, tall, considered very handsome, thirty-three years of age, no family, having a fortune of a thousand a year, would like a matrimonial introduction to a gentleman about her own age, and of equal fortune, who must be tall, have moustaches, be well educated, and distinguished.

ROSE.—The making of a lavender scent bag is very simple. Take of lavender flowers, free of stalk, half a pound; dried thyme and mint, each half an ounce; ground cloves and carraways, each a quarter of an ounce; common salt, dried, one ounce; mix all well together, and place in silk or cambric bags.

J. J. S.—It is quite possible to obtain a good knowledge of the French language from books alone; but it will be only a grammatical, and not an oral, knowledge. To speak the French language, and understand it when spoken, you must procure the assistance of a teacher. The colour of the hair is pale auburn.

E. O. T.—The etiquette is simply to send out cards (if you adopt that fashion) immediately after the marriage ceremony, to your friends and acquaintances. It is not incumbent on you to remain at home to receive their expected visits of congratulation, but you should return such visits as soon as possible.

M. E. C.—You are correct in supposing that the expression, so often quoted, "when found, make a note of it," is to be found in one of Mr. Dickens's works. It occurs in "Dombey and Son;" but we doubt whether Mr. Dickens can be considered the author of it, as in Isaiah xxx. 8 there is a similar expression, "Note it in a book, that it may be for the time to come."

I. M. P.—The practice of taking laudanum to induce sleep is injurious; and the efficacy of any given number of drops would depend on your temperament and habits. In nervous persons, who are troubled with wakefulness and excitability—the predisposing cause of sleeplessness is usually great pressure of blood on the brain. In such persons, the

simplest remedy is to rise and chafe the body and extremities with a brush or towel, or even with the hands, so as to promote circulation, and withdraw the pressure of blood from the brain; sleep will result in a few moments after practising this expedient.

ALEX. M.—The Turkish word *houris* is an abbreviated form of the words *hur al youn*, signifying "the black-eyed." Orientals believe the houris to be inhabitants of heaven, specially created to welcome and delight the followers of the Prophet in the realms of bliss; they are supposed, however, to be formed of no material substance, but of pure musk—an essence of which Orientals are extremely fond.

VIOLET would be happy to correspond matrimonially with a young gentleman; if dark, preferred; but is not exacting as regards beauty, her opinion being that handsome men are generally very vain of themselves. "Violet" is twenty years of age, of medium height, dark complexion, dark hair and eyes, is considered nice-looking, thoroughly domesticated, and capable of managing a home.

WHITE MOSS ROSE.—We gave the paragraph on portraits as an item possessing general interest; but we really cannot comply with your wish, to publish the artist's address and his terms, because we never lay ourselves open to the imputation of puffing professional men. As you are a warm admirer of the artist's name, you will doubtless find his address in the Post-office Directory.

J. G. N.—There never was such an animal as the unicorn; the word signifies simply one horn; and no doubt the animal intended is the rhinoceros. The ancients believed the horn of this animal possessed some fabulous qualities; and that is, doubtless, the reason why it became the crest of the Apothecaries' Company. Your other question it is not within our province to answer.

M. W. J.—The surest way to render your conversation agreeable is to make certain you have something to say, and then say it without coarctation, affectation, or laughter; speak distinctly, neither rapidly nor slowly, and accommodate the pitch of your voice to the hearing of the persons with whom you are conversing; and never be guilty of the rudeness of interrupting any other person who is speaking.

A. T.—Malachite is a very valuable emerald-green mineral, found chiefly in the Ural mountains, Russia; and is supposed to be a subterranean incrustation, produced in a series of ages by copper solutions trickling from the surrounding loose and porous mass upon the solid rock below. Its manufactured value is, we think, about three guineas a pound.

A COUNTRY COUSIN.—The interchange of *cartes de visite* is now so generally practised between ladies and gentlemen, that, in a general way, it is not to be considered as implying more than friendly courtesy. But, of course, as "circumstances alter cases," it is just possible that in your case there may be something more implied; you are yourself, however, the best judge whether this can be so.

EXPECTANTS.—Candidates for permanent clerkships in the Quartermaster-General's Office have to undergo an examination before the Civil Service Commissioners, in handwriting and orthography, arithmetic (with vulgar and decimal fractions), English composition, précis writing, geography, and English history. The limits of age are, for permanent clerks, from 16 to 23; for temporary clerks, from 16 to 40. Your handwriting is very good.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.—"Adelina," who is seventeen, would like to correspond matrimonially with "Reginald," is tall, has laughing hazel eyes, an aquiline nose, a small mouth, white teeth, and possesses an income of £150 per annum. "Adelina" is of respectable parentage, highly accomplished, and thinks she would make a loving wife.

"Shamrock," who is 5 ft. 10 in. in height, dark complexion, black moustache and whiskers, possessing a yearly income of £1,000, desires to correspond with "Rose," with a view to matrimony.—"Q." would like to correspond matrimonially and exchange *cartes de visite* with "Henri de Armandes." Has brown hair, hazel eyes, good complexion, considered very good-looking, is nineteen years of age, and of a loving disposition.

"Caroline" and "Mary Anne" wish to correspond matrimonially with "L'Amour" and "Un Jeune Beau." The first is nineteen years of age, with brown hair and eyes; the second sixteen, with light flaxen hair; and both are very good-looking.—"C. N." offers his hand and heart to "Rose." Is 5 ft. 10 in. in height, with black hair and moustache, considered passably good-looking, well connected, possesses an income of £300 per annum, and would heartily endeavour to make "Rose" a loving husband.

"Ella" and "Lydia" sympathise profoundly with the single blessedness of "L'Amour" and "Un Jeune Beau," with whom they desire to correspond matrimonially. "Ella" is tall and fair; "Lydia" is about the middle stature, and dark, and both are of a lively disposition and domesticated.—"Alice" also takes compassion on "Un Jeune Beau." Is nineteen years of age, has brown hair, hazel eyes, ruby lips, and teeth pearly white; is a good housekeeper, can play and sing very well, and is fit to adorn any home, and make her husband happy.—"Ester," who is seventeen, has brown hair, dark eyes, good complexion, very good tempered, and domesticated, would be happy to correspond matrimonially with "Moreland," not objecting to a two years' courtship.—"Albert," who is nineteen years of age, tall and fair, and in a good position, would like to correspond and exchange *cartes de visite* with "Alice," for whom he thinks he would make a good husband.

"Amy" would not object to correspond matrimonially with "Mervyn." Is twenty-one years of age, has light hair and dark eyes, is considered good-looking, has a very amiable disposition, and is thoroughly domesticated.

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